

February 8, 1961

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

9^d



you hold charm in the palm of
your hand—when you use Mum Rollette
its revolving crystal ball rolls on the
touch of fragrant pink lotion that puts
a 24-hour spell on perspiration.
Mum Rollette ... the unfailing charm
for charming freshness



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7/6 at all chemists
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Australian tennis star Neale Fraser and his bride-to-be, Wendy McIver (page 7), are sentimentalists.

THEY chose the date they were introduced to become engaged a year later, and the next day—exactly a year from the day of their first date—to announce their engagement.

For the same reason, they wouldn't tell even their friends where at Surfers Paradise, on Queensland's Gold Coast, they met.

Wendy, who designs all her own clothes, says: "I would love to go into partnership in the dress-designing line, and might be able to in a few years."

STAFF photographers took the cover pictures placed first and second by the judges in our £3000 Cover Contest (page 15).

The koala picture—selected first—was taken by Keith Barlow.

Barry Cullen's picture of the kitten was the judges' second choice.

THE wonderful color pictures of birds' beaks (pages 32 to 35) make an unusual nature feature.

The picture of the galah on page 32 was taken by Dr. Allen Keast, Curator of Birds, Reptiles, and Amphibians at the Australian Museum, Sydney; the ostrich by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

Staff photographer Keith

Barlow took the color pictures of the pelicans on page 33. All the pictures on page 35 are by Dr. Keast.

AN uncle of our recent Baby Contest winner, Ian Braithwaite, of Mackay, Queensland, will be decorated at Buckingham Palace in February.

Ian's uncle, Flight-Lieutenant Colin Braithwaite, of Canberra, who is stationed for two years in Britain, was awarded the Air Force Cross in the New Year honors list.

We heard this from the Flight-Lieutenant's mother-in-law, Mrs. J. A. Garlick, of Melbourne.

Baby Ian Braithwaite's father, Ray, and Colin are two of seven brothers. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Braithwaite, are cane-farmers at Maramba, near Mackay.

The Colin Braithwaites have three daughters—Margaret, 7, Susan, 4, and Helen, 18 months.

A SHORT history of Sydney's historic Garrison Church, Miller's Point (pages 40, 41), sent to us by the National Trust of Australia (N.S.W.), tells the story of the naming of the Point.

According to the story, the Point was named after John Leighton, known as "Jack the Miller," whose mill was some-

Our cover

● Queen Elizabeth, smiling radiantly after her arrival with Prince Philip at New Delhi airport to begin the Royal tour of India and Pakistan. The Queen's flower hat is a soft blue. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.

what south of the present site of Dalgety's store in Menzies Street.

It's said that he was offered all the Point, provided he put a fence across it.

But the offer of what was to become an almost priceless piece of land was neglected.

The history gives prices for labor and materials for the Garrison Church, for which the foundation-stone was laid in June, 1840.

Bricks were £2/15/- a thousand, a bricklayer worked 10 hours for 8/6, a laborer did a 10-hour day for 5/-.

ON page 29 we print a controversial article by Mary Lidden, a graduate in Arts at Law, who believes that higher education is a handicap, not an advantage, to girls.

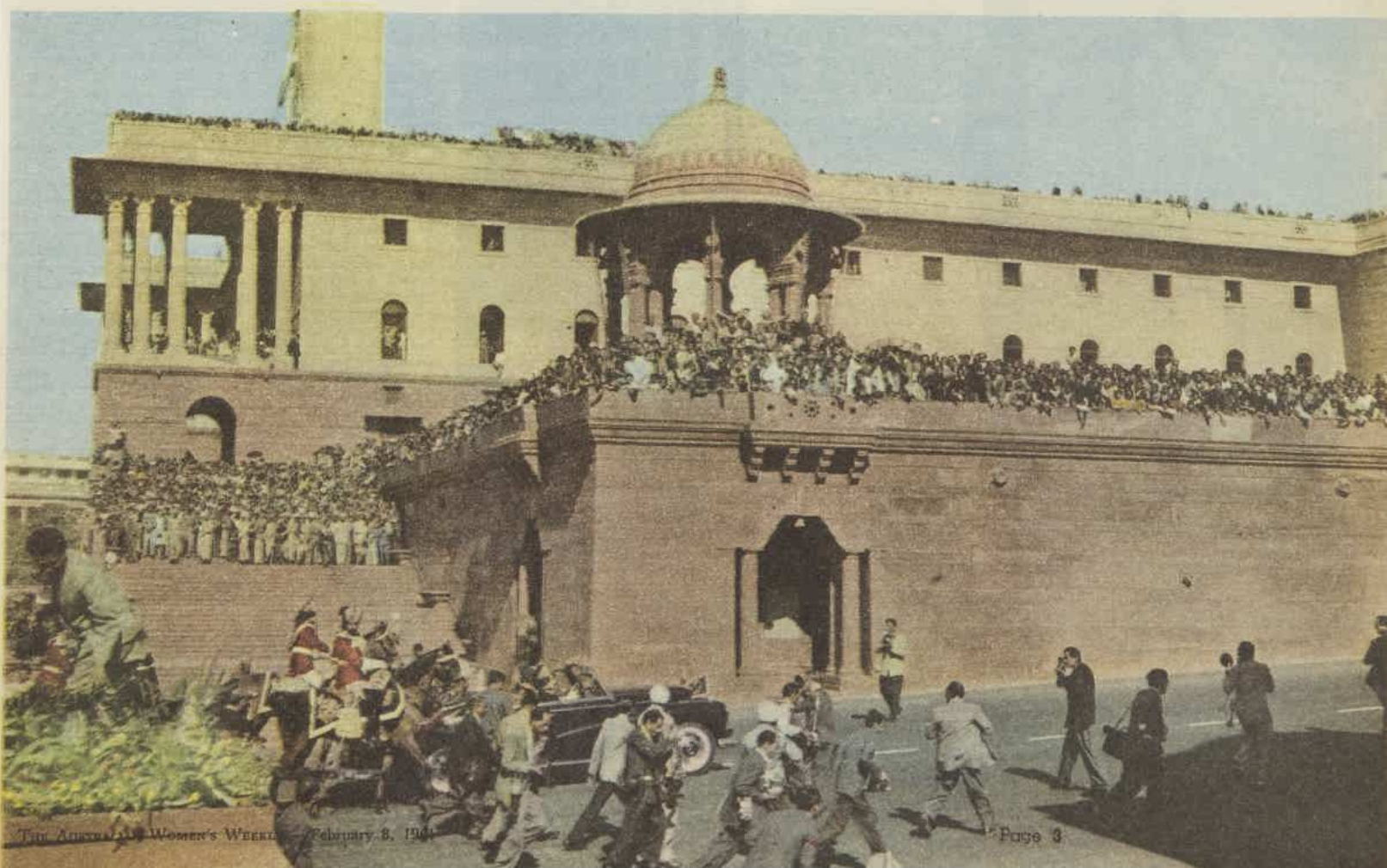
You may not agree with her viewpoint, but we think you will find it interesting. Write and tell us your opinion. We will pay for letters published.

NEXT WEEK: Spring Bulbs — Eight-page color-illustrated guide to growing spring bulbs, especially daffodils, in a pull-out to keep for handy reference . . . How To Get Along With a Man — A wise and witty woman has some wise and witty advice on a subject dear to every woman's heart.



India's Royal Welcome

• Prince Philip rides in an open car with India's Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, through the crowd-lined streets of New Delhi on the State drive to Rashtrapati Bhavan, the President's Palace, headquarters of the Queen and Prince Philip in India. Below, photographers from all over the world follow the Queen's car through the square on the hour-long State drive immediately after the reception ceremony at Delhi airport on January 21. The pictures were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.



THE QUEEN IN INDIA:

Six functions, three outfits in one day

Form ANNE MATHESON
in Delhi

● The Queen is looking happy and always relaxed in spite of the busy, to-the-minute timetable of her Indian tour.

IN one crowded day on her return to Delhi after the controversial tiger hunt, the Queen . . .

- Visited the National Gallery of Modern Art.
- Held an Investiture.
- Attended a reception given by the Commonwealth High Commissioners.
- Went to a Scout and Guide rally.
- Was the honored guest at President Prasad's reception at the President's Palace.
- Went to a fashion parade.
- Wore three completely different outfits.

During the reception at the President's Palace, Mr. Subbarayan, the Minister of Communications, said ruefully to the Queen, "We have something regrettable to tell you. The man who was to have brought something for you can't get in."

Many presents

The Queen, with a smile, replied, "That is not surprising with all those 8000 people trying to get out."

A few minutes later the Minister exclaimed, "The situation is saved." A man with packages entered the room. The Minister then presented to the Queen an album in gold lame containing 500 Indian stamps issued since independence.

He gave a similar present to Philip for Prince Charles.

At the 3500-strong Scout and Guide rally, the Queen, herself a former Girl Guide and patron of the world-wide organisation, tapped her feet for a moment in time with the beautiful folk music and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying herself.

She accepted gifts for her three children: An ivory trestle bridge with gold-and-silver cord lashing for Charles, a model Guide leader in typical Indian uniform for Anne, and a Scout leader, complete with turban and green scarf for Andrew.

A Scout who presented the first gift said, "This is a little gift from the Bharat Scouts and Guides for our friend Prince Charles."

On her arrival in Delhi, and to go to the Art Gallery, the Queen wore a green-and-blue patterned dress under a biscuit-colored coat, added a blond mink stole for the Gallery.

For the Investiture she'd changed into a dress of lime-green with a matching tulle hat, trimmed with lily-of-the-valley.

At the President's reception she wore a dress of blue and green, with hat to match, and shoes of grey-blue and white.

It was really like old times at the British High Commissioner's graceful, white residence at New Delhi when the Commonwealth High Commissioners held their reception.

Europeans in the upper social bracket, Anglo-Indians, and Indians on the Commissioners' staffs chatted on the spacious lawns.

Before mingling with the guests the Queen held an investiture for those previously honored. The sword had been brought with the Royal party from England to knight Sir Guy Powles, High Commissioner for New Zealand in India.

Australian Donald Kerr, Director of British Information Services in India, received the C.B.E.

The Indian Government has direct lines from Buckingham Palace to wherever the Queen moves — even to the shooting lodge from where Prince Philip bagged his tiger that measured 9ft. 8in. from nose to the tip of its tail.

Right from the middle of the jungle the exciting news was told on the telephone to Princess Anne.

While the Royal party were tiger shooting in Rajasthan, Commander Richard Colville, the Queen's Press secretary, was in Nepal checking arrangements for the visit there for three days from February 26.

The Queen will be greeted at Katmandu airport, and will drive to Kaharik Bhot, quite a long drive, where she and the Duke will transfer to carriages for a processional drive.

Shoot in Nepal

She will go to the King's Palace, and will attend a State banquet in her honor. Next day there will be another tiger hunt, the Queen and the Duke flying to Magauli, about 40 minutes' flight, and going out from camp on elephants.

Altogether 100 elephants will be used to carry the hunters on this shoot. The party will stay in camp that night, and on the third day will meet sherpa veterans at an airport within sight of Mount Everest.

After the sightseeing drive the Queen will entertain the King of Nepal at a banquet, leaving for India again after a big military parade.



● The Queen and the President of India, Dr. Prasad, on their way to the Banquet Room at the President's Palace, where the lavish entertainment included traditional Indian dancing and singing. On the left is one of the Moghul guards.

THE AUSTRALIAN BOB

Variations of an easy basic set suit all ages

● Here, at last, is a hairdo we've all been waiting for, a style designed here especially for hair-conscious Australian women of all ages — the smart and casual Australian Bob.

THE look is soft and feminine. The hair is short and full and there's not a curl anywhere in sight.

The Australian Bob, designed by Sydney hairstylist Mr. John Taylor and his associates, is an ageless style. Women—young and old—will love it because any texture of hair will take the style, it's easy to care for, and doesn't look at all "set."

Three different versions are pictured here. All feature some fringe on the forehead, cheek curves that show a bit of the ear (this is optional), and a slight lift at the crown. Just to give you an idea how versatile the new bob is, the three styles are pictured together here.

All were styled from the one basic cut and setting. The how-to instructions for the basic set are given in the panel.

There's no intricate setting or back-combing (teasing) needed to copy the fluid line of the bob. Your hair must be from four to five inches long on the crown, with sides $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches tapering slightly to the back, and one inch long at the nape.



YOUNG VERSION shows (above) the hair shaped into the nape in a flowing "S" line, with a bow for glamor, and (below) the flattering fringe effect.



COMBED AND SET according to the single master plan, three models show three variations of the Australian Bob — the mature, the young, and very young.



TO SET, arrange six big rollers, left to right, on top of the head, turned away from the part, with one angled roller turned back from the face on either side. Turn the hair in front of the ears forward in big curls. Roll the back hair down in three rollers; pin-curl the ends left and right from the centre nape. For the models, curl papers were used in rolling the hair to give more permanence to the set.



SHORTEST of the three, this is for the young adult or businessgirl.



MORALE BOOSTER for the older woman is this face-framing version (right), with (left) its sleek and pretty styling at the back. The flicked-up sides "lift" the face.



Gardening in party clothes?

Planting birthday trees is the happy way they have of marking anniversaries at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roach, Blackburn, Vic. Naturally they're dressed for the occasion. (But only the birthday child's clothes are new . . . the others just look it!)

Whose birthday?* If you can't guess, that's all the more credit to Mrs. Roach — and to New Rinso — for keeping their clothes so bright and fresh. "With Rinso in my machine, everything comes up smiling," she says, "from frilly party dresses to husky coogans!"

Boon for busy mothers! Nothing beats New Rinso's richer, softer suds for getting clothes really clean. They keep working when other suds give up, putting extra whiteness, extra brightness into everything you wash.

* Corinne, aged 2, in pink and white, is the birthday girl!



New Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all washing machines.



NOTHING BEATS NEW RINSO'S RICHER, SOFTER SUDS FOR

EXTRA WHITENESS · EXTRA BRIGHTNESS

**Tennis ace
Neale Fraser
and his bride
will tour
the world
after their • •**



• Neale Fraser and his fiancée, Wendy McIver, who'll marry on February 4.

By

FREDA IRVING

... DREAM HONEYMOON

"It will be a dream honeymoon and I'm terribly excited about it. But actually I wouldn't mind where I was going. I'd be happy wherever I was with Neale."

Wendy McIver was talking of the Hawaiian honeymoon on which she and Davis Cup star Neale Fraser will leave from Sydney the day after their marriage at St. James' Church, South Caulfield, Vic., on February 4.

Wendy is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. K. J. T. McIver, Gardenvale, Vic; Neale is the second son of Judge A. M. Fraser and Mrs. Fraser, of South Yarra, Vic.

After a fortnight in Honolulu, where, on February 10, Wendy will have her 24th birthday, she and Neale, who's 27, will set off for seven months round the world. Neale is eager to show her all the places he has visited during his tennis touring, and Wendy is just as eager to be shown.

"From Honolulu we go to Caracas for the Caribbean tour circuit, which starts on February 26," said Wendy, as she pointed to this spot on her well-thumbed atlas.

"Then it's Barranquilla — even the names have magic — then Puerto Rico, then possibly Kingston, Jamaica."

After Jamaica it's Miami, Florida, and Dallas, Texas, then Europe for the tennis tournaments.

The Continent

"Paris, Rome, Barcelona, and possibly Monte Carlo," said Wendy, flipping over the pages of the atlas.

"Then Neale will be defending his title at Wimbledon before we go back to America for the championships at Forest Hills."

"Between whiles he wants to take me to Gstaad, in Switzerland. That's a spot he loved. Oh, and there are lots of other places he wants to

take me to, not just tennis centres. That is, if we can fit them in."

Wherever they go she will have an eye out for jade, ruby glass, and copper for the ranch-type house she and Neale plan to build when they finally settle down.

"We'll be looking at houses all the time, getting ideas for our own," she said. "Neale has already seen the kitchen he wants in a friend's house in America and is going to take me to see it. All I know about it is that it's big, which is just what I want."

"We're planning on a big lounge-room for entertaining, for we both love friends around us. And we're going to have a sunroom, too, for which I'll be collecting posters from all the places we visit while we're away."

"Where's our dream house going to be? Well, we don't quite know yet, but it will be somewhere near the beach, preferably at Brighton. And we're going to have it built to our own design."

"But I'm in quite enough daze about the world trip without trying to think sanely of building plans."

At least Wendy hasn't had the worry of buying her trousseau frocks. Her mother has made nearly all of them.

Mrs. McIver has even made the wedding frock.

Wendy will carry a Brussels lace handkerchief which was carried by her grandmother, Mrs. I. M. Thoms, and by Mrs. McIver on their wedding days.

Mrs. Thoms and Wendy's grown-up bridesmaid, Fay Johnson — the second bridesmaid is Neale's niece, 12-year-old Jayne Simonson — have contributed to the trousseau.

Mrs. Thoms, who is 85 and lives with the McIvers, has made a pink-and-white patterned beach-coat with white collar and cuffs.

Fay, who lives "just round the corner," has made a slim-fitting spectator sports dress, rose-patterned on white.

Three of Wendy's favorite trousseau party dresses are a

full-length gown in white, closely patterned with big roses in bougainvillea tonings, for the after-Wimbledon tennis ball — "My first long frock," said Wendy — a delphinium-blue-and-white lightning-flashed chiffon frock with short plisse skirt for a light-hearted Caribbean night's dancing, and a violet-and-blue shot-taffeta "important cocktails" dress.

Naturally, lots of tennis-

watching frocks will be packed into Wendy's one suitcase for the Grand Tour.

Among them is one which her mother made specially for wearing when there'll be no time for changing between watching and dining.

Of cotton—it's almost an all-cotton trousseau—it is paisley-patterned in sea-blues and greens, has a wide portrait neckline, and Wendy's favorite pencil-slim skirt.

• Wendy, at right, shows a dance-party dress—for the Caribbean or Monte Carlo—made by her mother. Below: She and her bridesmaids, Fay Johnson (left) and 12-year-old Jayne Simonson (seated), unpack wedding presents. Right: Dressed in a pink-and-white beach coat made by her grandmother, she discusses the itinerary with Jayne.





Picture by Mr. R. Davie, Maitland, N.S.W.

The quiet waters of the weir at Yarrawonga, on the Victorian-N.S.W. border, present a scene of tranquillity under a brilliant sunset sky.

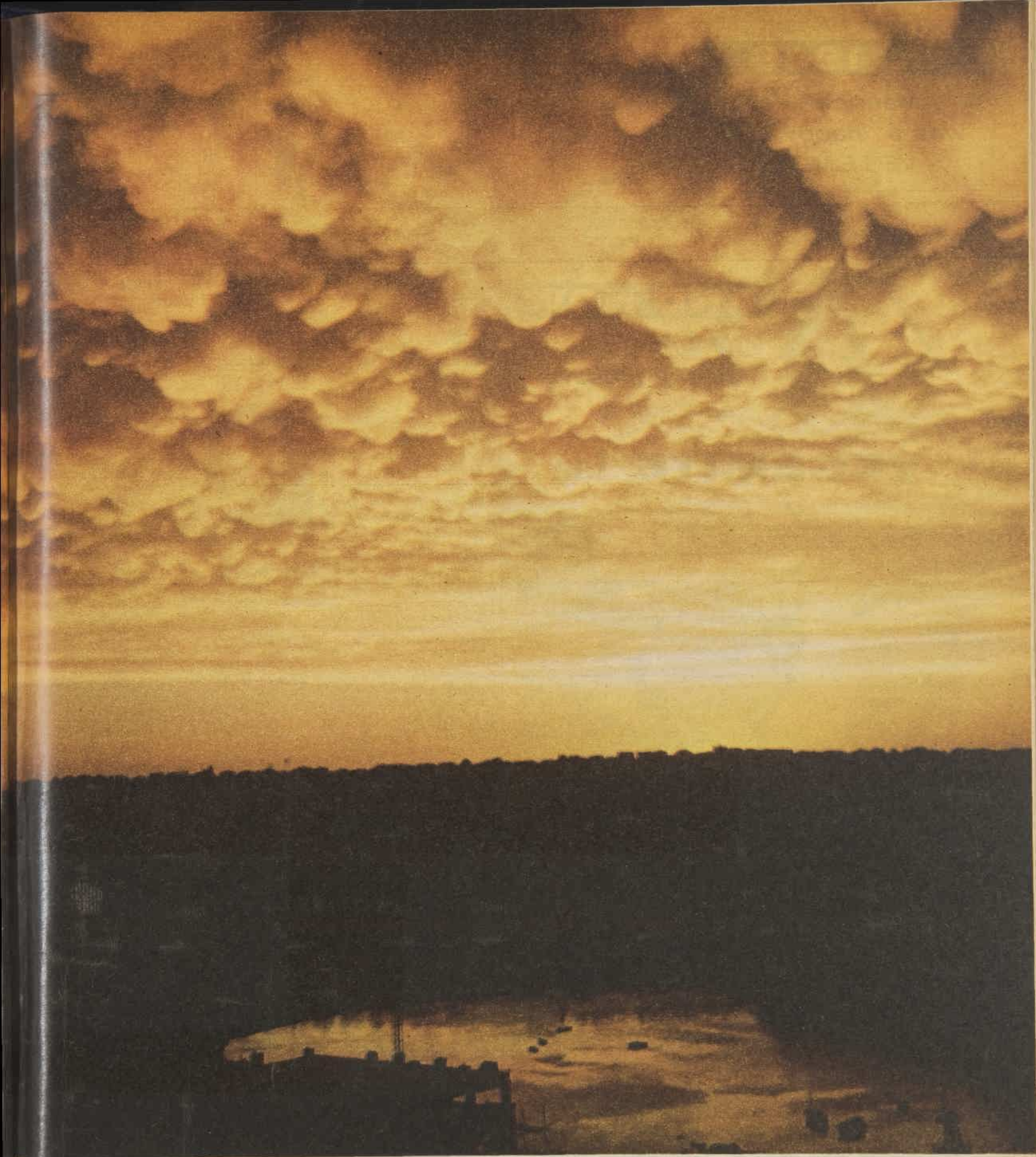
SUNSET SKIES



Picture by Mrs. J. Mahood, Finke, N.T.

A lonely desert oak, perched on a sandhill, is silhouetted against the sunset on the road from Finke to Angas Downs, Northern Territory.





Picture by Mr. Leo Bassor, Sydney.

The dramatic scene on the evening of Friday, January 13, when the clouds "turned upside down" over Sydney following a late-afternoon electrical storm. When the storm blew out to sea, extreme low pressure caused rare alto cumulus mammatus clouds to form, revealing to Sydney people cloud formations sometimes seen by air passengers but rarely from the ground. This picture as the setting sun painted the clouds in brilliant colors was taken from Fairlight, looking over Sydney Harbor towards the city.

IN 1949

**Maurice Lee
was a "happy little
VEG-E-MITE"**

WATER BOY



Little Maurice Lee would live in the water if they'd let him. Says Mrs. Lee: "He's been a happy little Veg-e-mite since he was 6 months old... simply loves Vegemite spread on toast..."

(Extract from 1949 advertisement)

AND NOW

**Maurice is a
husky lifesaver
and still a**

VEGEMITE fan

All members of the Lee family enjoy eating Vegemite every day—and they all benefit from its nourishing goodness.



**All the family need
delicious VEGEMITE every day**

Through the years, the Lee family have eaten Vegemite every day—as a safeguard against the Vitamin B₁ deficiency that exists in even the best Australian diets.

Vegemite, the richest food source of Vitamin B₁, and rich also in Vitamin B₂ and Niacin, has benefited all the Lee family. It has helped to give MAURICE his vitality, clear skin, hearty appetite and healthy growth. His DAD, who is watching his weight these days, gets his essential Vitamin B₁ from Vegemite—a food he really enjoys. And MOTHER likes Vegemite because it's good for her nerves, and because it's so economical.

Remember! Your body cannot store Vitamin B₁... it needs a fresh supply daily.



Made by KRAFT
For big savings, buy the 16 oz.
or 32 oz. family-size jars.

KR 21

Always put VEGEMITE next to the pepper and salt whenever you set the table

Page 10

FATHER



"What would you do if I were at the office today?"

MOTHER



"Yes, I did say I'd tidy my room in the holidays... but I didn't mean THESE holidays."

It seems to me

AS you dash off for your train or bus this morning, spare a thought for Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones. If he's late for work it is noted not only by his boss and his fellow-workers but by the British nation.

No doubt Tony was relieved to hear that he was to have a job, but I wonder whether it occurred to him that his daily coming and going might become one of the sights of London?

The cameras and sightseers on his first day were to be expected, but—terrible thought—they may continue indefinitely.

"Hurry up, do," says one tourist to another. "If we leave right away we'll just have time to see Tony Armstrong-Jones going to work before the Changing of the Guard."

It is a pity, too, that the job must be unpaid. This has given rise to plenty of criticism on the grounds that an unpaid job—unless some sort of voluntary work for charity—is not to be taken seriously.

Yet, had Tony been paid a salary, and then needed frequent time off to help his wife launch ships or lay foundation-stones, somebody would have grizzled.

Why he could not have returned to some form of the job he knows best—photography—is a mystery.

Obviously he could not have continued as a commercial portraitist. His studio would have been wrecked in the crush of customers. But there are plenty of other branches of industry and science where skilled camera work is in demand.

THE B.B.C.'s television adaptations of Dickens' novels continue to be a joy.

"Our Mutual Friend," which began on Sunday week on Sydney's Channel 2, must have been an even greater task for the scriptwriter than "David Copperfield" and "Nicholas Nickleby."

The complex plots and the huge number of characters in all the novels present problems, but "Our Mutual Friend" is entirely mysterious until chapter 13, page 379 in my edition.

On television the plot could not possibly have been presented in that way. Consequently viewers see the events of chapter 13 in the first instalment.

I hope it goes on as promisingly as it has begun. I intend to stay home the next several Sunday nights to find out.

"READ each recipe three times," instructs the preface to a cookbook I saw the other day.

It's a jolly good idea, too.

I tried it with a new recipe. It fixes the ingredients and steps in your mind, so that you don't have to keep running back to the book at every stage. Which keeps the pages cleaner.



Dorothy Drann

WHEN the new Melbourne Express runs on the unified gauge early next year Australia will be able to boast a full set of good inter-capital trains.

A few years ago it looked as if rail travel were finished, but now modern comfort, plus fares that are cheaper than those by air, may still make trains attractive.

In Sydney, Central Station, at present as gloomy a point of departure as could be imagined, is to be cheered up and refurbished. This I am

looking forward to with the greatest interest.

Railway engineers say that Central has "a good basic design," a point that those layers of coal dust have tended to hide from the lay eye.

Memories of old-time bad service on railways die hard, and the authorities will need to back up a good advertising campaign with a general livening up all round.

But there is no reason why they shouldn't succeed. Government enterprise in airlines has succeeded in getting a fair share of custom, and the railways ought to be able to do the same, if they really try.

MECHANISM of the Canterbury Cathedral clock, which has stopped after 105 years, has been taken to London for repair. A Cathedral authority explained that meanwhile the hands have been set at 12 o'clock—"the lawful hand position for an out-of-work public clock."

Stands the church clock at ten to three?
And if so, how illegally!

A SUMMERTIME jingle from King Cross:

What should one say of a sunny day when one is a pavement rat?
No song of a bird, nor running stream, nor rustic talk like that,
But the plane tree leaves are green and strong and autumn is far away,
And the taxis shine and the busman smiles and says "It's a lovely day,"
Which it is, indeed, with never a cloud in what can be seen of the sky
And the temperature (max.) at 78, so the weatherman didn't lie.
The shoppers pause and nobody frowns when the milk-bar juke-box blares,
And the florist's cat sits out in the sun, superbly still, and stares,
And up on the roofs of blocks of flats the wash flaps merrily,
In a breeze that drowns the petrol fumes in the marvellous scent of the sea.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 8, 1961

Exciting Offer by Kotex^{*}

FEMININE NAPKINS



Fully-fashioned 15-denier.

Luxury Nylons 5/-

a pair

Regular 9/11 value

Available in all sizes.

2 flattering new shades

FRENCH MIST an elegant warm beige.

HAVANA an exquisite pale beige.

Hurry! Mail now!

Supplies limited!

For each pair of nylons send:

- The order form below (more forms available wherever Wondersoft Kotex^{*} napkins are sold).

- A 5/- Postal Note.

- The leaflet from any packet of Kotex feminine napkins or the name from any Kotex^{*} belt package. (This last requirement not applicable to residents of Queensland, South and Western Australia.)

Clip and send this coupon today.
Please allow 14 days for delivery.

You can look your best in a new suit, a new hat, or with a new hair style, but *feeling* your best is another thing. Change to new Kotex with Wondersoft^{*} cover and *feel* your best at all times. The extra softness is such a comfort, the increased absorbency offers extra protection and safety. But the thing you'll notice most is that new Kotex gives you greater peace of mind.

Change to Wondersoft Kotex feminine napkins
... choice of discriminating women.

^{*}Registered Trade Mark.



Kimberly-Clark of Australia Pty. Ltd.,
P.O. Box 42, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Please send me 1 pair of nylon stockings
in size and shade indicated below:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

Indicate—

Size _____ Colour: French Mist _____

Havana _____

KK448

Oranges for workers, grapefruit for snobs

By PATRICIA KENT, staff reporter

● Oranges for the working man, grapefruit for the elite . . . and that's not as crazy as it sounds, according to "Mr. Mass Motivations," Dr. Ernest Dichter.

"ORANGES are prosaic, everyday things," Dr. Dichter told me. "They are fruit for the working man. They appeal to the emotions. But grapefruit — now, they're different."

"They are elegant, reserved, dignified. Fruit for the elite. They appeal to the intellect. They are not friendly and warm like oranges."

These fascinating fruit facets were gleaned by Dr. Dichter and his team of assistants when they did a survey for a citrus fruits company in America.

The company's object was to find out why people buy particular kinds of fruit, so that advertising campaigns could be directed at the customers' underlying motives.

Hundreds of people were interviewed and given questionnaires to fill in. They were asked what kind of feeling they got from fruit—"gaicity," "sociability," "reliability," "family feeling," etc.

And so they discovered The Truth about oranges and grapefruit.

This approach to advertising—probing the mind of the consumer to discover his hidden motives for buying a particular product—is called Motivational Research (M.R. to the initiated).

Fur shows a man's "earning virility"

Dr. Dichter, said to be the Father of M.R., has certainly come up with some absorbing information about people and their reactions to what they buy.

A survey for a fur manufacturer revealed recently that there is nothing quite like the soul of a stole (mink, of course).

"Women don't buy a fur coat just to keep warm," the doctor said earnestly. "Buying a fur coat is not a logical purchase. It is based on emotions—on what the fur symbolises."

"For the man, buying a fur has an even deeper significance. It goes back to cave-man days, when the warrior of the tribe brought his lady a trophy of the day's hunting—an animal skin."

"The more dangerous the

animal or the more difficult to find, the more proof of his prowess and daring."

"In the modern world, this set of values is replaced by the fur's monetary value. In effect, it represents the skill of the male to make money—his 'earning virility'."

The survey team also found out that furs formed a kind of hierarchy. Different furs represented definite social positions.

Typists, saleswomen, and university students favor mouton; housewives and professional women go for beaver; elderly spinsters are mad about Persian lamb.

And mink? According to the survey, mink is for society women, chorus girls (the lucky ones), and actresses.

Women buy furs because they symbolise a life of luxury that they envy.

To enable the company to sell more furs, the motivation men suggested that they take fur off the "psychological pedestal" and treat it as just another fashion garment.

Result? A sharp increase in the sale of furs.

From oranges and furs Dr. Dichter turned his attention to increasing the sale of material.

The same kind of mass psychoanalysis was used to determine what materials conveyed to people.

To women, cotton was found to mean "friendly," "innocent," "cool," "clean," "very feminine."

But to men, although in practice they liked cotton shirts and underwear, it meant "cheapness," "lack of durability."

Wool symbolised masculin-

What you buy is key to character

ity to both men and women—"outdoor," "log fires," "pipe," "sedate," "conservative," "red check shirts."

Silk was overpoweringly feminine—"refined," "delicate," "tender," "gentle," "ultimate in refinement."

It conjured up ideas of oriental luxury and splendor.

"A consumer always buys something that will identify himself with the symbol the article represents," said Dr. Dichter.



DR. ERNEST DICHTER, U.S. Motivational Research expert, who visited Australia recently.

"If a woman buys a silk petticoat she unconsciously identifies herself with a life of luxury and elegance."

The same techniques are used in television advertising.

Cake-mixes were found to sell better if the housewife was urged to add eggs to the mixture.

"We found that the housewife had an unconscious feeling of guilt that she was not

she had been far too busy to cook that day, and an instant dessert was nourishing and good for her family. Sales increased sharply."

Housewife needs outside interests

Dr. Dichter is a fan of the modern woman.

"She has a balanced personality," he said. "She is neither a complete homebody nor an aggressive suffragette. She loves her home and family, but she wants, and needs, outside interests and hobbies."

"It is to this New Woman that most of today's advertising is directed."

"She wants home appliances that will keep her house clean with the least possible effort. She wants nourishing foods that require the minimum preparation to leave her free for her other interests."

"She wants . . . Let's face it. Women want to spend money, and Dr. Dichter is just the man to help them do it."

SOCIAL

MOST prized invitations of the month are those from Canberra friends to "come and stay" during the whirlwind visit of Lord Louis Mountbatten, who is due to zoom in there on February 20.

He'll be at "Yarralumla" as the guest of the Governor-General, Lord Dunsross, and Lady Dunsross, who will entertain at a dinner-party in his honor on February 23, on the eve of his departure for New Zealand.

In between official talks as the Chief of the British Defence Staff, Lord Louis will also be feted at a round of functions, which include a dinner given by Sir William and Lady Oliver on February 21, a six p.m. reception given by Sir Roy and Lady Dowling on February 22, and a 5.30 p.m. party at the Hotel Canberra on February 23, when Sir William and Lady Dunk will receive guests at a reception arranged by the Canberra branches of the Royal Commonwealth Society and the Victoria League.

I LIKED the black-and-white printed silk frock worn by Mrs. Hector Livingston—dining at Primiers with Lord Inchcape. Incidentally, Lord Inchcape's brother, the Hon. Alan Mackay, and his wife, with their niece, Caroline Hibbert, are disembarking from the Oronsay, when the ship reaches Fremantle, and flying on to Sydney on February 5. They'll be here for about six weeks, making their headquarters in a harbor-frontage home unit they own in Wolseley Road, Point Piper.

MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL WHITE, of "Belltrees," Scone, are in town this week for the christening of their baby daughter, Wendy Evelyn, at St. Mark's Church on February 1. Wendy Evelyn will set off her christening robe with a tiny, heart-shaped, seed-pearl locket-brooch, the gift of her grandmother, Mrs. Evelyn Crossing, who will entertain a few intimate friends—including the godparents, Mrs. John Lewis, Mrs. David Joceland, from Oodnadatta, South Australia, and David Archibald, of Scone—at her flat at Edgely Cliff afterwards.

AND talking of christenings, when Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Moore's infant son was baptised Michael Frederick Ronald, by the Rev. J. A. Smith, at ceremony in the little family church on the Moores' property, "Glen Dhu," Murrumbidgee, at the weekend, he was dressed in a flowing white organza robe, made from the frock his 21-year-old mother, formerly Carol Ann Burling, had worn when she made her debut at the University Settlement Ball, several years ago.

PARTING gift for the newly formed Robin Hood Committee, from Mrs. Joseph Dougherty, wife of the retiring Consul for the United States, was a glamorous Italian doll—one of the loveliest in her famous collection. Dressed in Emil Pucci copy model clothes and accessories, the doll will be a sought-after prize at the supper-dance the Robin Hood Committee is having at Chevron Hilton on February 25, to launch its activities for the Mental Health Association of New South Wales.

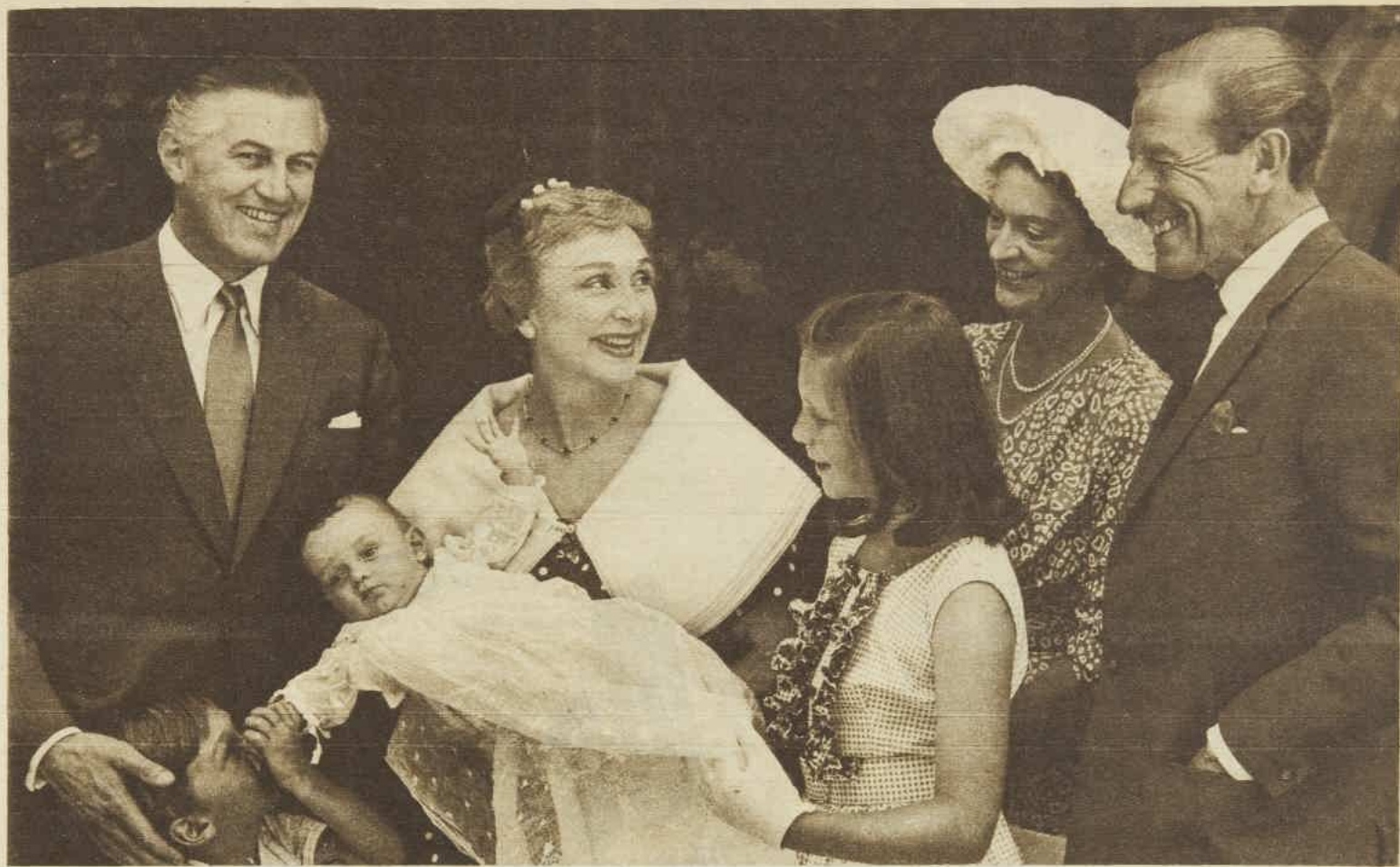
AFTER their wedding at St. John's University College Chapel on April 8, Annette Hooker and Dr. Bruce Shepherd will set off for England, where Bruce will do post-graduate work. The romance, with Bruce's presentation of a superb diamond ring to Annette, was announced after a whirlwind two months' courtship. Annette, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Hooker, will be attended at the ceremony by Nan Taured, Mrs. Brian Northam, Jill Shepherd, and Canadian Vivian Swanston. Bruce is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Shepherd, of Rose Bay and Canberra.



IN CANBERRA. The High Commissioner for the United Kingdom, Sir William Oliver, and Lady Oliver, with Scottish engineer Jack Hamilton and his bride, formerly Patricia Daggart, at reception given by Sir William and Lady Oliver after the wedding of the young couple at St. John's Church. The bride, who was formerly private secretary to Lady Oliver, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Daggart, of the "Brown House," Selsey, Suffolk, England. The groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hamilton, flew from Scotland to attend the wedding.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 8, 1961

ROUNDAABOUT *By MARY COLES*



SMILES from John McCallum and his wife, stage star Googie Withers, leaving St. John's Church, Toorak, Melbourne, after the christening of their baby daughter, Amanda Catarina. Pictured with them are their small son Nicholas, kissing Amanda Catarina's hand, their elder daughter Joanna, Mrs. Ross Gray Smith, of Melbourne, and stage star David Hutcheson, who were godparents. After the ceremony John and Googie, who is now starring in "The Constant Wife" at the Comedy Theatre, entertained at a small party at their home in Scottsburn Grove, Toorak.

LEAVING St. John's Church, Toorak, Melbourne, Murray Creed, of "Glengarry," Terildorie, and his bride, formerly Theo Sanger, of "South Wanga-mong," Corowa, with their attendants, Peter Creed, Margaret Millear, John Leviny, Mary Brownless, Jim Rossiter, Virginia Carroll, John Lyne, and Ann Walter (couple at the back).



JUST WED. Paul Webber and his bride, formerly Helen Jordan, on their arrival at reception at the Hotel Canberra, given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Jordan, after the wedding of Paul and Helen at St. Patrick's Church, Canberra. Helen wore a shoulder-length veil with her white delustrated satin classical gown.



TENNIS stars Bob Mark and his bride, formerly Meryl Hammill, of Boksburg, South Africa, at reception at the Globe Hotel, Albury, after their marriage at the Albury Methodist Church. Bob, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Mark, of Albury, and Meryl flew to Perth at the weekend to sail for South Africa in the Dominion Monarch. Meryl chose a pale beige silk organza wedding gown.

AT WAGGA. Joe Christian and his bride, formerly Karen Worthington, leaving St. John's Church with their attendants for reception given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Worthington, at the Wagga Golf Club. Behind the bridal couple are John Warner and Kathleen Worthington, followed by Bruce Williams and Patricia Christian.



THE

Automatic CHOICE

OF HOSPITALS,



AIRLINE
OPERATORS,



FOOD
MANUFACTURERS



AND
HOUSEWIVES



PUSH THE "BUTTON"

and kill every fly, every insect pest in the room.

PUSH THE "BUTTON"

and a penetrating mist of concentrated Mortein is instantly and automatically released. This insecticidal mist floats to every part of the room and quickly kills every insect pest—even those that lurk behind curtains and furnishings.

PUSH THE "BUTTON"

for only three to four seconds. Properly used, Mortein Pressure*Pak goes very much further than ordinary insect sprays.

PUSH THE "BUTTON"

with complete confidence. Mortein Pressure*Pak does not contain DDT or Lindane. It can be sprayed with safety anywhere in the home, even in the vicinity of food.



Regular size, 8/3; Large size, 14/3

SCHOOLGIRL WINS OUR £3000 CONTEST

Judges' choice

She's only 14 ... loves animals ... cooks and sews ... doesn't know what she'll do with all the money

● Winner of The Australian Women's Weekly £3000 Cover Contest is Lynette Roberts, 14, of Charlton, Vic.

SHE is a gentle, quietly-spoken schoolgirl living in the Wimmera, the State's wheat-growing country in the north-west.

A slender 5ft. 4in. with blue-green eyes and soft brown hair, Lynette, who will be 15 on July 15, chose the koala as her Number 1 selection in our Cover Contest because she thought it was typical of Australia, had human appeal and good coloring.

"And because the koala seemed so real you felt you could cuddle it," she said.

Lynette went about her selection of the covers in the methodical manner typical of this attractive teenager.

She took over the big table in the sitting-room of the family home in Menzies Street, laid all the covers out on it, then dissected their merit with carefully taken notes.

She did the whole job in less than two hours.

Lynette is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Roberts, who lived in Werribee, Victoria, before moving to Charlton 12 years ago.

She has two sisters, Beverley, 18, who is doing her mothercraft nursing training at St. Joseph's Foundling Hospital, Broadmeadows East, and Fay, 11.

Mr. Roberts is an engineer mechanic, and Mrs. Roberts runs a fruit shop in Charlton.

Lynette is a pupil at Charlton Higher Elementary School, where this year she will be doing her Intermediate. Her subjects are geography, history, science, French, English, maths, sewing, cookery, and art.

Sewing and cookery are two that will be easy for Lynette. She is already an expert cook and has made all her own clothes since she was 12.

"She's wonderful about the home and will turn her hand to anything from baking to polishing," her mother said.

"And you never have to ask Lynette to do anything.

She just sees what has to be done and does it," said Mr. Roberts.

What Lynette would do with £3000 is another matter.

"I don't really know," she said when asked the big question.

"I just DON'T know," she said, with one of her slow, wide smiles, which bring a sparkle to her eyes.

"Of course, first I'd give some to each of the family, and I'd use some for the secretarial course which I most hope to do when I pass my Intermediate. I suppose I'd put the rest away.

"But truly, I really just DON'T know . . ."

Lynette Roberts' entry was one of three entries which coincided with the judges' choice for the first five covers.

However, her placing of the rest of the covers was judged to be the best of the three.

This was her placing of the 16 covers:

1. Koala (P.).
2. Kitten (M.).
3. Collie dogs (J.).
4. Girl with poodle on beach (F.).
5. Girl in beach hat (L.).
6. Wildflowers (B.).
7. Girl with pink umbrella (A.).
8. Paris hairstyle (C.).
9. Paris hat (D.).
10. Melbourne Cup Hats (I.).
11. Princess Margaret (G.).
12. Italian children's fashions (H.).
13. Sands-Sinatra wedding (E.).
14. Pauline Kiernan (O.).
15. Marilyn Monroe (N.).
16. Baby Contest winner (K.).

The other two contestants who chose the first five covers correctly were Lucy Blucher, P.O. Miallo, via Mossman, North Queensland, and Mrs. A. Uhlmann, 12 Brock Street, Cannon Hill, Brisbane.

The contest created enormous interest.

More than 50,000 entries were received.



● **LYNETTE ROBERTS**, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Roberts, and her younger sister, Fay, at home at Menzies Street, Charlton, Vic. Lynette's "Cocky" is perched on her mother's arm, and Fay holds her cat "Fluffy" and "Tim," her elder sister's dog.

Hundreds of good suggestions for covers were sent in, and many readers sent their own paintings or photographs.

Winners of the ten prizes of £10 each for the best cover suggestions are: Miss B. Staples, c/o University House, Acton, A.C.T.; Mrs. M. R. Swift, 77 First Ave., Berala, N.S.W.; Miss E. Jay, 11, Rawson St., Auburn, N.S.W.; Mrs. P. Robson, 5 Kiparra Rd., Dover Heights, N.S.W.;

Miss Jennifer Lane, 15 Vaughan St., Enfield, S.A.; Miss Roslyn Montan, 57 Sheffield St., Malvern, S.A.; Mrs. H. N. Macleod, Richmond, Tas.; Mrs. W. Young, 76 Marlborough St., East Bentleigh, Vic.; Mrs. F. C. Jones, Beach St., Cowes, Vic.; Mr. A. H. Wilding, Wongan Hills, W.A.

We will use their ideas for covers during the coming year.

The judges of the contest were: Interior decorator Lady

Hall Best; Olympic swimmer John Devitt; secretary to the general secretary of the Y.W.C.A., Miss Constance Phipps; bank teller Mr. A. K. Flockhart; artist Elaine Haxton; salesgirl in a city department store Miss A. M. Wright; waitress in a city cafe Mrs. Isobel Chain; and three housewives in Sydney suburbs, Mrs. J. L. Ferris, of Gordon; Mrs. W. F. Single, of Roseville; and Mrs. Harold Sharp, of Sans Souci.



1 (P)



2 (M)



3 (J)



4 (F)



5 (L)



6 (B)



7 (A)



8 (N)



9 (D)



10 (K)



11 (I)



12 (O)



13 (G)



14 (A)



15 (H)



16 (E)



THE BOY UPSTAIRS

WHEN the phone rang Joanna March was dressed and ready for her date, looking, her mother told her several times, like a flower. Really like a flower. "Well, I feel like a cow," said Joanna. This was not entirely the truth. Joanna merely felt unsettled. The delicacy she seemed to have put on with her unfamiliar clothes—satin shoes and a bare-shouldered full-skirted white evening dress—made her nervous. She was a girl who felt truly at home only in sneakers and tennis shorts. Dressed in party clothes and pinned with Jack Bayfield's corsage of yellow roses, she bloomed with an unexpected and rather startling beauty. She was just aware enough of this fact to feel annoyed by her mother's approval.

She moved to answer the phone. "I'll get it. It's probably Brandon."

"Brandon? What would Brandon want tonight?"

Joanna disregarded this question. She thought privately that it would take her mother about ten thousand years to mature enough to understand how she felt about Brandon Harper. All her mother was capable of understanding was a date with somebody like Jack Bayfield. Boy-friend stuff. The only thing grown-ups could think of was sex when you got right down to it. Her voice was hopeful as she spoke into the phone. She felt a huge necessity to talk to Brandon.

"Hi," said Brandon. "Joanna?" His voice sounded remote and faint-hearted, almost spectral. Probably he was alone. His mother went out a lot. She was a handsome divorcee who wore stunningly tailored black suits. She and Brandon lived in the apartment directly above the Marches.

"What's with you?" said Joanna. She sat down at the telephone stand and looked at the wall.

"You ready yet?" said Brandon.

"Yes. I guess so." Joanna glanced at her mother and lowered her voice. "I wish it was over with."

"Maybe I'll come by for a minute, hey?"

"I wish you would. I mean, if you've got time and all."

"Sure I've got time. Why wouldn't I have time?"

"Well, what time's your date? I mean, you've got to get over there and all. Fifteen miles."

Brandon muttered something unintelligible.

"What? I can't hear you."

"—plenty of time. I'll come down, O.K.? Soon's I grab a shower." There was a pause, then a faint whistling sound. When Brandon's voice returned it had a surprised, faintly aggrieved note. "I can't get used to it, you know it? You having dates?"

"Neither can I. I feel crazy."

"Old Bayfield," said Brandon. "You're going up in the world, buddy."

"Oh, blah," said Joanna. She swung her foot, watching the satin toe of her slipper carefully.

"Well," said Brandon. "I'll prob'ly be down."

"Well, hurry." She hung up.

"For heaven's sake, Joanna," said her mother. "Why in the world did you ask Brandon to come down here tonight? Jack will be here any minute, I should think."

"What difference does that make?" Joanna asked.

"He won't be overjoyed, will he? To find another boy underfoot the minute he walks in."

"Oh, Mother, Brandon's not another boy. He's just Brandon."

"Doesn't he have a date of his own?" her mother asked.

"I don't know. Yes. Sure he has."

"Well, then, what's he coming here for? Why isn't he taking you to the dance if he's so anxious to see you all the time?"

"Brandon doesn't even belong to Men's Club. He's only a sophomore. Men's-Club is for seniors. He couldn't take me if he wanted to. And, anyway, I told you about sixteen hundred times. Brandon goes steady with this girl in Westport. He's practically engaged or something. Just because I love Brandon doesn't mean he's my boy-friend, for heaven's sake. I don't know why grown-ups are always trying to sex things up. It's so juvenile."

"That's an extremely vulgar expression. If you can't express yourself without—"

"All right, all right."

"You're so edgy, Joanna. Calm down."

"I don't know why I'm having this stupid date, anyway," said Joanna. She began pulling distractedly at her fingers. "I don't know why that stupid Jack Bayfield asked me or why I said yes. What I wish is, I wish I could forget the whole thing."

"Now, Joanna. A perfectly nice boy, an outstanding boy, asks you for a date— Stop cracking your knuckles. Most girls would—"

"I don't care how outstanding he is! I wish he'd fall down an elevator shaft or something."

"You're just nervous because it's your first real date."

"Of course I'm nervous. Why wouldn't I be nervous?"

"You're not worried about your dancing, are you? You dance beautifully. And you really look marvellous. You haven't the slightest reason to worry about—"

"You don't understand anything. You absolutely don't understand anything. It's all your fault. You deliberately pushed me and pushed me in that subtle way—"

"Joanna!"

"Well, you did. You wanted me to have dates. Being so interested every time I mentioned a boy's name."

"You're not being very fair, Joanna. After all, a normal girl of fifteen does go out with boys. All your friends—"

"What am I going to do? That's what I want to know. What am I going to do?"


"Baby, relax," her mother told her. "Do about what?"

Joanna twisted her hands. "What if he tries to kiss me?"

"Oh," Mrs. March leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes briefly. She suddenly felt tired. "So that's what's worrying you."

"He probably kisses girls all the time," said Joanna. "He's probably kissed every girl that ever got one foot inside his stupid car. He probably—"

"Now, look. In the first place, the problem probably won't come up. I happen to know Jack Bayfield comes from a very nice family—his mother—"



She was all dressed-up for her first date,
but didn't want to go . . . a short story

By LUCILE VAUGHAN PAYNE

"Nice family! I've never heard anything so completely—" "And if it does come up, you'll know how to handle it. You'd be surprised how easy it is to discourage that sort of thing in a nice way. The main thing is, don't ruin your whole evening worrying about it. Take my word for it, you'll know what to do."

"Oh, sure," said Joanna. "Oh, sure." A faint knock sounded at the door. "That's Brandon." She hurried to open the door. "It's about time you got here," she said crossly.

"Wow," said Brandon. He was wearing a dinner jacket, and he looked, as usual, obscurely hectic and disjointed. Even in party clothes Brandon transmitted the peculiar impression of being assailed by invisible winds. He had blond hair and blue eyes, widely set in a brown, triangular kind of face. He was a very beautiful boy, in a wild, unlikely way.

"You sure you want me to come in?" he asked, stepping inside. "I'll only stay a minute. Boy, you really look swell, Joker."

"Hello, Brandon," said Mrs. March. "How's your mother?"

"She's O.K.," said Brandon, staggering politely towards Mrs. March's chair. Mrs. March put one hand protectively on the base of her best porcelain lamp. "She's gone to a lecture. Some guy's making a talk about teenagers. Their sex life or something."

"Really. I see you're all dressed-up this evening, too."

"Yeah," said Brandon, craning and leaning precariously to his invisible wind. "I'm taking Selma to a party. It's my contribution to teenage sex li—"

"Never mind," said Mrs. March. She looked at her watch. "Joanna's date will probably be here any minute."

"Mother, he knows. Come on, Brandon," Joanna pulled him towards the kitchen.

Alone with Brandon, she felt a trifle calmer. A plate of cookies had been left on the counter in the kitchen. Joanna picked up the plate and offered it to Brandon.

"Don't let my mother bother you. She's sort of hysterical."

"What's she hysterical about?" Brandon picked up a cookie and looked at it dimly.

"Oh, you know, me having a date."

"Yeah," said Brandon. "Parents are all alike." He laid the cookie back on the plate.

"I bet your mother didn't push you into having dates, though. Like mine did."

"I wouldn't say she pushed, exactly," said Brandon. "It was more like a real heavy shove." He collapsed against the counter, looking at Joanna intently. "You really look

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Brandon looked wildly at Joanna: "Phone Jack up," he said. "Tell him you can't go!"

Worth Reporting

"WHY, that's Noreen Hennessy!" gasped the Melbourne matron — as a spotlight in the darkened Prince Edward Theatre, Sydney, picked out the Mighty Wurlitzer Organ and its sequin-gowned player.

"She used to play the organ and sing when I was a teenager madly in love with a U.S. serviceman during the war," she whispered to her stalls companion.

Our ex-1944 teenager was right. Noreen and the Wurlitzer have been an attractive combination at the Prince Edward for 17 years.

Together, they've entertained two generations with light classics as well as transitory pop songs ranging from "Johnny Zero" and "Mairzy Doats" in the 'forties — to "Unless" and "Truly, Truly Fair" in the 'fifties.

We met Noreen as she finished her "My Fair Lady" selection. She was feeling specially perky . . . a disc in her back had not slipped when she took the matinee bow.



Noreen Hennessy . . . she has entertained two generations.

THIS — she waived aside our open-mouthed reaction — has occurred with monotonous regularity for the past six months. A daily visit to a Macquarie Street specialist sets things right. It will cure itself in time.

The blond organist, however, would like to refute a couple of 17-year-old notions that (a) she is blind; (b) she is one-legged.

"This has probably arisen," she says, "because (a) I use little sheet music—I memorise, and (b) the spotlight usually picks up only the left diadem-studded foot scurrying in and about the left pedals."

OUR neighbor's youngster has a very handsome cricket set, but ever since he learned that Don Bradman practised as a kid with a stump and a golf ball, he has been at it, too.

Hour after hour on the front lawn he and his mate work-out.

Hanging new curtains at the front window the other day, our neighbor overheard two passers-by comment:

"You'd think with them BOTH WORKING they could buy the poor kid a decent bat."



Prince Philip (right) and his uncle Earl Mountbatten, "the most dashing figure of our time."

Mountbatten is still The Champ

"I THINK he is the most attractive man in the world. In his admiral's uniform at a London theatre I never in my whole entire life saw anything so beautiful."

The speaker? Zsa Zsa Gabor. The subject? Earl Mountbatten, Chief of Britain's Defence Staff, who will arrive in Canberra on February 21 on a three-day mission to confer with defence chiefs.

Actress Faye Emerson joins the queue of feminine admirers: "He's the most dashing figure of our time. Prince Philip follows closely, but the champ is still Lord Mountbatten."

And beating us to our place in the queue is Anne Teddman, of Homebush, N.S.W., who actually met him at a Lord Mayor's reception when he visited Sydney in 1956.

Still swooning, she recalls: "He bent over me and said, 'And what do you do?' . . . and then he smiled that wonderful smile and said, 'Your hat is charming. I like it VERY much.'"

Yes, she's still wearing it.

Concertina hat packing

ONE woman who travels the world with luggage limited to a wardrobe case, a hat-box, and an airline overnight bag still manages to look elegant, whatever the occasion, whatever the climate.

She is Madame Helene Burrolaud, head of the Harriet Hubbard Ayer beauty institute in Paris, who will arrive in Sydney next week.

Claude St. Cyr worked out an ingenious concertina packing system for the hats he designed for her trip.

Each hat fits snugly on a straw-brimmed mould the same shape as the hat. The hats and moulds fit neatly inside each other, so that the one hat-box is sufficient for all.

While in Australia Madame Burrolaud will present a Claude St. Cyr model as a prize at a charity gala.

CANNY Scot Mr. James Ballantyne protects 20,000 gallons of Scotch whisky at his Dumbartonshire distillery with 20 Chinese geese, which march and counter-march 24 hours a day.

The typist was in tears . . .

WHERE did Miss Ida Charlier work?

Miss Ida's firm refusal to divulge anything beyond a murmured "I work at U.C.L." only increased the curiosity of her secretarial college classmates.

Finally her shorthand teacher cornered her: "What DOES U.C.L. stand for? I won't let you leave the room until you've told me."

Blushing to the roots of her hair, Miss Charlier confessed in a whisper: "Uni-Corsets Limited" . . . and rushed straight home and cried her eyes out.

"That's how delicate a subject corsetry was in 1914," Miss Charlier recalled in Sydney this week.

"Thereafter, whenever I entered the classroom I blushed with shame at having had to reveal my secret."

U.C.L. was the foundation name of Berlei Ltd., where Miss Charlier has worked for 46 years.

"Corsets were so hush-hush," Miss Charlier told us, "that Mr. Fred Burley himself was sole salesman until he employed a traveller—a woman, of course."

"Advertising wasn't considered quite nice—and traveller Miss Brooks sold them on personality."



Miss Ida Charlier . . . advertising corsets wasn't "nice."

Outdoor Girls especially need protective NIVEA

Girls who love summer's heat must realise the sun dries out their skin — removes natural oils and moisture so essential to a healthy and beautiful skin. You can feel this happening while you sunbake — but the process goes on all the time. To replace lost oils and moisture, your skin needs Nivea daily. Nivea contains Eucerite which penetrates deep into the tissues, carrying the beauty-giving moisture and oils where they can do the most good. For a lovely skin always use Nivea regularly.



In this giant economy tins, tubes and Liquid Nivea in bottles.

SKIN needs NIVEA

Another fine SCN product



Sunbake safely with NIVEA sunfilta

"WHERE'S THE GIANT WETTEX!"

Giant Wettex is double the size to

do twice the job in half the time!

Use Giant Wettex to clean cars,

picture windows . . . use it as a sink

and draining mat. Giant size, 7/6;

standard size, 3/11. At

stores, supermarkets and hardware stores.



see POHUTU blow its top!

Pohutu geyser, one of the most thrilling of New Zealand's many natural wonders. There's exciting holiday adventure in every mile of this rich, green, naturally beautiful holiday land. And it's so close, so easy to reach. Come next Autumn. See your travel agent now.

SEE NEW ZEALAND in the Autumn

FREE MAP AND LITERATURE

TO N.Z. GOVT. TOURIST BUREAU, 14 Martin Place, Sydney, OR 426 Collins Street, Melbourne, G.I. SEND ME FREE N.Z. HOLIDAY INFORMATION

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ STATE _____

NZ4171

I'M POUNDS BETTER OFF Because I Take FORD PILLS

Ford Pills keep me free from irregularity, sick headaches, tiredness and depression. I'm always sparkling with health and energy and never away from work. No wonder I'm pounds better off!

Ford Pills are safe and sure . . . and so economical, too! Regain good health, feel fit and well, buy a tube of Ford Pills today.

Slim off your overweight—write for a free FORD PILLS DIET CHART to G.P.O. Box 4155, Sydney.

Get your Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere

FORD PILLS



GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet. "Baby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls."

Curlypet is good for cradlecap too. soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks' treatment, 4/6

Curlypet

A NOTE TO REMEMBER

An amusing short story

By **MARIAN GAVIN**

I REMEMBER the day the milkman came to our house, collected the bottles and didn't leave anything. When my father got home that evening and found there wasn't any milk, he was pretty upset. My father is a sales engineer and he claims he has ulcers. You can't tell whether he's kidding or not, but he sure goes for milk.

My mother was upset, too. She runs on the same circuit as my father, which he once told me in a semi-serious moment is "the ultimate compliment of a loving wife; not always convenient or practical, Howie, but the ultimate compliment, nevertheless." Kissing him to make up for no milk, my mother said, "I can't understand it. I put the bottles out and left a note."

My father grinned at her. "Are you sure you left him a note?"

My mother has three outstanding traits.

One, she is pretty, especially when you think about her being almost forty years old. Two, she is romantic in a screwball way about my father, who reciprocates. Three, she thinks she is efficient. "I know I left him a note," she said.

My father went on looking at her quizzically. If anything ever happens so I don't see my father again, that is the word I'll think of when I think about him—quizzical. "What did you say in the note?"

"What would I say in a note to the milkman? So many quarts of this, so many gallons of that."

"Do you mean we buy milk by the gallon?" my father asked.

"Well, half gallon," my mother said. "But I know I left him a note."

Anybody who knows my mother knows she did, too. She leaves notes everywhere. She got the idea last summer when we went on a vacation and stayed in motels all the way from

To page 53

Mother was always leaving memos for her family in the most unlikely places.



NOW IN AUSTRALIA - NEW FORMULA

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **IOLAN**
CLEARs DANDRUFF INSTANTLY



How new-formula LOXENE with "Iolan" attacks and beats dandruff three ways!

1. New formula LOXENE with "Iolan" clears dandruff instantly.
2. The effective gentle antiseptic action of "Iolan" controls dandruff and helps stop it starting again.
3. The deep penetrating nourishment of "Iolan" conditions the hair and scalp and brings out a healthy, natural gloss.

Now your scalp can be cleared of dandruff instantly! That's the simple promise made and carried out by new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo — the only preparation on the Australian market containing "Iolan." And with "Iolan" added to its own gentle deep-cleansing action, new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo gets results that dandruff sufferers would never have believed possible. It clears dandruff instantly. Used regularly, it controls it and helps to stop it breaking out again. It conditions your hair and scalp, brings out the full depth and gloss nature intended your hair to have. New formula Loxene is remarkably effective — and economical to use. You get eight generous shampoos in every 4/6 bottle. Clear dandruff now — get a bottle of new formula Loxene with "Iolan" and put it to the test. Your mirror will tell you how wise you were!



**SINGLE TREATMENT
 BUBBLE 1/3**

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**Discover the secret
 of lovely legs...**

discover Silkymit. So easy to use . . . so easy to ask for. Silkymit . . . the feminine way to smooth, hair-free legs.

Silkymit

Single pack, 1/3
 Triple pack, 3/-



Scent of Syringa

A short short story

By **TREVOR ALLEN**

EVERY year, when the syringa blooms, I come to this Flower Walk in Kensington Gardens and sit breathing its perfume. How lovely it is, bridal-white above the beds of roses, calceolaria, antirrhinum, lupin, and mist-blue anchusa! And I recite a verse I've known since I was a girl:

I walked in a garden, Syringa white
 Clouded into view,
 And this night was another night
 And all its fragrance—you.

There's a story behind that verse—about two young lovers who used to meet here clandestinely. She was shy, pretty, with a very slim waist, a bustle to her skirt, leg-of-mutton sleeves, a small straw boater, or sometimes a jaunty felt with curving brim and sweeping feather.

He was a fresh-faced cavalry subaltern with short monkey-jacket, narrow trousers strapped under the instep, clinking spurs, pillbox cap; dapper, smiling, handsome.

When they met under the syringa he would say: "You are like the syringa." But there was a cloud over their romance. Their fathers had been partners in business and quarrelled. A family feud in those days was a serious matter affecting the children, too.

I could see her father, all morning coat and mutton-chop whiskers, saying solemnly: "He did me a grave wrong. I can never forgive, and no daughter of mine shall marry a son of his, so put it out of your head, my dear. You're young, you can wait, there are plenty of others. It's no use your pleading. It's quite impossible."

Naturally, the girl was unhappy and often wept in the seclusion of her room. They forbade her to see the gallant young soldier, but she did contrive to meet him secretly in this Flower Walk. He wanted her to defy the ban and elope with him, even though it might ruin his career.

"Once we were married," he pleaded, "I am sure they would relent and give us their blessing. Will you not, dearest?"

"You know I would," she replied, "but how can I, against my parents' wishes? Father may be stubborn, but Mother adores him. Both would be hurt, and I could never forgive myself. Perhaps if we wait and are patient . . ."

"But we have waited, and I may be posted abroad . . ."

What parents thought and felt, especially about an important thing like marriage, was of serious moment in those days. Gradually, however, the young man wore down her scruples, and she was almost at the point of yielding when he said impatiently:

"Of course, if your father hadn't been so pig-headed over the business we should not be in this fix."

"Pig-headed!" she retorted. "I like that!"

"Well, you know it was mainly his fault. If he hadn't been so hasty, so intolerant . . ."

"But he was not. From what he and mother have told me I'm sure he wasn't



Illustrated by Boothroyd.

The young cavalry subaltern and his sweetheart often argued when they met in Kensington Gardens.

chiefly to blame. He did everything possible to prevent it."

"Oh, come, my dear girl! You've been completely misled. Let me tell you the facts . . ."

Soon they were at it, hammer and tongs, arguing the rights and wrongs of that old quarrel as if it had been their own instead of their parents', each unwilling to give way. Finally, he decided it was hopeless, and strode off in anger, leaving her in tears.

They might have made it up, but shortly afterwards his regiment was posted to India, and he went out of her life.

For ever?

Would he think of her out there for a time, then gradually forget? Was it likely they would see each other again?

To forget, she plunged into the London Season, and met many eligible young men. When she walked in the park she avoided the Flower Walk. It was too haunted by memories.

And he, in India? One night there was a dance in the officers' mess. He strolled out on to the verandah with his partner for a breath of fresh air. Bored with garrison duty, homesick for England, he needed solace and was in the mood for romance.

He was a captain now; she, the daughter of the adjutant. She seemed to like his company. What was wrong with a flirtation in the moonlight? As they leaned over the verandah rail he groped for her hand.

And then, miraculously, he smelt—syringa. He was astonished to find it there, for he had never encountered it in the plains. Its perfume in the warm night was intoxicating.

And to him it meant, could only mean, the Flower Walk . . . the secret meetings . . . the partings at dusk.

Descending the verandah steps, he crossed a path and broke off a spray of the fragrant bloom. He slipped it into his pocket and later wrote the verse, "I walked in a garden . . ." and a long letter, telling the girl of the Flower Walk that he had never forgotten her.

he loved her, could never love anyone else, they were meant for each other.

All those arguments as to who was right, who wrong, were ridiculous and didn't matter, he told her. He enclosed the spray and the verse and letter.

It was the happiest moment of her life when she opened that letter. She showed it to her mother, then took it to her father, spray, verse, and all, placing it in front of him without a word.

"H'm. Is that all?" he grunted. "Yes, Father," she said. "And now I'm going to show it to his father, and you're coming with me — please! It's time we did something about that silly old quarrel."

He hummed and hedged, mumbling, "Ridiculous! Impossible!" But she stuck to her guns, and in the end he was standing with his back to the fireplace, mustering the last shreds of his shattered pride and saying: "Very well, if you insist, my dear — but I shan't come in. I shall wait for you outside!"

He hadn't to wait long. Within ten minutes she came tripping out of the front door and down the steps of the portico, with his father in tow, to drag hers in and watch them bury the hatchet.

Silently they shared a solemn handshake, which implied: "No more ill-feeling, but we're doing this for their sakes, remember, and I haven't really changed my mind."

When her soldier returned from India they fixed their wedding for June. She wore white, with a garland of syringa, mock orange-blossom, and made an enchanting bride.

But for the syringa they might never have come together again and married. But for it I shouldn't be here now.

For the girl was my Grannie, my mother was christened Syringa, and it's one of my names, too. So every year, when the syringa blooms, I come to this Flower Walk and . . . the drone of the motor traffic along Kensington Gore seems somehow unreal.

(Copyright)

Blindfold



As Stevens guided him across the footbridge towards the house once again, Fenton could tell it had been snowing even in this milder climate of the blindfold country.

NEW YORK psychiatrist DR. RICHARD FENTON accedes to a request by the Secret Service to attend an important American Government scientific genius who has had a mental breakdown. Fenton is blindfolded by agent JOSEPH STEVENS and taken to Base X, where the patient, whose identity is top secret, is being cared for by DR. WILLIAM THROCKMORTON and MAJOR BROWN.

Fenton's interviews with the patient, carried out through a canvas screen, at first prove fruitless, but gradually responses come through, with the patient mentioning the words "Wichita Falls" and "murder" over and over.

Two anonymous messages to contact a MR. GREEN for information about a scientist are received by Fenton, who passes them on to the General in charge of the case. These are followed by a visit from an ERNEST FITZGERALD, who asks Fenton to see MRS. ANGELA MALLORY, wife of a famous scientist who, he says, is being held by Security. This is followed by a phone message telling Fenton to meet a woman wearing a red camellia at a certain hotel, but after waiting well past the appointed time he is convinced she has not arrived. By chance he follows a woman out of the hotel, and sees her throw a red flower into the gutter and wonders if she could have been the woman and had changed her mind.

Fenton's next visit to the patient is attended by the General, who is worried by "the other side" having contacted the doctor, but he is persuaded to leave Fenton on the case. Before the next visit to Base X Fenton is surprised one night when his doorbell rings and it is the woman he had seen in the hotel, who stands there saying, "I'm Angela Mallory." NOW READ ON:

THE parrot was in the parlor, its cage ornamented with ribbons for the occasion. He was standing on his trapeze, ripping up some tissue paper from one of Louisa's presents.

Angela Mallory did not even notice him. She turned, facing Dr. Fenton, wringing one black glove from her hand. Her flawless face was pale. The dark hair was half covered with a black scarf. Her flowing coat was of black velvet.

That it was the girl of the Astor he had no doubt. But was it the girl he had seen at the funeral? Her face had been covered that day. He had had an impression of veiled beauty. He could not be certain.

From the party below came whoops of laughter. "I am extremely sorry to burst in on you this way," the girl said. She had no trace of accent. He tried to remember the voice he had heard over the Brooklyn telephone. That, as he recalled it, had been a voice like music, and this, too, charmed his ears.

He smiled ruefully. "You put me in a very difficult position, Mrs. Mallory," he said. "That is, if I can assume that you are Mrs. Mallory."

"Doctor,"—her eyes widened, pleading—"I swear to you that I am."

"Doctor!" the parrot squawked, in a close imitation of the voice Louisa used in calling him to the telephone.

Taking notice of the bird for the first time, the girl smiled.

"Will you have a seat?" the doctor said.

"Thank you, sir." With the grace he'd noticed before she dipped into a chair, then sat with expectant primness.

He went to the head of the stairway. "Louisa," he called. "Have your dessert without me. I'm very sorry, but I'll be delayed for a few minutes."

He returned to the parlor. The girl sat in half-profile, and again he felt a stab of wonderment at her beauty, a

classic Renaissance face. The scarf had slipped back from the gleaming jet-black hair from which a few soft tendrils had been loosened. On one hand was a wedding ring.

He stood with his back to the mantel. "All right," he said. "Let's assume you are Mrs. Mallory. I have made a solemn promise to the Government of the United States not to speak with you or anybody else. Strictly speaking it's my duty to ask you to leave."

Color flooded the pale cheeks, and he could not tell whether it was from anger or embarrassment. She rose, dropping one of the black gloves. "Doctor..." She moved towards him, and he could scent a fragrance like fresh violets. The big brown eyes were moist. "I know about these rules of silence. I have been asked to respect them, too. And I have respected them. Even the other night at the Astor..."

He grunted.

"I apologise for doing that to you, sir. I—simply got cold feet. I sat there, trying to work up the courage to put the flower on, and I kept telling myself this is wrong. This is against the rules. You promised the General to keep quiet, and you are breaking that promise, and the General surely knows best."

Her voice was well bred and beautifully modulated. Some acting background?

"Undoubtedly he does know best," the doctor said. "And I was wrong myself to have gone against him."

"I should have spoken to you, then. I wish I had... but I am easily frightened." She rose, looking alternately flustered, pleading, and now, irresistibly childlike. "I put you to all that trouble, probably upset you, but if you will please forgive me I will try to act better now. I want to help my husband get well, and that is all that matters to me..."

To page 53

Third instalment of our gripping serial
By LUCILLE FLETCHER

Now... much more nutritious than corn itself.

Far richer in essential Vitamins B₁, B₂, Niacin and Food Iron
PLUS essential Vitamin D not found in the grain itself.

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What's this? Kellogg's Corn Flakes even more sustaining than before! Hardly seems possible...but it's true! Those big, crisp sun-soaked flakes of corn are now crammed with vitamins, food iron and niacin to give you the added nourishment you need. And that special flavour! Every one agrees there ought to be a *better* word than—"Delicious"—just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes!



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MANY MORE
VITAMINS
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MANY TIMES MORE...

- VITAMIN B₁—for healthy appetite, nervous system and digestive organs.
- VITAMIN B₂—for healthy appetite, nerves, brain vigour and skin.
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- NIACIN —for clear, healthy skin.
- FOOD IRON —to enrich the blood.



Serve the best-tasting, most nutritious cereals of all— **Kellogg's**

Registered Trade Mark.

K669

FASHION HAS NO AGE GROUP

LOOK ELEGANT AFTER 50

The patterns here and overleaf were inspired by a reader who wrote to me: "You never pick fashions for women my age; clothes are always for girls with mannequin-size figures. What about us over-50's?"



THE average woman who is not in the first flush of youth is catered for, and by top Paris designers. But most women in this age group do not use their imagination. Fashionably speaking, they think of themselves as old — and mostly they look it.

The older woman who is not mannequin size and shape suffers from the illusion that it is impossible for her to look chic at 50 or 60. This is not so.

I do not for a moment suggest that any woman in her middle age is not correct in looking askance at ultra fashions. But this does not exclude her from elegance.

There are, in every Paris collection, what I label no-age fashions. A no-age fashion is any design with a simple uncluttered silhouette, and such a trend can be translated to suit the older woman — whatever her proportions.

One of the most attractive and chic women I know is a four-times mother and ten-times grandmother. I have never seen her wear anything but a simple, easy-fit style, yet she always looks in fashion.

The secret of my clever friend's dressing is this: She has learned what she looks and feels good in, and she goes around knowing she looks good.

Think of yourself as dowdy and dreary and you become that way. You must work to be chic, and if necessary change your dressing. Regardless of age or circumstances, it's your obligation as a woman to look attractive.

—BETTY KEEP



TWO VIEWS (left and above) of a dress and coat ensemble designed for the over-50 age group. 7208: Dress in sizes 36 to 42in, bust requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9. 7209: Coat in same size group requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9. Details of how to order patterns are given overleaf.

Continued overleaf

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Patterns for the over-50s



Color is one of fashion's most important subjects for the older woman. It is no longer necessary, or smart, for the over-50 woman to be restricted to dark colors.

HOW TO ORDER

● Address mail orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



7202.—Soft muted pink, the color choice for the suit above, is a flattering shade for the woman with white or greying hair. The suit's easy-fit silhouette is good camouflage for a thickening waistline. Sizes 36 to 42in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Pattern price 4/9.

7205.—Elegant, unbelted, all-purpose coat has a straight but generous silhouette. The line conceals but does not enlarge the not-so-slim figure. The collarless neckline can be worn, too, with a fur or silk cravat. Sizes 36 to 42in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Pattern price 4/9.



These round-the-clock fashions are chosen for the 50 to 60 age-group. They are delightful and wearable, yet special enough to look Paris. Following the Paris Couture custom, the clothes are all photographed on young models.



7204.—Width and grace (above) are allied in a smart new-look daytime coat. The color, a clear blue, is flattering to the woman whose hair is greying. Sizes 36 to 40in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.



7207. — Theatre suit (right) is the most becoming and practical late-day-on-to-evening fashion for the middle-age fashion group. Sizes 36 to 42in. bust. Requires: Suit with short skirt, 4½yds. 36in. material; with long skirt, 5½yds. 36in. material, plus 2½yds. 36in. material for the blouse. Price 5/6.



7203.—Chanel cardigan suit (right) is one of the world's best sellers and is rightly labelled a no-age-at-all fashion. Sizes 36 to 40in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material and 2yds. braid trim. Pattern price 4/9.



7206. — Neat-as-a-pin suit (above) is always an elegant fashion for the not-so-young. The slim skirt has a Dior pleat at back for easy walking. Sizes 36 to 42in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.



Dress Sense

● This one-piece maternity dress in navy silk is my design choice for a reader from a southern State.

HERE is an extract from the reader's letter:

"Please assist with a style and pattern for a maternity frock to wear to an afternoon wedding. I want the dress made in navy taffeta."

The design I have chosen for your navy taffeta maternity dress is illustrated at right. The dress is beltless and finished with a soft shawl collar and a material rose at the neckline. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I have decided on a tailored jumper suit for autumn and would like something new for the trim. The fabric is blue worsted."

Scallops are a new detail for the coming season, and would be a smart idea for your suit. Use the scallops at the hemline of the jumper top.

"My problem is to combine two fabrics in one outfit—4yds. of navy wool and 3yds. of silk patterned in navy, red, and white."

Use the wool jersey for an easy-fit unbelted coat finished with a scarf tie band neckline, and the silk for a simple shift dress. Line the coat in red to match the pattern in the silk.

"I have chosen purple-and-white check tweed for a winter skirt. What color will I choose for a jumper?"

Take your choice from pale lilac, white, or purple. All three colors would look attractive worn with a purple-and-white check skirt.

DS436. — Maternity dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



by Betty Keep

"My boy-friend objects to slacks, so could you suggest a winter replacement for them? I would also like a style for a wool sweater."

A two-legged skirt (once called a culotte) is the newest thing in "casuals." An alternative is a knee-length skirt (newest in plaid) worn with knee-length socks. The latest sweater design has a "turtle" collar. The collar can be ultra-large or just a band.

"My daughter is to be a flowergirl at a March wedding. Would she be correctly dressed in organdie, and should the dress be short or long?"

The traditional flowergirl's dress is floor- or ankle-length. The design is usually high-waisted, with a round neckline finished with a tiny ruffle, short puffed sleeves, and a skirt gathered all round. A white or pastel organdie would be a pretty material choice and a wreath of rosebuds a pretty headdress.

"The choice for my wedding gown is white lace. Would it be correct to have the lace mounted over a pastel shade?"

Perfectly correct. White lace made over the faintest shade of pink would be extremely pretty. I advise you to keep your accessories, gloves, and shoes white. I also suggest you carry white flowers.

"I am 16 years old and have endless complaints from my family about my untidy dressing. Could you advise me about better grooming?"

To be well groomed, clothes must be cared for, and care means daily routine. Make a point of checking the following items, some well ahead of dressing time: No straps or petticoat hem liable to show; stockings minus runs, and if seamed, be sure the seams are straight; no dust or fluff on collar; any white accent snowy, and gloves spick and span; shoes clean and heels straight. A sewing-kit for minor repairs and cleaning fluid for emergencies make a good home valet service. Swing into this daily grooming routine and I am sure you and your family will be delighted with the results.

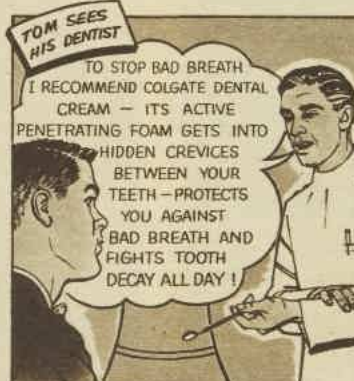
"Could you tell me the correct name of the one-piece dress worn by Oriental women?"

I think you mean a cheongsam. A cheongsam is a close-fitting sheath with a high mandarin-type collar. The dress is worn short and slit on the two side seams to well above the wearer's knee.

"Please assist me with an idea to finish the neck of a fine silk maternity blouse."

A cowl-draped neckline ending in a fluid scarf would be a pretty idea for the neckline of a maternity jacket.

Daisies Don't Tell—But This Daisy's Gonna!



STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect your

teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it too!

FOR WHITE TEETH
AND FRESH BREATH... MORE
PEOPLE BUY COLGATE
THAN ANY OTHER
DENTAL CREAM
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COLGATE
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CLEANS YOUR BREATH
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Just one brushing with COLGATE

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- ✓ FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY
- ✓ KEEPS TEETH SPARKLING WHITE

GET THE BIG FAMILY SIZE AND SAVE 3/2



World-famous Cordon Bleu Cook, Mrs. Dione Lucas, says . . .

Look at these
exciting new ways
to serve delicious

CANNED PEACHES

PEACH UPSIDE DOWN CAKE.

Ingredients: 1 10" ovenproof pie dish; 2 cups flour; 1 teaspoon salt; 4 oz. sweet butter; 2 eggs; 1 large can drained sliced peaches; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coarse granulated sugar; a little extra butter for buttering dish.

Method: Heavily butter the ovenproof dish. Dust well with sugar. Cover the whole of the bottom neatly with the drained peaches. Cover with the following pastry.

Sift flour and salt into a large bowl. Cut butter and put on top of flour. Rub with finger-tips until it resembles coarse corn meal. Add beaten egg, and work up quickly to a dough. Turn out onto a lightly floured pastry board. Knead slightly to get a smooth surface on top. Wrap in foil. Chill $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Remove, roll out $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick, cut into a round to exactly fit the top of the pie. Cover the pie, chill for 1 hour.

Bake in a 375° oven for 30 minutes or until crust is golden brown. Remove, allow to stand 5 mins. Turn out onto a flat serving dish. Brush the top with melted-down apricot jam, strained. Serve hot or cold. Serves 6.



NEW FLAVOUR INTEREST . . .

NEW APPETITE APPEAL . . .

PEACHES

ARE PERFECT WITH ANY MEAL!

Wonderful! Half the work is already done, when you cook with canned peaches. Just open the can — and you find perfect peaches, in slices or halves. You'll discover dozens of ways to brighten every meal with canned peaches. It's easy — and it's economical. Be creative . . . serve canned peaches often.



AUSTRALIAN CANNED FRUIT SALES PROMOTION COMMITTEE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 8, 1961



SCALLOPINI OF VEAL WITH PEACHES.

Ingredients: 1 small can peach halves; 8 thin slices of veal; 4 tablespoons salt butter; 6 firm white mushrooms; 2 tablespoons corn flour; one teaspoon tomato paste; 1 teaspoon beef extract; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peach syrup; 1 cup of veal or chicken stock; 3 tablespoons brandy; salt and black pepper; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chopped garlic.

Method: Put veal slices between two pieces of foil and beat out with a heavy mallet or cleaver until quite thin. Heat a frying pan or electric pan until very hot (320°). Put in one tablespoon butter, and add the veal, a few pieces at a time, so that they don't overlap. Cover with a flat pan, putting a heavy weight on top to keep veal flat. Brown quickly on one side, remove the weight, and quickly brown the other side. Put all the scalloped veal together and flame with brandy. Remove veal from pan, and add to pan the rest of the butter, garlic, and half the mushrooms, cut into thick slices. Saute briskly for 2 or 3 minutes. Remove from heat, and stir in, off the fire, tomato paste, beef extract, cornflour, peach syrup and stock. Season with salt and pepper and stir over fire until it boils. Simmer 10 minutes. Add half the peaches, well drained and sliced, with the veal, and reheat in sauce. Serve scalloped veal overlapping on baking dish. Carefully pour over sauce, and sprinkle with a few breadcrumbs and add a little Parmesan Cheese. Sprinkle with melted butter and brown quickly under a very hot grill. Garnish with remaining peach halves and mushrooms. Serves 4.

ACFAPP

Marveer did it!



● Ever see such a shine? Marveer will make your furniture shine gloriously—remove scratches and stains too!

Your furniture will shine as it hasn't in years when you change to Magic Marveer! Marveer cleans and polishes in one simple operation, makes scratches and stains completely disappear. Marveer nourishes the wood, gives it a brilliant finish, at the same time preserving it to ensure years longer life. Think of the countless things that need polishing in your home — and remember that Marveer will polish them brighter, in half the time, at lowest cost and least effort. Use Marveer once, and you'll never use another polish. Marveer is that good.

Remember too, that Marveer will also bring back the sparkle and shine to all baked enamel and plastic surfaces including your refrigerator, stove front, elec-

tric mixer, telephone, wire-less cabinet, leatherette upholstery and plastic toys. It's easy to see that no other polish can do anywhere near as much for you right through the home! Buy a bottle of Marveer today and prove just how much Marveer will do for your furniture.

Obtainable from all good Furniture, Hardware and Grocery stores.

Also in 1-Gallon cans for Hospital, Institutional and Commercial use.

MARVEER POLISHES FURNITURE CLEAN



BMBOW

A product of Arthur Brunt Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, N.10, Vic.



"MELODIE"—The 1960-61 Hairstyle created in Paris

Summer Hair Care

Summer is the time when extra care must be taken with the hair to prevent that parched, discoloured, lifeless look.

In Vitapointe, you have the equivalent of Sebum, the natural nourishment of the scalp to make your hair naturally beautiful . . . lovely . . . lively . . . soft and shiny.

The soft texture and lively glow are convincing proof that Vitapointe is the summer reconditioning treatment for your hair. Brush your hair to shining, flashing beauty with Vitapointe today.

A 7/6 tube lasts a good two months.

Vitapointe
OF PARIS

The Perfect
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONING CREAM



LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Distracting models

MODELS should be considerably plainer than they are, as they draw attention from the clothes modelled to their fantastic hairstyles, overpainted faces, and whistle-tempting figures. A store wishes to sell the frocks, shoes, hats, etc., not the model.

£1/1/- to "Plain Jane" (name supplied), Gosford, N.S.W.

Mice are really nice

THE fear women have of mice is only prejudice. Since a child I had been terrified of mice, so when my small son told me he intended buying some white mice for pets I threatened to leave home. But I relented on the condition they were kept in the garden. In no time Mr. and Mrs. Mouse have made friends with me. They like to eat crushed biscuit from my hand and I find I don't mind them running up my arms. Mice are really the sweetest little creatures.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Norwich, London, England.

Let him golf

"GOLF WIDOW" (Qld.), who asks what she should do with a husband who plays golf on both Saturday and Sunday afternoons, so depriving their baby and herself of his company, must just make do. After all, as he is "kind and considerate," she is very lucky. If she insists he give up this relaxing sport he may not be the amiable companion he is at present.

£1/1/- to "Good Advice" (name supplied), Tuncurry, N.S.W.

MY advice is to leave the baby with a baby-sitter occasionally and enjoy a game of golf with your husband. If you can't lick 'em, join 'em.

£1/1/- to "Fish Widow" (name supplied), Naremburn, N.S.W.

DON'T pity yourself or be jealous. Most sporting men are kind husbands and are seldom petty or critical. £1/1/- to "Iris" (name supplied), Rivervale, W.A.

"GOLF WIDOW" should let her husband enjoy himself; he spends every night at home.

£1/1/- to "Busy-Bee" (name supplied), Kalangadoo, S.A.

BE thankful, "Golf Widow." Better he does the round of a golf course than a round of the hotels.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Smith, Fitzroy, Vic.

Christmas on Napoleon's island

I THINK the Christmas spirit on St. Helena — Napoleon's island — could set a fine example to the rest of the modern world, where greed and selfishness are rife. On Christmas Eve one sees the islanders busy decorating their doorways with palm leaves and flowers. On Christmas Day these doors are left wide open for all and sundry to enter and partake of whatever food and drink is there to offer. Some of these people are pitifully poor, but even so they give unstintingly. It's not unusual to find oneself drinking from the same cracked cup or glass in several houses. If there were more of this spontaneous good-fellowship, our present-day problems would not arise.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Willes, St. Helena Island, South Atlantic.

Hubby wants to cook

I MARRIED a girl who did not know how to cook — so I taught her. Now there is an argument and much fuss if I want to cook for visitors. As I'm expected to do most of the washing or dirty work, I would feel compensated if I could show off my cooking. What do other readers think?

£1/1/- to "Your Turn" (name supplied), Surrey Hills, Vic.

She sees her own dreams

HAVE other readers seen their own dreams? A light sleeper, the slightest noise wakes me instantly — and should I have been dreaming, I see a static picture of the dream etched before me. It's just like a black-and-white photograph, all action is stilled and in seconds it disappears. Blinded for the moment, I have frequently had to halt, feet on the floor, until the picture fades before I can go to my baby.

£1/1/- to "Asterisk" (name supplied), Blenheim, N.Z.

Longer skirts for dignity

IT'S time elderly ladies wore their skirts four inches above their ankles and not two inches below their kneecaps. If they only realised how graceful and dignified they'd look in longer garments, they'd cease dressing like young matrons and act their age.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Thompson, Rockhampton, Qld.

Bathtubs too big

IT seems to me our bathtubs are unnecessarily large. A length of 36in. or, at the most, 40in. would give ample room for outstretched legs. The tubs would be cheaper and the cost of hot water to the required depth considerably reduced.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. M. Rodrigues, Prahran, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I WENT into a delicatessen and asked for half a pound of tasty cheese.

The man behind the counter deftly cut a slice and threw it on the scales.

Hands hovering above the cheese, he peered at the weight reading.

"It's a little bit over," he said.

I had heard the remark many times before from cheese men. I was faced with the old choice—to buy more cheese than I wanted or be a nuisance and insist on the right amount.

As usual I just said: "It'll do."

Cheese men aren't the only ones who offer you a little bit over. Butchers do it, and fish-shop men do it.

But they can alter the weight more easily. The fish man can take a big fillet of flathead off the scales and put a little one on instead.

The cheese man is different. Once he has cut a piece of cheese, the die is cast. That is why he can apply such subtle pressure to a customer.

All he says is: "It's a little bit

HARD CHEESE

over." But he implies: "I know you wouldn't be so mean as to leave me with this cheese on my hands."

It is an irritating custom. Yet you have to admire the wonderful judgment of these men in cutting off too much cheese. They must not overdo it and offer the customer too much too-much. Their skill lies in



cutting a slice that is exactly the right amount too much.

Not everyone can learn to do it.

I heard a sad story of a young fellow who was keen to make good in the delicatessen business.

In his first week on the job a woman asked for half a pound of

Gorgonzola. He cut a piece and put it on the scales.

"I'm afraid it's a little bit under," he told her.

The customer was amazed. "This has never happened to me before in my life," she said. She accepted the cheese and went away, baffled.

The young man's boss warned him he would have to do better.

He tried hard, but after another week the boss called him in again. He said: "Tom, I'm afraid you are not cut out for this business."

"Why, sir?" the poor lad asked.

"Your judgment of cheese is not good enough. You keep giving customers the exact amount they ask for."

From the cheese industry's viewpoint, the boss was right.

The industry is geared to expect people to buy more cheese than they ask for.

If everyone was given the right amount, it would be hard on dairy farmers. Many poor cows might be out of work.

And yet — cheese-lover though I am — I don't want to buy a little bit over.

Do women really benefit from a university degree?

● The author of this thought-provoking article, a graduate in Arts and Law, claims that a university education reduces a woman's chances of marriage and, if she does get a husband, confronts her with an unhappy clash between her professional career and family life.

Education—"A BURDEN TO WOMEN"

By MAREN LIDDEN, B.A., LL.B.

● With one eye on the woman graduate register (already nudging 9000) and the other presumably on Australia's professional world, but little adorned with women, Sydney University is asking questions about the missing daughters.

ASSUMING that many must have disappeared into domesticity, the university has begun quizzing married women graduates with a 20-page questionnaire, which they are asked to answer anonymously.

The questionnaire, put out by the university's Department of Tutorial Classes under the auspices of the Social Science Research Council of Australia, contains 84 detailed and very personal questions.

They range from "Would you return to your profession with more co-operation from your husband?" to "Are you a regular church-goer?" From "Have you been married more than once?" to "Would you stand for parliament?" From "Do you ever read non-fiction books?" to "Were you married in a church?" And so on—and on.

While attempting to answer all 84 questions honestly and dispassionately, it occurred to me that out of the entire questionnaire a single question—the old but still burning one—stands out:

"Do women really benefit from a university education?"

I am a non-practising barrister and a graduate in arts with three years' training in psychology, and I have been trying to find the answer to that question.

I have asked those best qualified to reply—the women graduates themselves.

I have attempted to take a representative group, that is, women from widely differing social backgrounds; women married and single, women who have followed their professions or abandoned them; women who attended universities for sharply contrasting reasons.

And I have been forced to the conclusion that the answer is very often "No."

Many women graduates feel they have not really benefited by their education.

Indeed, they believe it can prove a distinct disadvantage, both before and after marriage.

Real problem

How a university degree can prove a disadvantage to women is little known to the general public. But the problem is nevertheless real, and should be understood by girls now leaving school and thinking about a professional career.

So, I challenge the old saying that "education is no load to carry"; I challenge school-teachers who frown more and more darkly on girls saying they are "not interested in any career but marriage"; economists who deplore the "waste of potential trained womanpower"; parents who feel they "must put daughter through the uni."

Do not urge any girl to take a university degree unless her desire for a professional career and her abilities are both outstanding—outstanding to the point where she would be prepared to forgo marriage for her career.

Otherwise, you are doing her no good service.

Firstly, you are needlessly handicapping her chances of marriage as well as narrowing the field of possible husbands.

Secondly, once she has married, you are presenting her with a mental conflict to which there is no truly satisfactory conclusion, the conflict of professional life versus family life.

Thirdly, in her professional career itself, you are asking her to overcome still lively prejudices against her because of her sex.

In support of these three main points I am going to quote representative opinions and experience of women graduates I have questioned. The speakers remain unnamed for the same reason that Sydney University's own survey is anonymous.

I do not claim these opinions, necessarily personal and therefore colored with emotion, can be taken as conclusive proof.

They do, however, reveal a common pattern of experience which is at least significant.

It should be remembered that a university degree is expensive in money, time, and effort.

It requires some capacity for independent thought, and immediately provides full professional status and salary, in direct competition with men.

It must therefore have far-reaching effects on a woman's subsequent life.

To illustrate my first main point that a university degree handicaps a woman's marriage prospects, I quote this conversation between women with degrees representing four faculties.

Mrs. A., former economist, now married with two children:

"Your university degree is anything but an added attraction to men. How can it be?"

"It makes them think because you are capable of earning a high salary yourself you'll expect them to keep you like a duchess."

"When I met my husband, who is not a professional man, I did not dare to tell him I was earning more than £30 a week—it would frighten him off. So I said I only earned £20."

"He did not like the idea of a working wife, either, and made it quite clear there was room for only one bread-winner in the home."

Miss B., honors arts graduate, now in the teaching profession:

"But I'd be quite happy with an ordinary house. What's wrong with me? Don't men like intelligent women?"

Miss C., a pharmacist:

"Of course not! They pretend to despise you if you're stupid, but they hate you if you're intelligent."

Mrs. D., once a mathematician of promise, now mother of three children:

"If you want to get a husband, you have to act the original dumb blonde."

"Hide your degree as if it was a guilty secret. The vaguer and sillier you are, the more men like you."

"Don't ever expect a man to discuss the state of Asia with you—that's strictly men's talk. He'll like you better if you ask him what he thinks of your hat."

Clearly, all these women believe a university degree has a definite effect in discouraging suitors.

As to how it can also narrow the field of prospective husbands, I quote Mrs. E., a former industrial chemist, now mother of two sons:

"After all, you can't really marry a laborer if you are a scientist yourself, can you?"

"Nor are there all that many professional men who want to marry you."

"If you can earn as much as they do, you mean competition, both professionally and socially, and that is an affront to masculine vanity."

"They don't call it womanly. Australian men, anyway, still think it is feminine to scrub floors, but not feminine to use a slide-rule."

Mrs. F., a former psychologist and twice married, adds this point:

"My first husband, a fellow undergraduate, was less intelligent than I. We married young because of a strong physical attraction, but when I passed examinations and he failed, he began to hate me."

"This sense of competition and the feeling of inferiority it gave him broke our marriage in less than two years."

If, then, a woman graduate should seek to marry a man whose education at least approximates to hers, and whose intelligence is preferably superior to hers, she has a steeply reduced choice of prospective husbands.

What is more, many professional women believe their problems are increased in Australian society, where there is a persistent and deliberate looking-back to the old days "when men were men and women were women, with none of this nonsense about book-learning for females."

This outlook shows itself, for example, in the segregation of the sexes at nine out of ten mixed parties, where men talk together round the keg while women chatter among themselves in the lounge-room—mostly about homework and the children.

The professional woman is, of course, visible proof that the bad old days are done.

She tends to treat men as equals, she often wants to talk about things outside the home and traditional feminine topics, she sometimes has opinions, even radical ideas, and thus appears "different" in a disconcerting way.

She is usually regarded by men with wariness at best, with downright hostility at worst—and neither attitude exactly invites romance.

To pinpoint this attitude, I quote Mr. G., himself a scientist and a man of broad cultural interests, who, when told a professional women's group was inviting members' husbands to attend a lecture evening, remarked:

"What! You mean there are any?"

And now to illustrate my second main point—that after marriage, the woman graduate faces a conflict between professional life and family life.

Silly parties

This conflict may begin with marriage or be delayed till children have been born, and it is often a bitter and unending one.

Place yourself in the position of Mrs. H. Having achieved a short but successful career in the teaching profession, she is married with four young children and a husband who strongly disapproves of working wives.

Here follows a conversation between them after ten years of marriage:

Mrs. H.: "I can't look forward to a future of nothing but housework, broken only by afternoon teas and hit-and-giggle tennis parties."

"I'm prepared to give up my profession till all the children are at school, but surely I can do something then?"

Mr. H.: "If you wanted a career, you should not have married. It is as simple as that. You can't have the best of two worlds."

"Children are your full-time responsibility till they are adults. I should not permit you to work if I considered our children suffered by it in the slightest degree."

Mrs. H.: "But can't you imagine how I feel? I am not asking you to let me amuse myself frivolously."

"Housework is the most unstimulating routine, hard on your ego, too. Suddenly you feel you've lost all your status."

"It's rather as if your own chief announced tomorrow: 'Right, from now on you work here as the janitor. Use your science degree to polish floors more scientifically if you like, but otherwise forget it—permanently.'"

Mr. H.: "If I had contracted to do a job, as you did when you married, I should do whatever was asked of me, however boring, and to the best of my ability. You are merely trying to dodge your proper responsibilities."

That conversation shows the impasse, the essence of the conflict.

The professional woman is constantly torn between her real wish to be a satisfactory wife and mother on the one hand, and her desire to obtain again the status and independence her profession gives.

To this conflict between her two lives, there is no truly happy solution. Only compromises exist, none of which work perfectly.

The married woman graduate may:

● Offload her family responsibilities on to relatives or paid help. But should she?

● Delay return to professional life until her family is grown. But won't her training "get rusty," will she feel too old to try?

Continued on page 31

Cool

meals need

MAGGI

CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP



Tempting hot soup like Maggi Chicken Noodle makes your cool meals **complete** meals. So lively, so satisfying! Brimming with golden-rich egg noodles. Ready in the time it takes to make a sandwich or a quick salad. And only Maggi has that **real home-cooked** flavour.

Education — "A BURDEN TO WOMEN"

• Forget her university training and settle down to domesticity. But won't that mean admitting her training, long and expensive, was thrown away?

Further, if the view of Mr. H.—and it is not uncommon among Australian men—is taken to its logical conclusion it asserts that women should not even attempt to compromise.

In other words, they should choose deliberately in the first place between spinsterhood with a professional career or marriage and children.

This is hard, even unjust. No man is asked to make such a choice.

The core of the problem lies, of course, in the fact (which, however, continues to be ignored) that a woman cannot be like a man.

So long as her paramount role remains that of bearing and rearing children, she must devote the bulk of her adult life to that task.

Yet it is not the task girls are being trained to undertake.

Modern education programmes place little emphasis on making girls more efficient and more effective wives and mothers.

Admittedly, cooking, sewing, and home management are touched on in some school curricula, but with them is the general feeling that such courses are "strictly for duds."

Deary housewives

It is made plain that any reasonably intelligent girl must follow some career, be something. In effect, she must think like a man.

This contradiction, which also suggests that marriage and family do not qualify as a career, accounts largely for attitudes like those of Mrs. I. and Mrs. J., both law graduates with young children.

Mrs. I.: "I cannot bear to stay at home. The four walls, the monotony, the dreary minds of other housewives drive me mad."

"So I put my children in nurseries and go on with my profession. I may have been able to adjust myself successfully to home life if I had not taken a university degree. Because, to be quite honest, I would not have realised there was something better."

Mrs. J.: "I resigned myself to living like a vegetable during the children's early years. It did not hurt me unduly, but then I was always a mediocrity."

"I can imagine how deadening the life of a housewife must be to an intellectually brilliant woman—and how she must resent it."

In denial of opinions like these, it is often claimed that university training makes for more effective motherhood, broadens cultural interests, offers a well-paid job to fall back on.

All those benefits are true in theory. Unhappily they do not work so well in practice.

In cases like that of Mrs. L., the first is immediately cancelled out. No woman can possibly be "a more effective mother" if the greater part of her life is led away from the home.

Not her ideas, but those of grandmothers, housekeepers, or nursery and kindergarten staff, are being imparted to her children during their formative years.

Also, any woman who tries to run both a home and a profession cannot give her whole mind to each.

As for "broadened cultural interests," since marriage and family must absorb most of her time, rarely can the woman graduate follow intellectual pursuits in anything but a desultory way.

To quote Mrs. K., a former scientist:

"I used to be quite a talented person. I could play the piano, I read worthwhile books, I had an interesting job."

"Now I feel all my talents have rusted from lack of use because I have the house and three children to look after."

"I'd go back to my profession if my husband would let me pay for live-in help, but he won't have outsiders in the home."

As for those "well-paid jobs to fall back on," many women graduates discover they have lost touch with advances in their professional fields while they were busy with young families.

Mrs. L., a graduate in dentistry, says:

"I do clerical work because I did not dare seek professional employment."

"In the 20 years since I obtained my degree abroad, advances in knowledge and techniques have been rapid and many. To attempt to class myself as a qualified member of my profession again would be sheer self-deception."

Or, as in the case of Dr. M., the woman graduate may see her career as "a bone of contention" between herself and her husband.

"I did not find it hard to return to medical practice because I had deliberately kept abreast of new ideas while my children were small."

"But my husband and I are both doctors, and his approach to patients is quite different."

"Many are the times when I have felt like saying 'Give the injection if you're ever going to. Don't stand there talking about it all day or I'll do it for you.'"

Finally, to illustrate my third main point, that still lively prejudices do exist against women in professions.

To quote Miss N., a lawyer:

"From the time you start out in your profession, you get the feeling you are handicapped because of your sex."

"You feel you are blamed for all the 'traditional' female faults."

"You hear arguments that women are an unreliable labor force, they are less capable of objective decisions, they become too emotional, that men will not work for women executives."

"All these arguments are brought forward when a man is promoted over your head in any profession. If you're a woman, you have not got to be just as good as the next man, you have got to spectacularly better."

Miss O., an honors arts graduate, now a business executive:

"The whole problem is like driving a car."

"You may be able to drive like Jack Brabham, but because you are a woman you must constantly prove yourself. Or else people say automatically, 'Woman driver!'"

"That is what happens when a woman is

in a position of professional responsibility.

"Also in professions like medicine, dentistry, law, you are likely to learn that your own sex is just as prejudiced against you as men are."

"Even socially, you have to tread warily because the average woman suspects you."

"If she sees you talking to men about topics outside her own sphere, she thinks you are making a play for them or that you mean to 'high-hat' her."

"As far as marriage is concerned, I do not think you are much better off."

"Think of the number of girls who would love to marry a doctor or a lawyer or an executive. Then think of the number of men who would love to marry a woman doctor or a woman lawyer or a woman executive."

All these opinions show that women graduates see many disadvantages deriving from their university education. Many feel it would have been better if they had never attempted to invade the professional world, which remains pre-eminently a man's world.

A man's world

Among the women doctors, lawyers, scientists, pharmacists, teachers, and psychologists who have talked to me over their "family wash-tubs," all believe they are not fulfilling their obligations to society or themselves; that their costly training is being temporarily or permanently wasted.

Among the same professional group who are unmarried and working at their careers, many consider their university education has worsened their chances of achieving a "family wash-tub" of their own.

If I have not quoted one woman prepared to state she has wholly benefited by her university training, the reason is simply this—I was unable to find such a woman.

And so to summarise with a final wry comment from Mrs. P., an arts graduate and author:

"No, don't make your daughter be a sage, Mrs. Worthington. She'll be far better off in the home."

"Use your science degree — to polish floors more scientifically."

"My talents have rusted while I did the chores."



ONE IN A MILLION

That's you, Madam. Wife, mother, nurse, cook, laundrymaid, housekeeper. Yes — and budget-keeper, too. How often have you stretched the family budget to cover some little extra — like poultry for Sunday dinner. Or a party dress for daughter, Sue. Or maybe a new frock for yourself.

And then — an unexpected bill.

Bang goes the money you've saved.

We're on your side. That's why we have prepared a special folder to help you. We call it "System Saving."

"System Saving" shows you how to meet bills and save money at the same time.

Get your free copy of "System Saving" at any branch of the Commonwealth Savings Bank.



COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK

BIRDS' BEAKS—a

● A bird's beak is its tool of trade, enabling it to get its special food and build its home.

NATURE has fitted the various kinds of birds with beaks to suit their size and shape, habitat, and way of living.

The small, insect-feeding birds, for instance, have beaks like delicate tweezers with which to lift their prey from leaves.

In contrast, most parrots have "nutcracker" types of beaks, while the ducks have broad, flattened bills to filter off the minute animal life of the water or pond-bottom.

The swamp hen's beak is a heavy structure (see picture on page 35), which can tear strips off floating vegetation to make a meal.

These are only a few of the dozens of beak-types.

In evolving them, nature has considered the fact that some kinds of birds spend almost all their time in the air, while others live among leaves and branches, or in the trunks of trees, or on the forest floor; others still belong to the swamps, plains, or beaches.

Not only the beak, but everything about the bird is suited to its way of life. An example is the long legs of wading birds.



THE GALAH (*Kakatoe roseicapilla*), best known of the Australian parrots, has a high, heavy beak which acts as a nutcracker on his food — mainly grass-seeds. A slight hook at beak-tip holds seeds firm for "cracking." **WIDE, FLATTISH** beak of the ostrich (left) picks up grasses, berries, and fallen fruits as he browses on the plain. He is a native of Africa.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

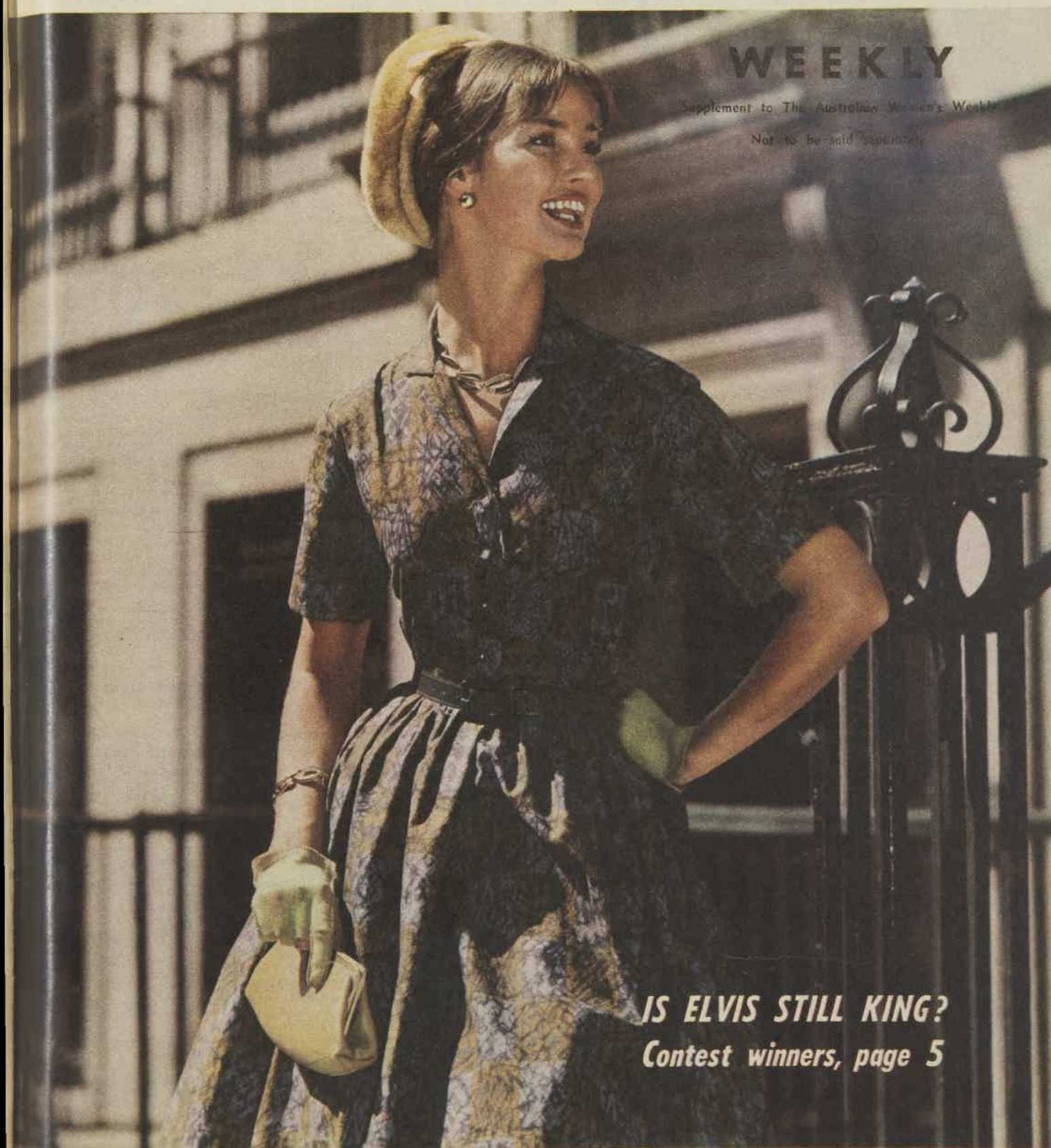
February 8, 1961

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



IS ELVIS STILL KING?
Contest winners, page 5

LETTERS

BEATNIK

Teenage wages "too low"

I ALWAYS thought teenagers were able to stand for their rights! I often wonder, therefore, how they react when they open their pay packets after 40 solid hours of work to find a measly £4 or £5 inside. Adults doing the same amount of work receive double this amount. Yet in picture theatres, dances, buses, etc., these youngsters have to pay adult fares. If the teenagers live away from home and pay rent, that leaves them with about £2-£3 left. Teenagers are human, and want entertainment, dinner, clothes. Where can they get these things out of £2? Nowhere; so it beats me why teenagers don't agitate as the suffragettes and other political reformers did to gain their ends. Our benevolent parliamentarians don't seem to know anything at all about our predicament. If a boy is 18, and ready to lay down his life for his country, I don't see why he cannot go into a Queensland hotel and have a few beers. If the suffragettes got their way by straight-out agitation, why not teenagers? It isn't a matter of "We haven't got anywhere to go" but "We haven't got anywhere we can afford to go!" —*"Pay Packet Preacher," Goodna, Qld.*

Don't marry young

THE wife of a visiting American professor told me that teenage marriages among American college students have proved their value in making students steadier and more studious. In other words, marriage is a tranquilliser, and helps you pass exams. But what comes after graduation? In many cases, boredom with a partner chosen on the strength of a teenage crush, and responsibility before you are ready for it. Australian young people who work for a few years after studies are finished and travel and marry in their mid- or late-twenties are more competent to choose the right partner, and undoubtedly make much more interesting parents. —*(Mrs.) V. Dupris, Mosman, N.S.W.*

Girlish delight

BEING a girl is great fun—pretty frocks, fluffy petticoats, bulky jumpers, high-heeled shoes with pointed toes, chunky bracelets, dainty earrings. A girl's pride and joy is her collection of cosmetics (including false eyelashes). And, oh, the most fascinating hairstyles with a sprinkle of glitter. A bedroom of pink, with walls covered with pin-ups. To be a girl is wonderful. Who'd be a boy? Not me! —*"Sweet Sixteen," Wollongong, N.S.W.*

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

OUR COVER girl has chosen a dress in dark print, belted at normal waist level, as the perfect fashion to bridge summer and autumn. She wears her beret well back to show her hair.

Standing room

WHY are high-school students compelled by society to give up their seats on public transport for the sake of men and women a few years older than themselves who immediately, usually without a word of thanks, sink into the vacated seat, spreading their legs over the passageway, and begin reading a newspaper held at arms length? In most cases the students have a bag full of textbooks to carry, and are left to fend for themselves in the myriad of feet. I realise that other passengers are as weary as we are, but I think it would pay them to consider the extra hours of homework we have yet to do while they are relaxing with a book. Just a word of thanks and neatly folded feet would help a lot. It is the younger adults who offend in this way. Elderly persons, who are immediately given a seat by youngsters but rarely by adults, are always appreciative. —*"Thirteen," Mt. Eliza, Vic.*

Learning poetry

RECENTLY I read an article on the poet Robert Frost. Among many of his witty and wise quotes there was one with which I do not agree. He said: "Being taught poems reduces them to the rank of mere information." I think this is wrong. Whenever I learn a poem I appreciate it more fully, and have lasting pleasure in knowing it "word for word." On some occasions a poem which I never liked has greatly aroused my interest when I have learnt it "off by heart." —*Gemma Ryall, Darwin, N.T.*

Sensible advice

HERE is a little advice which my mother gave me. "A sensible girl is one who is more sensible than she looks because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible." —*"B.B.," Marrickville, N.S.W.*

New system, please

HAVING just finished the Intermediate, it has occurred to me how useless it is learning French and German culture for an exam. At our school I had to learn about 20 French and roughly the same number of German towns, and after I had finished my knowledge really only amounted to knowing the situation of the city, its population, its industries, and the fact that there is a university in the vicinity. Invariably in the German towns there is a statue commemorating Schubert or a chapel containing Goethe's body, and I find the facts all so similar it is very hard to associate each town with the facts. My suggestion is that we should learn about the countries themselves, perhaps dividing Germany into two sections — East and West. In this way we could study different aspects of the country—the religious beliefs of the country, the politics, something about the people and their way of life, festivals, beauty spots, their monetary system, the number of their people living in Australia, and perhaps something about their national sports. In this way, school pupils would get a good idea of the country itself, instead of a few scattered facts and figures about various towns which are so hard to learn and so easy to forget. —*"Pupil," Northbridge, N.S.W.*

Stamp designs

AUSTRALIAN stamps should be more colorful and of more original designs. You have only to look at the stamps of Ceylon, The Union of South Africa, or British East Africa to appreciate how big a part variations in color on a stamp play. —*"J.M.," Narrogin, W.A.*



"Can't help you, man. I'm a stranger here myself."

Found guilty

WHO composes most of the hit tunes? Who manufactures the "hot rod" cars? Who writes the undesirable books? Who produces the "horror" shows? Who manufactures the "loud" clothes? The adults, of course. If anyone should be criticised it should be the adults, not the teenagers. —*"P.P.," Collaroy, N.S.W.*

Working wives

IT is deplorable that so many married women are being given positions in various firms while teenagers just leaving school are being refused jobs. In most cases these married women do not need the money they earn, while teenagers do. For example, in the store where I work there are about ten married women who have husbands in good positions, and they do not need these jobs. —*"Ruth," Clontarf, Qld.*

Anti-initiations

WHILE holidaying on the Gold Coast I witnessed a lifesavers' initiation ceremony at one of the beaches. It was horrible. From the clubhouse came war cries, yells, and screams as the would-be lifesavers were brutally treated. Then, unable to resist, they were painted, with proper paint, all over. Then they had to run down the beach to where they were seized and buried in sand up to their necks. Next they were covered with garbage and manure and jumped upon. Then they were left to dig themselves out. One fellow had fainted, and another was very sick. I'm sure it doesn't make them better lifesavers, and it certainly wouldn't encourage anybody to join the club. —*"A.I.C.," Pennant Hills, N.S.W.*

"G" or "A" films for teenagers?

● "At what age should teenagers be allowed to choose their own films?" asked a 17-year-old whose parents do not allow her to see any film which is not for "General Exhibition."

I THINK you are old enough to choose your own films at the age of 15. After all, these films are marked "Not Suitable For Children," and at the age of 15 you are no longer a child. —*"Another Film Lover," Palmwoods, Qld.*

I AM 16, and go to the pictures on an average once a week. My parents never forbid any films, but after the film they ask me what I thought of it, and they trust me to form my own opinion of the type of films I prefer to see. I recently saw a picture which was "Not Suitable For Children," but when I looked around the theatre the audience was comprised mainly of children. Why did

the children go? Because it starred young actors, had teen star singers, and was more interesting for young people than adults. One should be allowed to choose one's films when about 14. —*"Another Film Lover," Berry, N.S.W.*

ALTHOUGH we teenagers have to pay adult admission prices to see any film it does not necessarily mean that all of us are mature enough to see such films. —*"D.H.," Edungalba, Central Qld.*

THE parents of "Film Lover" are being very unfair. Films that are not for "General Exhibition" are not bad films. A lot of them are very fine films. I do not see that films are an influence of any sort on young people. I

think teenagers realise that they are just films for entertainment, and do not apply them to real life. —*"Teens Too," Parramatta, N.S.W.*

THERE should be more distinction between film classifications. General Exhibition films are O.K., but adult films are classified because they are either too hard for children to follow or they are absolutely disgusting and demoralising. Often, when there is an "A" classification the film has a good plot and is quite suitable for teenagers, but how does one know if it is another "sexy" film? The only way to get over this is a better classification system. —*Chris Cottrell, Victor Harbor, S.A.*

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG YACHTSMEN



BEGINNERS' CLASS at the Avalon Sailing Club learns the principles of sailing from John Ryves as he operates his sailing table in the clubhouse.



● There's only one way to learn to sail a boat—hoist your canvas, cast off, and find out what you can do with the wind and what the wind can do with you.

THE process of learning the ropes, however, can be speeded up and greater skill as a helmsman acquired by studying the theory of sailing.

This can be done on dry land, and one of the best ways has been developed by John Ryves, captain of the Avalon Sailing Club.

Avalon Beach is on the Palm Beach peninsula, about 20 miles north of Sydney, and the club has its headquarters on Pittwater, the southern arm of Broken Bay.

There John has constructed an ingenious device to demonstrate the tricks of sailing. It consists of a model yacht floating in a basin of water which is set into the top of a table.

An electric fan supplies the wind, and with a system of strings held in place by drawing-pins John shows how a yacht behaves under different conditions.

"The sailing table teaches beginners the general principles of sailing and gives them some idea of what to expect when they get out in a boat," John said.

"After several lessons they go sailing with an experienced helmsman in a VJ and then they're ready to try on their own.

"We have 400 members in the club, including about 150 youngsters between the ages of nine and twenty. Many of them have their own boats, even at the age of twelve."

Club members pay £5 a year subscription, which covers the whole family. "We try to encourage families to come along together," said Mr. Ryves, whose daughter Dale (16) and son Stephen (13) are keen sailors.

EXPERIENCED members Ian and John Dickson sailing their VJ, "Carry On," hard on the wind on Pittwater. Races over a seven-mile course are held every Sunday during the season.

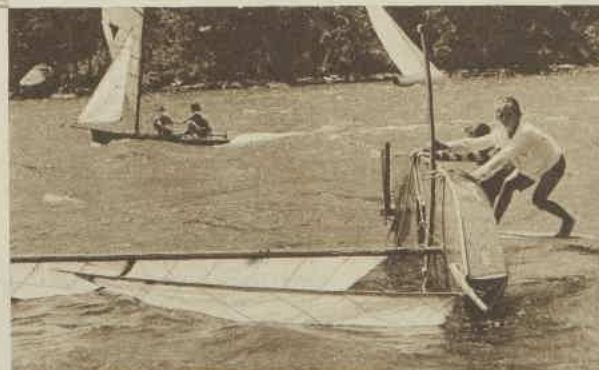


RIGGING is also part of the beginners' course. Here John is explaining the set of a jib on the beach beside the clubhouse.



JUNIOR members Maas Van Apeldoorn (left) and Michael Friend prepare "Jazz" for a race.

UNSINKABLE VJs can be righted if a gust blows them over. Standing on the fin, Timmy Lees is helped by Dennis Walgrave (at 9, the youngest member of the club) to get their boat back in the race.



Pictures by staff photographer
KEITH BARLOW

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—February 8, 1961

Teenagers' Weekly—Page 3

**A Sydney University
student says . . .**

Don't be a typical teenager

By **PETER EWART**

- One wet Sunday back about 1850 a lot of economists gathered together and invented the average man.

FROM that day onwards we've all been victims of this unfortunate burst of imaginative thinking. There has been the average housewife, the normal home, and last but not least the typical teenager.

For a while I flattered myself (boys have to) that it was the female of the species who was most likely to be taken in. Fashion, or what their friends happened to be doing, was more important to women than to men.

Funnily enough, I think I was right. Where, for instance, did you girls learn about that new hairstyle or the new frock you want? Was it from seeing someone in the street who looked nice in it? Or was it because it's the latest thing from America and soon everyone will be wearing one?

One of life's unpleasant truths is that no matter how hard you try, you cannot be Brigitte Bardot. Secretly, my dears (and this is the sort of thing a man rarely admits in public), I'm not at all sure that it's a good idea to look like Brigitte Bardot. To my still-fresh eye, Miss Bardot looks like the kind of girl you bring home to mother whenever you're annoyed with mother.

What a terrible waste of time then, to buy one of those peasant skirts with the frothy neckline and finish up not looking like Brigitte Bardot, anyway, but just like the million other girls who bought the same frock.

When you really think about it, there's absolutely no reason why you should be like everyone else. Being typical isn't the sort of thing to be proud of.

Youth is the period in your life when you should be trying to be outstanding. If you start life with the fixed idea that you want only to be as good as anyone else, then you'll be lucky if you finish up being any good at all.

Boys are less susceptible than girls to the whims of fashion, but before the girls mob me with stilletos drawn, let me elaborate.

While girls are forever chopping and changing in unison,

boys simply never change at all. They wear the same style of clothes year after year.

None of them would dare to think a new thought about the girls they know, the sports they play, or even the records they listen to at parties. Peas in a pod are rugged individualists compared with a school full of boys.

It's the fashion nowadays (here I go myself) to ask why we behave this way. Why do we all want to be alike when only 50 years ago people were proud of being different?

Well, of course, 50 years ago you were lucky if you knew anybody more than 100 miles away. You lived in a tight little community, and, while everybody in it was alike, they were proud of being a little bit different from all the other groups.

Today we have fast transport and communication, and, above all else, census-takers and statisticians who are always willing to tell us what everybody else is like. Our group has become much bigger.

Mostly this has been a change for the good. In the days when groups were small you never included anyone you disliked. Now, with a whole country as one big group, everybody has become our next-door neighbor.

This has destroyed a lot of the prejudice based on ignorance, but it has also destroyed most of our individuality.

The only time we have any real freedom now is while we are still young. In a few years there will be voting, sitting on juries, and supporting a family. There won't be much room then for all the things we want, like buying a crazy hat or appearing in a play. If we're going to do these things at all, now is the time.

So if your crowd doesn't read books and you want to, you go right ahead. If they like the classics and you like rock-'n'-roll, go out and jive until you can jive no more. Forget about what the typical teenager is wearing or chewing or listening to—if you don't like it, why bother about it? You have seven years of freedom and 60 years of responsibility, so make the most of the small time you have.

WHY DO YOU DRESS THE WAY YOU DO?

- When getting dressed for a special outing, or just a casual date, would you wear your favorite outfit, one you knew your boy-friend liked, or something to make your girl-friends envious?

This quiz is designed to help you find out why you dress the way you do. Just answer each question with an honest yes or no — then check with the scoreboard.

	Yes	No
A. Would you buy an outfit you knew your boy-friend disliked?	_____	_____
B. Do you follow latest fashion trends?	_____	_____
C. Would you wear slacks to an informal party when dresses were specified?	_____	_____
D. Do you wear over-feminine clothes to the office?	_____	_____
E. Do you go shopping in old clothes and your hair in pins?	_____	_____
F. Are you an extremist in your style of dress?	_____	_____
G. Would you change your style of dress if your boy-friend asked it?	_____	_____
H. Would you be insulted if he asked you this?	_____	_____
I. Would you wear your boy-friend's favorite color?	_____	_____
J. Does it upset you that your clothes are not equal to those of your friends?	_____	_____
K. Do you rely on clothes to attract a boy?	_____	_____
L. Do you care for your clothes?	_____	_____
M. Would you follow your mother's advice when choosing clothes, rather than your boy-friend's or girl-friend's?	_____	_____
N. Do you favor bikinis?	_____	_____
O. Are you insulted if your boy-friend doesn't notice your new outfit?	_____	_____
P. Would you spend a lot of money on clothes in order to wear something different each time you went out with the same boy?	_____	_____
Q. Do you have difficulty finding something to wear each time you are asked out?	_____	_____
R. Would you go fishing with a boy, dressed in old jeans and a torn jumper rather than tapered slacks and a tailored shirt?	_____	_____
S. Do you become jealous when your boy-friend admires another girl's clothes?	_____	_____
T. Would you then imitate that girl's way of dressing?	_____	_____

SCOREBOARD

For questions A, B, C, E, F, H, M, and R, score one point for each "No." Count one point for every other question you answered with "Yes."

● If you scored 14 POINTS OR MORE, you are definitely dressing to please a boy, whether it's your own boy-friend or one you are trying to catch. Though you may get your boy, you are losing part of your individuality in the process. Don't become stereotyped, and remember that what looks good on Brigitte Bardot mightn't suit you.

● If you scored BETWEEN 9 AND 14 POINTS, you are in the best category. You dress with a certain amount of individuality, but you always keep in mind what your boy-friend likes, so whenever possible you dress to please him.

● If you scored UNDER 9 POINTS, you are obviously not out to catch a man. You are scarcely dressing to please yourself. In fact, you take very little interest in what you wear. It takes more than a pretty face to attract a boy, so buck up and take a look at your wardrobe, see what you can do to improve it, then sit back and see what happens to your social life.

ELVIS CONTEST WINNERS

He's still King —but not of Rock

- Of the thousands of entries in our Elvis Contest, only 2 per cent. thought he was a has-been or a never-was. The other 98 per cent. said he was wonderful and better than ever since changing from his old-style rock-'n-roll to his new emphasis on melody and rhythm.

HERE are the winning letters in the contest we announced in our December 28 issue.

£20 PRIZE

ELVIS remains king in the sense that he has become a legend and a symbol of teenage emotional expression.

Yet Elvis himself has changed. Not only is he older in years but his character has matured. He is no longer the rather insecure, flabby-faced wild youth of noise and sensation, but a quieter, more serious, pleasant young man.

I suspect that he has a personal need to prove to himself and to the world that he is more than a mere "hip-shaker," that he is not "Elvis the Pelvis," but "Elvis Presley."

But the change is not due solely to Elvis' maturing personality. Tastes in music are changing from the heavy rock to the ballad-style rock with the emphasis on melody and rhythm.

In other words, rock and roll is acquiring sophistication—and the artists must do likewise. Elvis is adapting himself, as Tommy Steele has done, and as Johnnie Ray did when his "cry" style lost its popularity.

Many people are listening to Elvis now with new interest, and are finding much in his songs to appreciate and much in his character to admire.—Greta Ross, Chatwood, N.S.W.

£10 PRIZE

ELVIS? Do you mean our marvellous, leering, ballyhooed, all-American boy with the gyrating hips? What do we think about the indescribable becliam, the glaring lights, the phosphorescent T-shirts, the mass hysteria, the overwhelming pointlessness? Is it still possible to think?

Let's face it. National liabilities like Elvis need psychiatric treatment almost as badly as their semi-demented, addled-minded fans.

Yes, in this sick, idiot world of mass-produced entertainment Elvis is still King. And we need him, old or new, like the proverbial hole in the head.—John Tindale, Hazelwood Park, S.A.

£1/1/- EACH

ELVIS is still and always will be undisputed king of rock-'n-roll. People have envied and slandered E.P. ever since he became the idol of millions, but they cannot destroy such a dynamic and electrifying personality as our Elvis.

His polite, well-mannered, and clean-living life is the best example we teens can follow.

His records are changing with the style, but still smash their way to the top of the charts.

Other crowns he wears are: "Emperor of Entertainment," "Monarch of Music," "Boss of the Balladeers," "King of Hearts."

But Elvis never becomes vain. He's our King, and this he'll always remain.—Brian James (15), Prospect, S.A.

ELVIS still "King of the Rock?" Of course he is. And the reason? He is unique! Although many, many artists have tried to copy his looks, his actions, and his style of singing, they have never been so completely successful as Elvis.

Although Elvis was in Germany for two years, only a very few of his millions of fans throughout the world forgot him.

When he came back from the Army I had a few doubts as to whether he would be the Elvis we all knew before, but seeing him in "G.I. Blues" has banished all these doubts. He is still our King of Rock-'n-Roll.

While this film was on I glanced around me. The theatre was packed. (Teenagers chiefly, with a small minority of grown-ups.) I have never seen such awe (or as many sparkling eyes) on faces at any other film.—Patricia Banfield (15), Pantapin, W.A.

ELVIS is still as fabulous, handsome, charming, dreamy, romantic, delightful, pleasant, great, irresistible, beautiful, attractive, and perfect as he was before he went into the Army. The only thing that has changed about him is that he is older. Elvis will always be the King.—Mary Roberts, St. George, Qld.

WHEN I came from Holland 4½ years ago I'd never heard of Elvis, and when I did I didn't like his screaming and yelling at all. But then one afternoon there was this programme on the radio, and I heard a real nice song about this boy who had a dog, and he was sick, so he had to shoot him.

It was, of course, "Old Shep," but when the radio announcer said the singer was Elvis I couldn't believe him. That's when I started liking Elvis a lot, and I argued with everybody who said he was a bodgie.

I don't understand why people always try to pull Elvis down from his well-earned high standard, and say that he is a bad example for this generation.

He doesn't even smoke or



ELVIS PRESLEY as he appears in his first Western, 20th Century-Fox' "Flaming Star," a story set in the frontier Texas of last century. Elvis plays a boy of mixed white, and Indian blood, and for his role has to learn to ride and handle a gun. The role he plays is a dramatic one, but you'll hear him sing two songs.

- For a pin-up from the film, turn to page 12.

drink. He loves his father, and he really adored his late mother. That's more than I can say about some other teenagers.

Elvis is the King for all Teenagers, not only in rock-'n-roll, but in everything.—Jetty Devries, Morwell, Vic.

I AM 17 and own a small record-bar in Adelaide, and to me Elvis is still King. His new 45 singles, "It's Now or Never" and "Are You Lonesome Tonight," have been selling like wildfire, and his new long play, "G.I. Blues," is no exception.

Elvis is indeed King, but in a quieter, more placid voice, which is more popular, I think, than his old voice.—Anita D'Andrea, Adelaide.

WITH the aid of the U.S. Army, this invincible, sensual Apollo has finally emerged from his wild jungle, tamed, and approachable.

To many, especially older people, his special brand of music had previously been difficult to enjoy, since to the uninitiated ear it was a conglomeration of discords kept in check by repetitive verses.

Just as the tom-toms still

fling the natives into ecstasies, so was the effect of Elvis Presley's music on his fans. The total effect was like the action of some potent drug, agitated, and made all the more dangerous by the action of his uncontrollable hips.

Now he is altered beyond recognition, and is infinitely more handsome and desirable.

His long, oily hair has disappeared; his lips no longer sneer, and the backless slouch and leering eyes have vanished.

He is now attractively groomed, more mature and masculine. What is more, he has replaced his subterranean rumbles with true music.—E.D., Ivanhoe, Vic.

I AM the mother of three teenage children. I'm 46 years old, and I like Elvis. My children, of course, love him. My 68-year-old mother likes him, too. Anybody who can appeal to three generations must be good.—"Not a Square," Reservoir, Melbourne.

WHAT do I think of the new Elvis, did you say? And is he still King of the Rock? Why, what questions! I think he's real crazy, man, and you know it.

The Elvis of four years ago was just a "limelight kid" out for a good time, with no worries or cares. He stood on stage in front of thousands of teenagers and croaked, wobbled about, and waved his guitar. The teenagers in turn would scream and rock in time to his beat. They loved him!

But all good times must end. Elvis was carted off to Germany, the "Ole Elvis" died, and a new, handsome young man emerged. The "New Elvis" was quieter, he loved playing his guitar and singing ballads, and most important of all he cared and worried.

Bigger, brighter, and better than ever, Elvis is still the King of the Rock.—Kaye Beinke, Kimba, S.A.

A dill who turned square

- Here are some of the 2 per centers:

BEFORE Elvis Presley went into the Army he was a creep. Since he has come out he had graduated one point—to a dill.—Harry Dart, Woodstock, N.S.W.

ELVIS is no longer King of rock-'n-roll for the simple reason that he doesn't sing rock any more. He has turned a complete square in the rather vain hope that he will attract adult fans. I am very disappointed in Elvis. He was the one singer that every-

one knew was real gone, but now many of my friends scoff openly at his Mario Lanza style.—(Miss) G. Pitman, Elwood, Vic.

PRESLEY never was king of rock-'n-roll. Bill Haley was named King of R-and-R, when he started it. Australia has got better singers than Presley, such as Col Joye, Lonnie Lee, and Dig Richards. Presley just shakes until a noise comes out. As for acting he is not an actor's bootlace.—Jean Taylor, Albany, W.A.



BEACH UMBRELLA protection for Rosemary Allan (left) and Christine Law, who are all set for a late-afternoon sunbake at North Cottesloe, near Perth. They're wearing their favorite striped short shorts and brief midriff tops.

SUNSET SWIM then a walk in the shallows at Swanbourne beach for Joanne McCall (left), Beverly Morris, and Kay Macqueen. Beverly is a trainee nurse and Joanne and Kay work in city offices.



Page 6—Teenagers' Weekly

ON THE BEACH THE GOLD



● Western Australia has on weekends and for the wide golden sand lazy day in the sun work. On these pages are and their favorite beach last month, and now Perth of Australian beach

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

After one nerve-racking night in the haunted mill, SANDRA has to spend another, because the photographs were no good. At midnight, she is awakened by an intruder—a human figure in white, topped by a skull. She screams for Gerald Radnace, who is sleeping outside her door. NOW READ ON

By BILL SAWYER



RIVETS



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 8, 1961

Family Comic — Page 1

JACKY'S DIARY.

By JACKY MENDELSON
age 33 1/2.

Last night MOMMY & DADDY LET ME STAY UP REAL LATE & WATCH GROAN-UP TELIVISHUN.

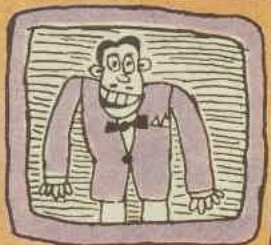
REAL LATE

oh BOY.



THE 1ST GUY HE ANNOUNCED WAS A CUPLE OF ACROBATS WHO JUMPED AROUND & DID OTHER ATHLETE'S FEETS.

Right a-way you could tell it wooden be any good on a count of the ANNOUNCER didn't WEAR A GUN even!



NECKS CAME A LADY WHO SANG A SONG ABOUT AN OTHER LADY WHO HAD STOLEN HER BOY-FRIEND. ...WHAT A CRY-BABY!



EVEN THO NONE OF US APP- LAUDED, SHE WENT AHEAD & SANG A MOTHER SONG.

Then THE ANNOUNCER INTRODUCED SOME OTHER WELL-KNOWN FAMOUS PEOPLE WHO I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF.



NECKS A MAN & A LADY CAME OUT & DID STUFF ON ROLLO SKATES.



He KEPT ON TRYING TO THROW HER AWAY, BUT SHE WOODEN LET GO.

And that was THE END OF GROAN-UP TELIVISHUN. I FELT SO GROAN I DIDN'T EVEN KISS MOMMY & DADDY GOOD NIGHT.

ESPECIALLY ON A COUNT OF THEY ALL READY WAS FAST A SLEEP.



TIZZY

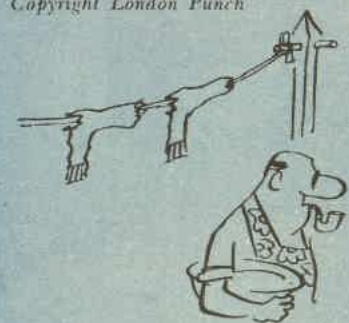
by Ka O



"I had a wonderful time, Georgie—it's time to get to dance with you!"

Man in Apron by Larry

Copyright London Punch



"But, I spend just st"



CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham

● On the moon, Chris Welkin, Mello, the girl from Venus, and Dr. Bafz, lunar agronomist, are besieged by the Venus creeping carrot, which has attacked Mello and is now rapidly covering the moon. NOW READ ON . . .



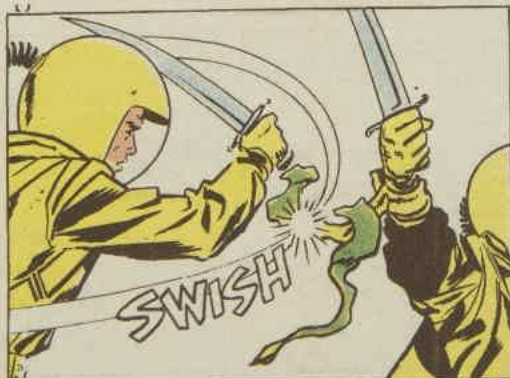
AS THE LUNAR SUN SINKS IN THE WEST, WELKIN'S CREW REMAINS BESIEGED BY A PLANT THAT ATTACKS MANKIND.



YES, MELLO. PLANTS NEED WARMTH AND SUNLIGHT. PERHAPS AT NIGHT THE CREEPING CARROT SLEEPS



I UNDERSTAND. OPEN THE LOCK!



KEEP TRYING! WE'RE TRAPPED AND OUR PERSONAL FOOD SUPPLY IS ALMOST EXHAUSTED!

CONTINUED

TEENA® *by Linda Terry*



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



• MANDRAKE, Master Magician, having plunged into the rising water spout, is drawn with the water inside a great spaceship. An instrument pulls him out of the water flow, into the ship, where he meets the strange crew. NOW READ ON . . .



CONTINUED

IN N WEST



SUNTAN LOTION for Lu Durack (centre) is applied by Ada van Ballegooyen, while Lyn Spicer waits to spread her beach towel beside the Swan River at Peppermint Grove. Ada chose a "witch" hat of plaited straw and Lyn a wide-brimmed Italian gondolier style.

SCOTTISH VISITOR Elizabeth Lawson (left) with her Australian cousin Susan Dempster during her two months' visit to Perth. The girls attended Mon Fertile finishing school in Switzerland together.



SUNSHINE - YELLOW PONCHO worn by Gillian Robinson was the brightest splash of color in sight when she went to North Cottesloe with dental nurse Jeannette Brown. Gillian made a trip to the Far East before starting her nursing training at Royal Perth Hospital.



magnificent beaches, and
suntanned teenagers head
cool blue ocean - for a
quick refreshing dip after
Perth's prettiest girls
visitors. After visiting Adelaide
we will continue our series
in Queensland next week.

Pictures by REG MORRISON

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly - February 8, 1961

Teenagers' Weekly - Page 7

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

He wants a break

"I AM 18 years old, and in love with a 15½-year-old girl. I come from a well-off family and my girl-friend comes from a not-so-well-off family, but please don't get me wrong, as it does not make any difference to me whether she is rich or poor. What I would like you to advise me on is this: I have been going with this girl for seven months, but I would like to break it off, so we can go out with other boys and girls. After about three years, I would like to renew our friendship as I think we are now too young to go steady. I have talked this over with my girl-friend and she said that she may happen to fall in love with another boy. I don't want that to happen as I really love her. Do you think I am silly wanting to break it off?"
D.J., Vic.

I think you are very sensible, because your girl-friend is much too young to be going steady. You sound as if you would have more sense than to be going out with such a young girl. But apparently she has more sense than you have. As she points out, she may in the three-year break fall in love with someone else. That is a risk you must take.

She takes a risk too—the risk that you may fall for someone else. It's a gamble. In three years it is more than likely you may both be madly in love with someone else, or you may both be delighted to be together again. You never can tell. The only thing anyone can be certain of is how you feel today. I am sure it is wise for you to break off this association; your girl-friend is too young romantically to know her own mind.

Lateness ban

"I HAVE been going with a boy for a month. He is two years older than I. A fortnight ago I introduced him to my parents, who liked him. One night we went out and arrived home

an hour later than we were supposed to. My father said immediately I was never to see him again. The boy has apologised for keeping me out, but my father still will not change his mind. That was two weeks ago. What shall I do?"

"Lonesome," Vic.

There is nothing you can do until you sit out your parents' displeasure.

Girls often queer their own pitch when they first start going out with boys by not being home at the specified time. This is sheer madness. They can't blame the poor boy for keeping them out late. The girl concerned need not stay out late; she can see she is home at the time she is supposed to be. It is just as much her fault as the boy's if she is late.

Just behave yourself like a model daughter and next time you are asked out ask your parents' permission and see what happens.

If they say "Yes," say "Thank you very much," and be home right on time. If they say "No," just say "Very well" and don't perform about it. In time they'll give you another chance.

Just too beautiful

"WE are two extremely attractive 19-year-olds who have a very grave problem. This is that we are continually pestered by all the young males where we work so much that our work is being affected. We both have very good jobs and do not want to lose them. As we both have extremely good figures, one being 5ft. 5in. (35, 23, 35), and the other 5ft. 4in. (34, 20, 34), do you think we would be better off as models, because we both have good personalities and are well groomed. We are both very worried."

T.A., N.S.W.

What about? Girls who are pestered by young men, have good personalities, good figures, and are well groomed generally count themselves as fortunate. What is the matter with you two? You both are quite old enough to be able to deal with the situation

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

in the office easily and efficiently. Keep sailing ahead at your jobs and enjoying the attentions you want to enjoy.

I don't think you'd be better off as models. Good figures and looks are only two basic necessities. Stick to the jobs you have. You could perhaps try for some leisure-hour modelling so that you can find out if you've got what it takes to be successful models.

No friends

"PLEASE help me. To start, I suppose I would have to go back about 10 months when I broke my engagement to a chap who turned out to be quite nasty. Then my family moved and I lost contact with my old friends. I am 21, 5ft. 6in. tall, auburn-haired and blue-eyed, and not unattractive, with a nice figure. I am the only girl working in an office of married men. Being a normal person I would like to make friends, but I am finding this difficult for some reason. I joined the local church youth club but I left, as all the people seemed staid or immature and they frowned upon my smoking. I'm not a child and I feel I should be able to please myself what I do, so long as I don't hurt anyone. My 17-year-old sister has a steady and has introduced me to several of her boy-friend's older mates. I go out with them a few times, then, although I am always pleasant they don't ask me out any more. The only real friend I have is Mum. She is a wonderful person, more like a sister to me. I love her very much, but of course she couldn't take the place of a nice fellow. Could you tell me what is wrong with me that I can't make and keep friends?"

"Lonely," N.S.W.

Carrying a chip on your shoulder, as you are, won't help you to make friends. You'll have to shed it and try to make people of all types and ages like you before you find new friends.

It is practically impossible to tell from a letter just why you don't make friends, but you do sound as if you feel and think you are rather superior to most other people. Surely everyone at the church club couldn't have been staid or immature? I really can't believe that you were the only sophisticated among the members. I think you were silly about the smoking. If you want to make friends as badly as you say, giving up smoking for a few hours surely isn't too high a price to pay?



Two-timer

"WE are two 20-year-old girls. We have been going out with a chap of 25. He is very keen on both of us; we also like him very much. Neither one of us girls likes hurting the other, and, since going with him, my girl-friend and I have not been the best of friends. While one is working he takes the other out and he declares his love to us both. Neither wants to give him up or lose the other's friendship. What should we do?"

"Miserable," N.S.W.

Obviously you two girls have talked the whole matter over, so why not get together and decide on an ultimatum to this charmer who has the two of you on a string and confront him together. You're mad if you don't. He's having the time of his life and the two of you are miserable.

Tell him he's got to decide on one of you within 10 minutes and the other one will never go out with him again. The one he doesn't choose can go away, start keeping her promise not to go out with him, and getting over her unhappiness.

If this is all too turgid for you, why not drop this two-timer like a hot coal and get a couple of new boys?

I've got two suggestions for you. The first is that you change your job and get a new one in a bigger office where there are single men and more girls.

When you work for your living, most of your waking hours are spent at your place of work. If you're wise, you'll shop around until you find the place that is the best one possible in which to make friends.

Being the only girl working with a group of married men must be extremely dull, and certainly offers no prospects of continuing after-work friendships.

My second suggestion is to buy a book called "How to Win Friends and Influence People," by Dale Carnegie. If you read it and practise what he preaches, believe me you'll make friends. Carnegie's methods are tried and true.

J.S., Vic. As soon as you arrive in Sydney visit the almoner at either the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, the Royal North Shore Hospital, St. Leonards, or the Mater Misericordiae Hospital at Crows Nest. You'll find details of the addresses in the Sydney telephone book. Almoners are specially trained to help you and will find you somewhere to live and a job if necessary.

A WORD
FROM
DEBBIE



A NEW idea for a really swinging summer party is a "Roaring Twenties" do.

Have the girls dress in Charleston frocks and flapper hats and wear masses of long colored beads.

"Roaring Twenty" dresses are easy to make. Take an old straight sleeveless dress out of the wardrobe, throw away the belt, and buy yourself yards and yards of cheap fringe. Sew the fringe round the hem, then about every two inches up the skirt, depending on the width of the fringe and the depth of your purse.

The boys can look the part in white pants, striped "Ivy League" blazers or striped shirts, old school boaters, patent-leather dancing

pumps, and swinging wooden canes.

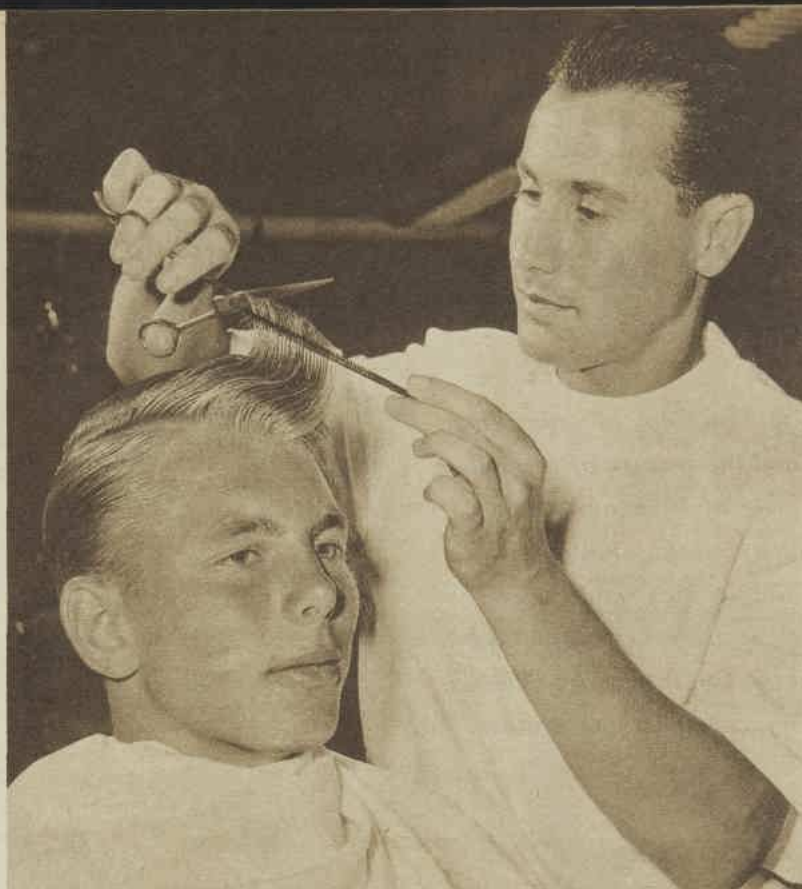
If this is a real "occasion" party, the house is not big enough, and if dad and his cheque-book are behind you, you could, weather permitting, dance outside. What on? A hired dance floor. You can hire them big enough for 26 couples for £7/10/-.

To get the party going as soon as the first guests arrive have the records stacked ready, and don't forget they'll have to be appropriate ones—the Charleston, the Black-bottom, and loads of Dixies.

An idea that will have the gang in fits is to get mum and dad to give an exhibition of old-style dancing. They'll enjoy it as much as the kids.

NEW HAIRCUT STYLES FOR YOUNG MEN

● Duck-tails, crew-cuts, the brush-back—big names in last season's hairstyles for young men—are out. The young man of 1961 with the well-dressed head will wear a variation of the college-cut, mostly closely cropped and lying flat to the head with the front kicked back.



PERSONALITY-CUT is the longest of this year's hairstyles for young men. Above, stylist and cutter for Sydney's Australia Hotel Barber Shop, Philipp Strahl, demonstrates the cut with Bob Pennock, of Potts Point, as a "model." The finished result is seen at left.



COLLEGE CREW-CUT (below left) is slightly shorter than the ordinary college-cut. As Mike Harrison, of Avalon, shows, it is combed out from the part and back at the sides. SURF-CUT (below right), sported by Robert Ford, of Hobart, is very short and slightly wavy.



COLLEGE-CUT is popular with boys with thick hair like Anthony Karras, of Balgowlah (above), and his brother Andrew (below). Andrew's is slightly longer in front to take advantage of his natural wave.



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Suntan flattery

● The color of your skin and the texture of a small area of it is our subject this week. Follow the simple tips and suggestions given here for added effect on the one hand and improvement on the other.

By Carolyn Earle

DON'T sell short the benefit of getting an even coat of tan on your body skin; apart altogether from the glamor aspects, a healthy suntan has a camouflage quality that is quite wonderful.

Bulges, extra weight, flabby spots—indeed almost any ordinary figure problems—are much less apparent when covered with some shade of tan.

That's why, if you are pure white and never take a tan and haven't a shapely figure, it's wise to apply a coat of liquid base several shades darker than your own skin before appearing in a bathing suit.

It's interesting that an overweight body looks less heavy when tan, and a too-thin figure seems more solid with one. Big thighs seem slimmer when tanned, and the same color makes skinny shanks look heavier. So perhaps we should say that tan is the universal flatterer—not camouflager!

Most young girls can get away nicely with earmarks of the sun and outdoor life. Sunburn, peel-



ing, and all stages of getting or losing a tan are part of your heritage. So get out and make the most of it!

Naturally, you never expose your skin too rapidly to the sun, and don't expose it at all if you have a freckle problem.

You know by now that the only way to get rid of freckles is by staying out of the sun. There is no single product or treatment I know for getting rid of them except that. The more sun you get, the more you will freckle.

However, if being sunless is too great a price to pay—and why miss out on all those useful vitamins?—then learn to live with your freckles.

First of all, don't talk about them, then nobody else will. Lots of people—especially boys—LIKE to see a girl with freckles.

Next, protect yourself from direct sunrays in every way you know. You can be outdoors, have fun, and still be cagy about direct exposure.

Finally, take regular sunbaths, strictly controlled, to get ALL your skin tanned. In this way you can enjoy the pleasure of suntan without tears.

ELBOWS MATCH ARMS

IF your elbows are dark and rough, don't try to whiten them because this will only serve to draw attention to them. Keep elbows the shade of your arms.

Here's an easy way to soften hard elbows and make them a better color: Scrub each elbow in turn with warm soapy water and a hand-brush. Dry them and then rub lightly with toilet pumice or one of the friction-type face cleansers to remove crust.

Grainy cleansers are made for blackheads and large pores, but their granular substance also helps shed flaky skin if there is no over-tender condition. Follow the de-caking by rubbing a lubricant into your elbows, and leave it for as long as you can. Use lots of petroleum jelly, lanolin, peanut oil, any body oil, or dry-skin cream. Baby oil or mineral oil won't help much here.

Repeat this treatment twice a week, use hand lotion or cream on them frequently, and it won't be long before you are proud of how smooth and color-right your elbows are.



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PROPRIETY IS TRULY LIMITED!

● Boys' manners come in for quite a lot of criticism — and the main target for attacks is an alleged un-chivalrous attitude towards females.

NOW this is too true for too many too often.

For the behaviour—or lack of good behaviour—of most of these fellows I offer no excuse, except to suggest that probably a lot of them were never taught how to act properly.

This situation obviously places much of the blame on to the older people who launch the attacks.

However, the most interesting reason I can offer for a good deal of male discourtesy is the reaction to mannerly gestures by girls.

I believe that as many females as fellows are bad-mannered.

The blokes' obligation to start the wheels of courtesy rolling simply makes any lapses on their part more noticeable.

For example, if there are three boys who stand up when a girl enters a room, the fourth fellow, who remains sitting, commits an obvious breach of good behaviour.

But how often does the girl who has been stood for return the courtesy by saying: "Please sit down?"

Not often, which is little wonder that many boys won't stand for it, literally!

Then there's the business of blokes helping a girl sit down.

I'd like a quid for every time I've pulled out a chair for a lass to loll—and been left holding a hunk of wood while she's toddled around and plonked herself down on another.

Now, I can't complain that this rudeness doesn't leave a boy a leg to stand on—it leaves him two, in fact!—but it is so embarrassing that it's little wonder he thinks twice before trying to seat a girl again.

A similar problem arises often about opening car doors for girls.

A driver can hop out and start to run around to let out a pretty passenger—and what happens?

Usually he's run five yards for nothing, because she's let herself out by the time he gets there!

The Emily Postscripts about males walking on females' kerbsides in streets is also not helped by girls.

(The reason for that business, by the way, has nothing to do with, in my opinion, a bloke protecting the belle from mud splashes; it's a girlish gimmick to let her be close to the shops for window-shopping!)

Seriously, though, a fellow finds himself on the inside, wants to do the right thing and steps behind the girl to cross over—and odds on she whirls round with a puzzled look and says, "Where are you off to?"

Don't you agree that all these snubs are enough to make even Sir Walter Raleigh forget he's a gentleman and send the dry-cleaning bill for his muddy cape to Good Queen Bess?

—Robin Adair

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● With five gold discs to his credit at 19, Bobby Rydell's ready to match himself against the big boys, and to prove it names his latest H.M.V. album "Bobby Swings."

NUMBERS that sold a million for the Philadelphia lad were "Wild One", "Little Bitty Girl", "Volare", "Ding-a-Ling", "Swingin' School".

An able private performer on drums, fender bass, and guitar, Bobby says that his big interest in music is jazz, and it wouldn't be surprising if in the future his style came to be more and more influenced by a jazz feeling. Album tracks showing off the new-sound Rydell are "Toys," "I Cried For You," "Hey Good Looking," and a breezy "Saints." "Volare's" there too, for good measure.

Local talent: Four numbers ("Boney Moroney," "Lotta Lovin'," "My Baby," "Please Don't Tease") that went over with a special bang during Dig Richards' appearances in Melbourne, are now on disc as "At Melbourne Town Hall," a Rex EP. Dig's own group, The R Jays, back him up.

Pops: Named "Most Played Vocal Group of 1960" in Billboard's annual disc jockey poll, The Kingston Trio continue their special brand of melody and merriment with "String Along," a Capitol LP. Some of their recent single hits, and "When I Was Young," "Who's Gonna Hold Her Hand," and "The Tattooed Lady" make it a real Kingston concert.

FOR those who liked the "Ding Dong Song," here's another with an oriental accent, though this time Japanese. It's "Golden Moon," and sounds to be sung in Japanese by new



Bobby Rydell

American singer Rusty Richards, who picked up the language while touring in the Orient with a five-piece Japanese band. Rusty returns to his own language for "Middle Hand Road" on the other side. (Top Rank 45).

HITS come from Connie Francis so fast that it's hard to keep up with them. For that very reason, the idea of an LP of "Connie's Greatest Hits" is a good one. This M.G.M. album doesn't hold all the songs she's noted for, but among the ones it does have are "Who's Sorry Now?" "Frankie," "Lipstick On Your Collar," and "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry."

IT'S a mighty big storm blown up by Johnny and the Hurricanes on their newest London LP. Included with "Crossfire" and "Red River Rock" — the numbers that took the boys to the top — are such promising titles as "Storm Warning," "Thunderbolt," with "Bam-boo," "Joy Ride," and "Rock-cha" thrown in for variety.

Classical: When a pianist of the eminence of Artur Schnabel offers Brahms' mighty "Second Concerto," it's going to be a great temptation to those who haven't already a record of this endlessly interesting work. It's played by Rubinstein, with the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Josef Krips, on an R.C.A. LP.

NOT the least of the musical glories the world has inherited from Dvorak is his noble and beautiful "Cello Concerto," an important work in the repertoire of all cellists.

Zara Nelsova is soloist with the London Symphony Orchestra, under Josef Krips, on an Ace Of Clubs LP recording.

Ballet music: A very pleasant musical area — situated somewhere between the light and the serious — is occupied by operatic ballet music. The Berlin Radio-Symphony, under conductor Ferenc Fricsay, makes a highly attractive exploration of some of this territory, with examples from Gounod, Verdi, Ponchielli, and Tchaikovsky, on a D.G.G. LP, "Opera Ballet."

Show tunes: Remember our color pictures of Broadway's teenage musical "Bye Bye Birdie" on November 2? Well, you can hear the Broadway cast in their original roles on a new Coronet LP. The show's a send-up of a rock-'n-roll idol who's called up for military training (no names mentioned) and most of the cast are teenagers. J. C. Williamson are bringing the show to Australia, opening in Melbourne on March 4.

Jazz: Not for big, noisy parties, Chico Hamilton Quintet's "Ellington Suite" is best appreciated in small, intimate groups where people really listen. Re-assembled for the recording, the Quintet of 1955 offer 10 scaled-down Ellington works, among them "Lucky So and So," "I'm Beginning to See the Light," and "In a Mellow Mood." (Record Society LP.)

"TV ACTION JAZZ!" is just what it sounds, full of lilt and vitality, with Mike Mundell and His All Stars taking plenty of liberties with moody themes that include "Peter Gunn," "The Thin Man," and "M-Squad." This is the one to play at the party. (Camden LP.)

NO current jazz musician is as highly praised and as hotly attacked as Miles Davis, and no collection worthy of the name should be without an example of the sensitive, exploring Davis trumpet, and a Davis-selected group improvising on themes suggested by their controversial leader. You get all this on "Kind of Blue" (Coronet LP.).

How lovely you look to him tomorrow



Depends on how well you clean your face tonight

How lovely you look tomorrow will depend on the success of your make-up — and that will depend on how thoroughly you cleanse your face tonight.

Soap and water alone will not completely remove superfine modern make-up. But Pond's Cold Cream will cleanse your face thoroughly. Tonight, cream-cleanse your old make-up away with Pond's — the fluffy, light cream that penetrates deep down. Pond's cream-cleansing leaves your skin delightfully soft, smooth and clean — ready to display tomorrow's make-up to perfection.

Tubes 2/11, Jars 5/3, 8/11.



Hat by Bernarde, Melbourne. Complexion by Pond's.

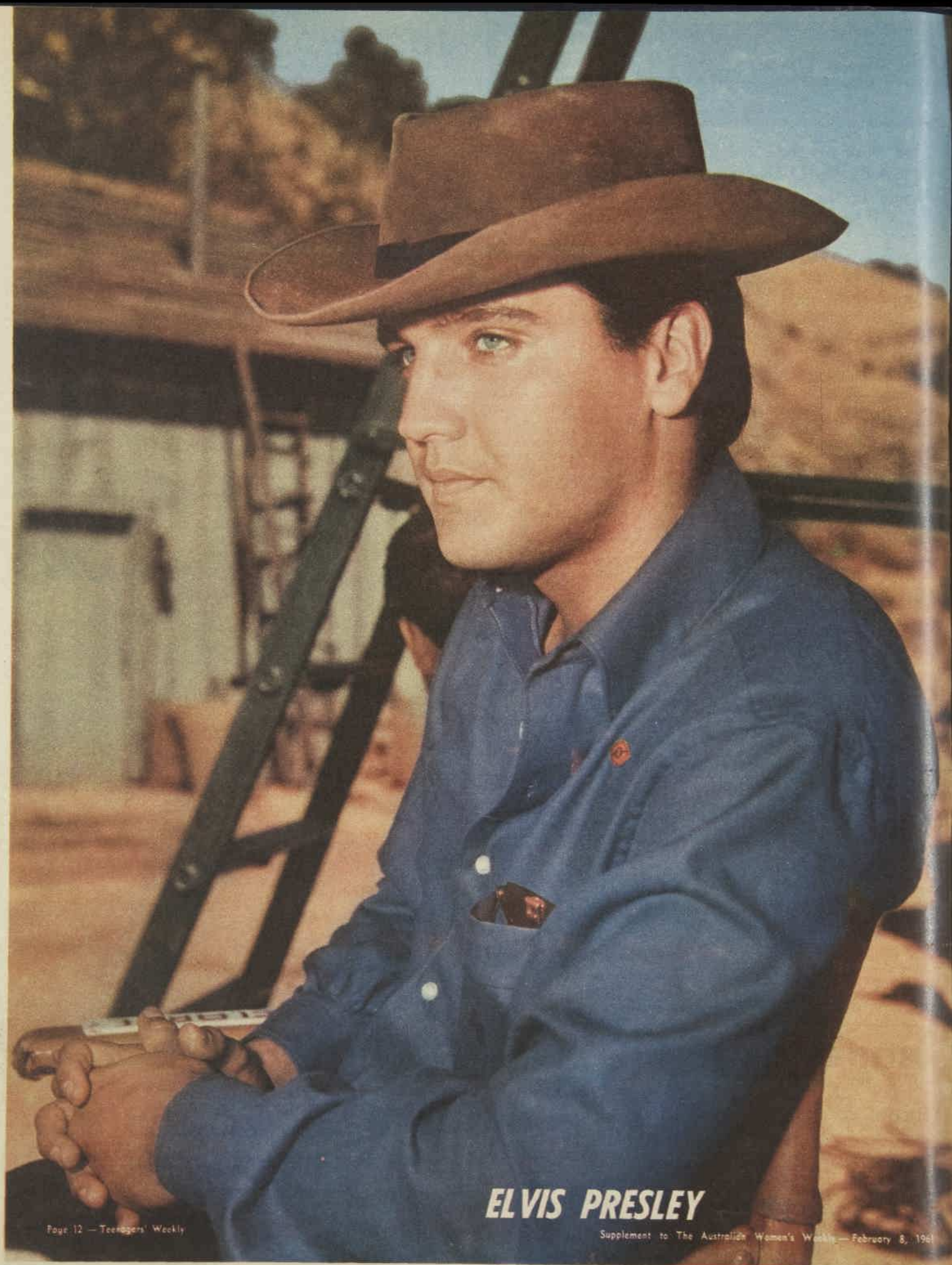
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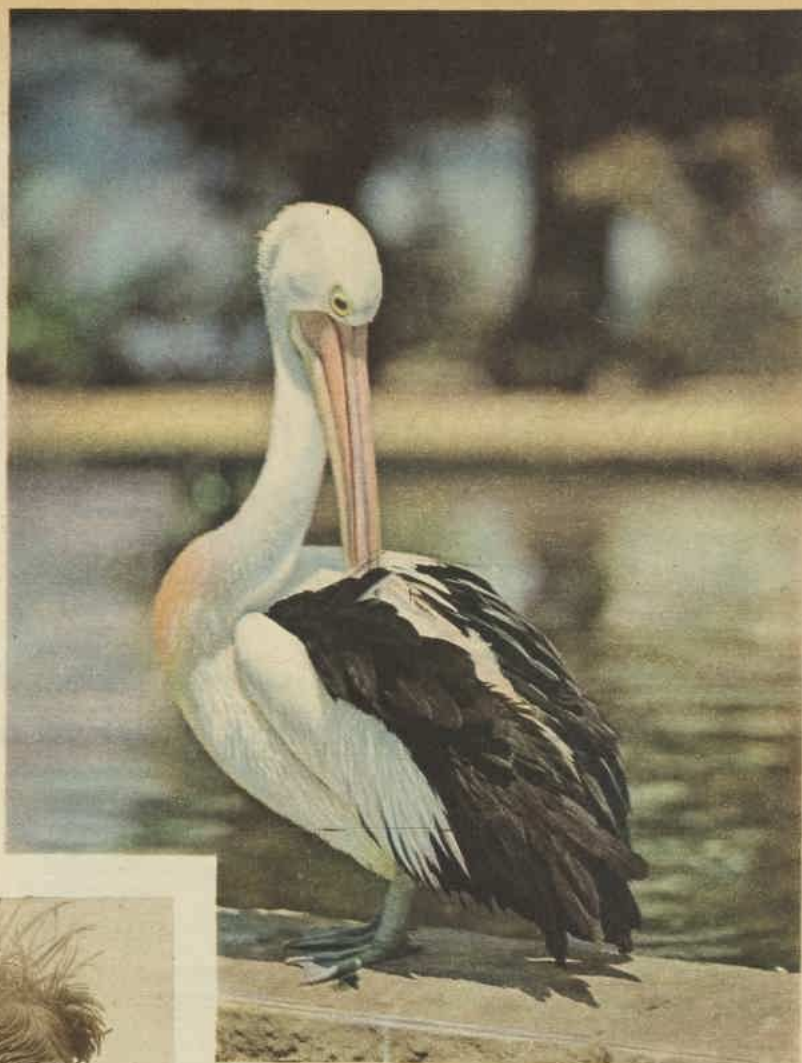
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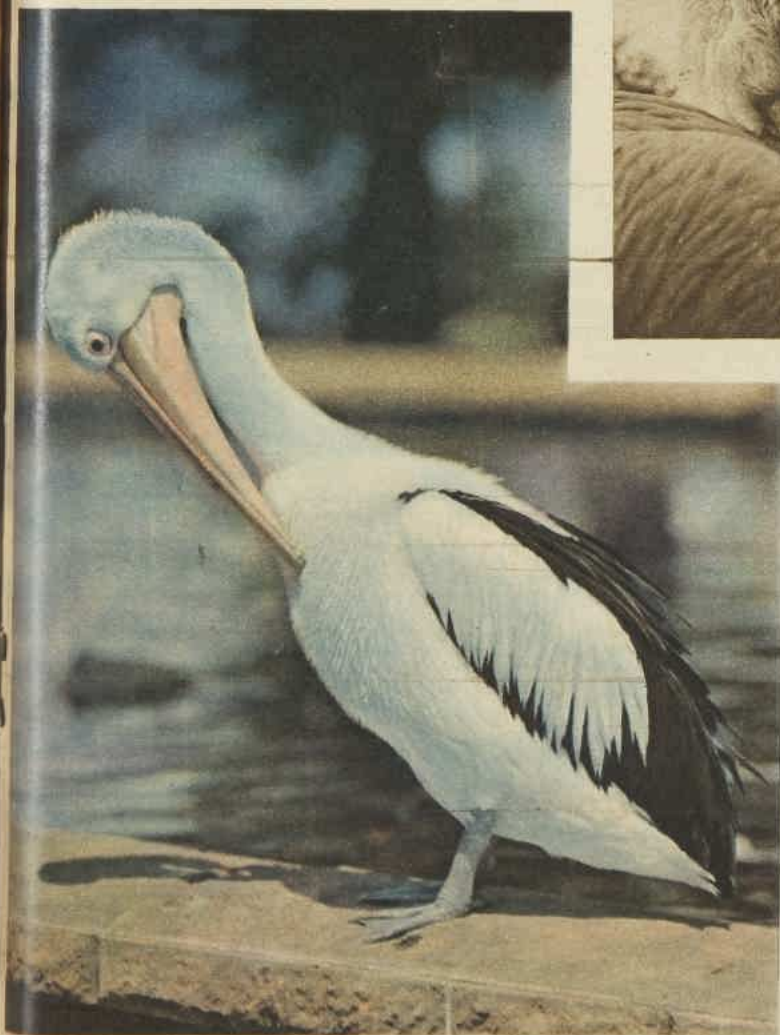
miracle of nature



LONG, STRONG beak of the pelican (*Pelecanus conspicillatus*) is designed to catch fish. Neck and beak tuck neatly round as he rests.



PREENING his feathers with his handy beak, the pelican smooths in self-produced oil, which he takes with his beak from oil glands near the tail.



PELICANS may get weed, dirt, or lice in their feathers. The beak fixes the trouble. The distensible lower section can drop down, bag-like, to retain caught fish when the fishing is too good to leave alone. His catch "in the bag," the pelican can go on fishing



THOROUGH CLEAN-UP for the wing. The color pictures on this page were taken at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney. The centre picture shows another type of pelican—looking rather as if he expects a little indigestion after his fish meal—at London Zoo.

Cont. on
page 35

Have you heard about Metrecal?

Metrecal

new pleasant way to control weight
without feeling hungry

Metrecal—original, medically-proven 900-calorie diet acclaimed by America and Europe as easiest, most effective of all time. Now available in Australia!

HERE is a factual report of a revolutionary new concept in weight control. Metrecal is a remarkable food concentrate—low in calories, yet with all the nutrition your body needs for health and vigour. Already Metrecal has been used by more people, more successfully, than any other weight-control product in the world; and now the one and only Metrecal is here in Australia for every man and woman who wants to achieve and maintain an active, healthy figure.

success from the start

Last year, in the laboratories of Mead Johnson & Company, one of the United States' leading pharmaceutical houses (and pioneers in the nutrition field) a research team produced a **complete food** that was still low in calories . . . and that would satisfy the appetite. **This was Metrecal.**

Before making an official announcement of their discovery, Metrecal was given to doctors and clinics to test under carefully supervised conditions.

All the results were the same: Users quickly achieved their desired weight . . . stayed in perfect health, didn't feel hungry.

When the new wonder food was released to the public, Metrecal was soon acclaimed by hundreds of thousands of American men and women as the **most effortless**, most pleasant way to control weight ever discovered. Its success in Europe has been equally overwhelming. Now Metrecal is here in Australia for you.

what is Metrecal?

Metrecal is a concentrated food in powder form. In balanced proportions, Metrecal contains high-grade protein, fat, carbohydrates, vitamins A, C and D, thiamine, riboflavin, niacinamide, pyridoxine HCl, calcium, panto-



NUTRITIONALLY COMPLETE.. JUST MIX AND DRINK

thenate, vitamins E and B12, and minerals, calcium, potassium, sodium, phosphorus, iron, copper, manganese, zinc and iodine.

Each half-pound can is one complete day's food—900 calories. This amount of calories meets all your nutritional needs as you diet, but because it is one-half to one-third of the average person's daily calorie intake, it automatically forces the body to draw on its own fat supply, in this way burning up excess pounds.

Metrecal is so easy and convenient to use:

The powder is mixed with water and drunk as a liquid. You may mix a whole day's supply at once, and keep it in the refrigerator, or mix one glassful at a time.

In either case, you drink four glassfuls a day—at breakfast time, lunch, dinner and before going to bed.

METRECAL comes in 3 pleasant flavours to add variety to your diet: Plain, Chocolate and Butterscotch.

here's how the Metrecal diet works:

To begin with, one can of the powder is generally used as the complete day's meals, with no extras in between. You won't feel hungry. Metrecal satisfies the appetite—naturally—without drugs of any kind.

When you have got down to your target weight, you can maintain your brand-new figure simply by substituting a glass of Metrecal for an occasional meal, and eating your usual meals at other times.

how effective is the Metrecal diet?

In clinical tests conducted by recognised physicians, people on a complete Metrecal Diet have reported weight adjustments ranging from 1 a pound a day to 18 pounds in 12 days. You can expect the same results!

Your physician is your best source of counsel and guidance in choosing your reducing programme.

Metrecal is at your chemist shop now.

Look for this 3-can "starter" pack containing Metrecal in 3 different flavours: Chocolate, Butterscotch and Plain. This gives you a full 3 days' supply.

Or, if you wish, buy a single can to begin with—one day's supply. The price of Metrecal is 12/6 a can, which means one complete meal costs you just a little over 3/-, far less than the ordinary low-calorie meal. Start now to control weight with Metrecal—the medically proven, low-calorie food that satisfies your appetite.

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MJ80

BIRDS' BEAKS — a miracle of nature

● Birds use their beaks with great dexterity, and often surprising speed, in their hunt for food. Those pictured here are all native to Australia except the common starling (see below).



STARLING (*Sturnus vulgaris*), introduced into Australia from Europe, has a long, narrow bill, designed chiefly for prodding down through grass for insects, but good for tackling fruit and titbits.



EASTERN SWAMP HEN (*Porphyrio melanotis*) is a long-legged, long-toed swamp-dweller. It feeds on water plants, which are stripped by the heavy beak. Long toes support the bird on floating vegetation.



MASKED PLOVER (*Lobibyx miles*) pursues its prey on foot round swamp edges and on open grassland in northern Australia. When within striking distance, it thrusts its dagger-like bill smartly forward.



FRECKLED DUCK (*Stictonetta naevosa*). This rare duck is found only in southern Australia. Edging the flattened bill are small projections to filter edible from inedible material as this water-dweller feeds.



OWLET NIGHTJAR (*Aegotheles cristata*), left, is a nocturnal insect-feeder. Beak is broad and flat. Bristles each side are thought to help whisk prey in.

AUSTRALIAN GOSHAWK (*Astur fasciatus*) has a heavy, hooked beak like all hawks. Prey is seized in the talons, torn up by the beak, and eaten.

New! Fabulous Magic Tan PLUS the protection of a wonder sun-cream!

TAN! WITH OR WITHOUT SUN

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**MAGIC TAN
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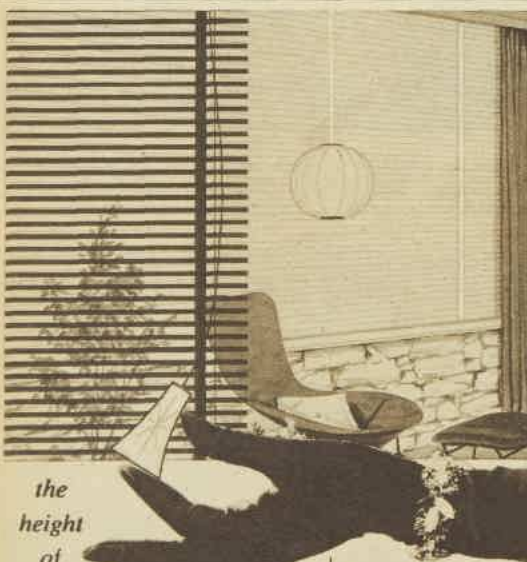
New Magic Tan "PLUS" by Contoure gives you a golden, natural suntan, protects against sunburn and windburn, and is absolutely waterproof! Even without sunshine you tan smoothly and evenly in just 3 to 5 hours with sunshine you tan even quicker to a deeper, richer tan plus protection!



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ONLY 13'3 HUGE TUBE

AT ALL LEADING STORES AND CHEMISTS



the
height
of
elegance

... in venetian blinds. A new concept of quality for better living—Starlite GOLD STAR venetians. Perfection in smooth, silent operation... new beauty in latest fashion-inspired colours.



Gold Star Light Control
Starlite patented feature that assures perfect control of light and air closes tight for complete privacy. Ideal for daytime TV viewing.

Another Proven **Meyers-Taylor** Product

STARLITE

VENETIANS with gold star light control
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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Life has been enlivened for us this week by having Hugh's nephew, Ian, staying with us. Ian is what my children call A Brain.

HE has just got a brilliant Leaving pass (three First Class Honors and two A's) from the country high school he's been attending.

He's in town now to apply for a job as a trainee research chemist with one of the big industrial firms which sees its bright young men through their Distinction courses at the University.

Ian has had the whole family in fits of laughter with his account of the battery of interviews and tests he's being put through before this firm makes up its mind about him.

Apparently more and more of the big Australian industrial companies are adopting the American idea of "personality" testing, in addition to I.Q. and aptitude tests, with the idea of employing lads who'll develop into good mixers and good team-workers.

The sad thing is that these tests seem designed to weed out the really good brains.

Geniuses, on the whole, are not good mixers. They like to work at what they like to work at. They like to work at their own pace (usually a pretty furious one that takes no notice of award hours), and they're not very likely to be interested in the firm's table-tennis championship, or the new mid-twentieth-century virtue called "togetherness."

But surely these lone hands, not the team-workers, are responsible for almost all the important discoveries and break-throughs in science and engineering and the arts?

Pink spots for a "psycho"

IT seems a pity that the great corporations, which are spending tens of thousands on their research teams, should go to so much trouble to keep the really first-class thinkers out of their laboratories.

All the same, personality testing won't keep the really obstinate ones out. Ian is determined to get a job with this firm, because he says their laboratories are "fabulous."

"All you've got to do to get in is to beat the testers," he says. "You have to think more quickly than they do."

"If they ask you whether you'd rather drive a team of kangaroos single-handed to the top of Everest or train as a hurdy-gurdy mechanic, that's simple—if you choose the hurdy-gurdy you're a nice matey fella that likes to see people having a good time; if you want to go fooling round Everest with a bunch of kangaroos you're a solitary crackpot—probably end up growing a beard and going mad."

I'm sure that wasn't one of the questions asked, but some of them seemed just about as useless. For instance—"Do you often break out in pink spots?"

"Sure I do, every time I eat strawberries, raspberries, loganberries, prawns, or cucumber," Ian says.

"But I said, 'No.' They're not looking for real spots—only imaginary ones. If you say 'yes' to that one they'll decide you're a psycho and you'll have had it."

The question from Ian's first day of tests which amused the family more than any other was:

"If you saw a woman holding a baby at the window of an open house would you (a) call the fire brigade; (b) rush into the house; (c) fetch a ladder; (d) try to catch the baby?"

The whole of our family burst into questions as soon as Ian told us this one. "Is it a one- or two-storey house? Does the woman know the house is on fire? Is it a big fire or a small one? Did she light it herself?" etc., etc.

Mike capped it all by asking, "Is she inside looking out, or outside looking in at the fire?"

When the babble had died down, Ian admitted that this question bothered him more than any of the others.

"The thing to do," he said, "is to answer quickly, without thinking. Once you start to reason the thing out, you're lost."

"But obviously there's a 'right' answer to it."

"I chose the ladder, thinking that would make me look practical but not foolhardy."

"But I dunno, maybe 'fire-brigade' would have been better—that'd show an orderly mind and a proper respect for authority."

Katherine then earned a look of undying hatred from Diana for making Ian laugh by quoting this nonsense rhyme as a comment on his experiences:

"The man in the wilderness asked of me
'How many strawberries grow in the sea?'
I answered him as I thought good—
'As many red herrings as grow in the wood.'"

Di finds her cousin Ian "dreamy," and she would love to have impressed him by thinking of that herself.

Broken glass on beaches

IAN goes back for another series of tests in a few days' time—and he'll go limping. I hope that won't count against him.

We took him for a swim on Saturday morning and he gashed his foot deeply on a broken bottle buried in the sand.

The seafront doctor we took him to have the cut stitched laughed into a tirade against glass containers.

He says he stitches a dozen wounds a day made by broken glass, and he thinks there ought to be the heaviest penalties for people leaving bottles around.

It amazes me that all parents don't train their children not to do this.

Our beaches are becoming positively dangerous with glass and rusty tins, and they cause so much pain and ruin so many summer holidays for innocent people.

Recipe—"Civet of inkfish"

MIKE caught a couple of small squid while the rest of us were sunbaking, and I'm currently in the doghouse because I deliberately "lost" them when they were entrusted to my care.

For the benefit of the lucky finder, here's the recipe Mike was planning that I should use—it's called Civet of Inkfish:

Turn the pocket-like part of the squid inside out, clean under a running tap, removing the ink-bag, the intestines and the beak. Keep the ink and mix it with a glass of dry red wine. Cut a pound of onions in slices and fry them in a mixture of oil and butter. Add the squid cut in pieces, salt, and the ink and wine, and cook slowly until the flesh is tender.

Connoisseurs say the result tastes very like lobster. I'm conservative. I'll stick to lobster, I think!



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KIDNEY TROUBLES?



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and pain
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weak
bladder?

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MENTHOLS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acid and other harmful deposits accumulate in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.

The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOLS helps your system throw off these deposits, and soothes and inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning. If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or headaches, start the MENTHOLS treatment to-day. MENTHOLS, with diet chart, are 15/- 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

**MACKENZIE'S
MENTHOLS**

WOOL WARDROBE CONTEST CLOSING

● You have only a few days left to enter the £350 Wool Wardrobe Contest which closes on February 8.



TAPERED after-ski pants by Fletcher Jones Slacks have heel and instep fittings and adjustable waistband. Price is £8/9/6.

● These three garments are in the Wardrobe Contest and have already been published as sketches.



CONTROLLED trapeze line in coat with separate front panels and redingote effect. By Renny Pty. Ltd., price is 19 guineas.



PLEATED SKIRT with slanted tunnel-keepers for self belt. By Aycon Pty. Ltd., price is £8/5/-.

To win the wardrobe you must select from the 71 models which have already been published in The Australian Women's Weekly an ideal wardrobe, to the value of £350, for a winter holiday in the capital city of your State.

Thirty-six of the models were published in the January 11 issue, and 35 in January 18,

and repeated in January 25 and February 1.

All the models were awarded an Australian Wool Bureau Gold Medal for the current season.

Your choice of wardrobe must not exceed the value of £350, but a few pounds or shillings less will be acceptable, as it would be difficult to arrive at the exact sum.

The garments are available in the new season's colors.

The six State winners will receive the wardrobes they chose for their contest entries.

To complete your entry for the Wardrobe Contest, write on a sheet of paper the number (shown on the drawing) of each garment selected, with maker's name and price of garment beside each number.

You must also write on the same sheet in not more than 50 words why you have chosen the wardrobe.

Add your name and address at the bottom and attach to the coupon, filled in, below.

The conditions of the contest, which must be adhered to strictly, were published in January 11 issue.

Presentations

● The Gold Medal clothes, representing the best in design of Australian manufacturers and made of finest modern woollens, will be shown overseas at special parades in London, Cardiff, and Edinburgh.

In Australia they will be shown in parades in 15 centres, representing 10,000 miles of travelling, beginning in Geelong, Vic., on Monday February 27.

The showings are in aid of the National Heart Foundation.

Tickets are available at the National Heart Campaign Headquarters in all cities.

The Federal target for the National Heart Foundation Campaign this year is £1½ million. This is to establish research into heart diseases and for the rehabilitation of people who have suffered strokes.

A list of cities in which the parades will be held, with dates and location of parades, is shown in panel below.

There will be 100 garments shown in the parade.

Thirty-four Australian fashion manufacturers are represented, and the fabrics come from 23 mills both in Australia and overseas.

Our Fashion Editor, Betty Keep, who was one of the judges for the Gold Medal Awards, in commenting on the fabrics, said:

"Wool fabrics for 1961 have reached the peak of perfection. They present a challenge and an inspiration to designers here and overseas. Knits, sheers, embroidered printed wool, tweeds, and worsteds used in these models are in world class."

At all 15 presentations there will be a full programme of light entertainment led by Horrie Dargie's Quintet.

Thirty-five Gold Medal Award winners in the Australian-made textiles section will be shown.

They include washable shrink-resistant wool fabrics, wools so light and fine that they will drape perfectly, others slubbed and textured to resemble linen coolness.

Other finely woven textiles with exceptional crease resistant properties make them perfect to pack for travelling.

There is mohair coating and wool crepe georgette, perfect for an elegant dinner dress.

In the men's suitings there are finest worsteds and lightweight summer suitings, one weighing only 8½oz. per square yard, and another with special porous qualities for hot weather.

In the women's knitted fabrics there is a muted double pique Italian melange cloth and a Prince of Wales check in double-knit jersey, both made from finest merino wool.

A special knit for swimsuits is knitted with latex thread to achieve a two-way stretch quality.

HOW TO ENTER

WOOL CONTEST ENTRY COUPON

Name

Address

State

All entries must be addressed "Wool Wardrobe Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, and must be delivered to that address by February 8.

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LIST OF GARMENTS AND EXPLANATION OF WHY YOU CHOSE THEM.

WOOL PARADES

● Parades of the Wool Fashion Award models will be held as follows:

Geelong	Monday, February 27	Palais
Ballarat	Tuesday, February 28	Civic Hall
Bendigo	Thursday, March 2	Town Hall
Melbourne	Sunday, March 5	Town Hall
Sydney	Thursday, March 9	Trocadero
Newcastle	Monday, March 13	City Hall
Wollongong	Thursday, March 16	Savoy Theatre
Canberra	Tuesday, March 21	Albert Hall
Hobart	Monday, March 27	City Hall
Launceston	Wednesday, March 29	Albert Hall
Adelaide	Tuesday, April 4	Town Hall
Broken Hill	Friday, April 7	Golf Club
Perth	Wednesday, April 12	Embassy
Brisbane	Tuesday, April 18	Town Hall
Toowoomba	Friday, April 21	Town Hall

WOMEN'S WEEKLY CORNFLOUR RECIPE COMPETITION

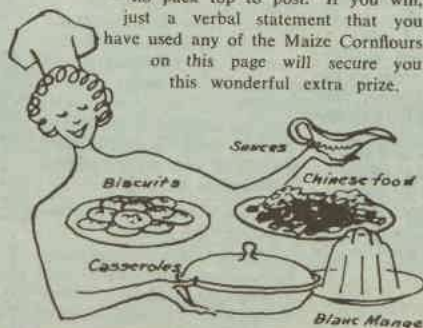


EXTRA! for the Grand Prize winner using Maize Cornflour

A FABULOUS JET-FLIGHT to TAHITI by TEAL

Yes! Being a good cook can win you more than compliments and a cash prize—it can win you the trip to Tahiti that everyone dreams about. In the superb ease and comfort of a TEAL Electra airliner which will take you via lovely New Zealand and fascinating Fiji to the happy Isle of Tahiti. Here, in an atmosphere as headily French as a fine wine, you can relax by the sleepy Southern Sea or enjoy the joyous dancing, feasting and fun offered by the care-free, smiling natives.

And this enchanting air trip can be yours simply by using Maize Cornflour in the Grand Prize-winning Recipe. There is no coupon to send—no pack top to post. If you win, just a verbal statement that you have used any of the Maize Cornflours on this page will secure you this wonderful extra prize.



FLY TEAL TO TAHITI



VIA NEW ZEALAND AND FIJI

All good cooks use Maize Cornflour which, unlike other varieties, is guaranteed free from wheat. Make your success in the Women's Weekly Competition certain by using smooth, fine, quick-mixing Maize Cornflour—it has real win-a-trip tricks.



IN N.S.W.



IN QUEENSLAND



OTHER STATES

Maize Cornflour can make you a different, delicious dish every day. It's perfect in sweet and savoury sauces, casseroles, sweets, Chinese cooking—and makes cakes that really melt in the mouth.

N156

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 8, 1961

BIG COOKERY CONTEST

£1200 prizes and trip to Tahiti for maize cornflour recipes

● We begin this week a splendid new cookery contest in which we will award cash prizes totalling £1200 to readers for recipes using maize cornflour as an ingredient.

THE £1200 prizemoney includes the Grand Champion Prize of £400 in cash for the best recipe entered in the contest. In addition, this prizewinner will receive a free return air trip to Tahiti for two.

Other big cash awards will be first prizes of £100, second prizes of £40, and third prizes of £20 in each of the four sections of the contest.

You can enter this contest now. All you have to do is to send in a recipe in which maize cornflour is an ingredient.

This is the familiar household maize cornflour which is sold in cardboard packets, and is a staple ingredient in every kitchen.

The four sections in the contest are:

1. SOUPS AND SAUCES.
2. MAIN-COURSE DISHES (Meat, Fish, Poultry).
3. DESSERTS (Hot or Cold).
4. BISCUITS.

A new feature in this contest is the special prize of £20 for the best household hint using maize cornflour. This can be a cooking hint, or any other type of general household hint.

In addition to the big cash prizes, there will be 10 consolation prizes of £1 each. Weekly progress prizes of £5 each will also be awarded in each of the four sections. These progress prizes will be selected, and the recipes published, throughout the contest.

The first four of these progress prizewinners will appear in our issue dated March 1.

All these progress prizes will be eligible for any of the big main prizes in the contest. One of them could win the £400 Grand Champion Prize and the trip to Tahiti, or the £100 first prize in its section.

A list showing how the prizemoney will be allotted in each section is given in the panel below. The rules governing the contest are in the panel at right.

Readers are invited to send in as many recipes as they like in any or all four sections. But please remember that the recipes must use maize cornflour.

Additional interest has been given to this cookery contest by the award of a trip to Tahiti which has been added to the wonderful £400 Grand Champion Prize. The lucky winner will receive, in addition to £400 in cash, a free air return trip for two from Australia to Tahiti, the famous Pacific island tourist resort.

This trip will be a special prize given by the Australian manufacturers of maize cornflour.

The trip will be by a new jet-propelled plane, calling at Auckland and Fiji on the way to and from Australia. The prize-winner and companion can break the journey anywhere en route, and stay for any length of time before resuming the flight, either on the outward or homeward journey.

The Grand Champion Prize will be selected by our panel of judges as the best entered in the contest. It can come from any of the four sections.

As all housewives know, maize cornflour is a product in general use in every kitchen. It is invaluable as a basis

RULES OF THIS CONTEST

Address entries to Cornflour Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Each recipe entered in the contest should be written clearly or typed on a separate sheet of paper, with the sender's name and address, including State, on each sheet.

At the top of the sheet, state the section in which the recipe is entered.

Write the ingredients required in each recipe in one paragraph, and the method of making in a separate paragraph.

Use level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce measure.

Competitors can enter as many recipes as they wish in any or all sections.

The competition will be judged by a panel of The Australian Women's Weekly experts, who will open and judge each entry. The judges' decision will be final, and no correspondence will be entered into.

If two or more competitors enter an identical recipe, the first entry opened will be eligible for a prize.

The results as published shall be final and binding on all competitors.

All competitors taking part agree as a condition of entry to accept such results as final and binding.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

for delicious blancmanges, custards, puddings, and biscuits, and is also used in a large variety of savory dishes.

It makes velvety sauces, creamy soups, luscious gravies, and stews. Savory supper snacks and tasty one-dish casserole meals can be quickly and easily prepared with cornflour. It is used for extra-short biscuits, as well as for making cold sweets and frozen desserts.

The right sauce makes all the difference to any dish because it brings out its full flavor, improves its appearance, and adds to its food value. Leftovers of fish, meat, and poultry can be transformed into all types of appetising dishes with one of the sauces so easily made with maize cornflour.

Left-over dishes of this type will be eligible in Section 2 in this contest, as will any of the Chinese dishes using cornflour that are now so popular with Australian hostesses because they can be prepared partially in advance and are always enjoyed by guests.

Our New Australian readers may have other foreign-type recipes of their own that would be eligible to enter in the contest.

Why not try for one of the splendid cash prizes by sending in a recipe using maize cornflour. Address your entries to —

**CORNFLOUR CONTEST,
BOX 5252, G.P.O.,
SYDNEY.**

Write your recipe or recipes clearly or type them, each on a separate sheet of paper, and write your full name and address on each sheet, as stated in the rules in the panel.

LIST OF PRIZES TO BE WON

● Here is the list of prizes to be awarded in our Maize Cornflour Recipe Contest:

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE (best recipe in contest): £400
plus return air trip for two to Tahiti.

First Prize in each of the four sections £100

Second Prize in each of the four sections £40

Third Prize in each of the four sections £20

Special Prize for best hint using maize cornflour £20

Ten consolation prizes of £1 each will be awarded. In addition, four progress prizes of £5 each will be awarded weekly throughout the contest.

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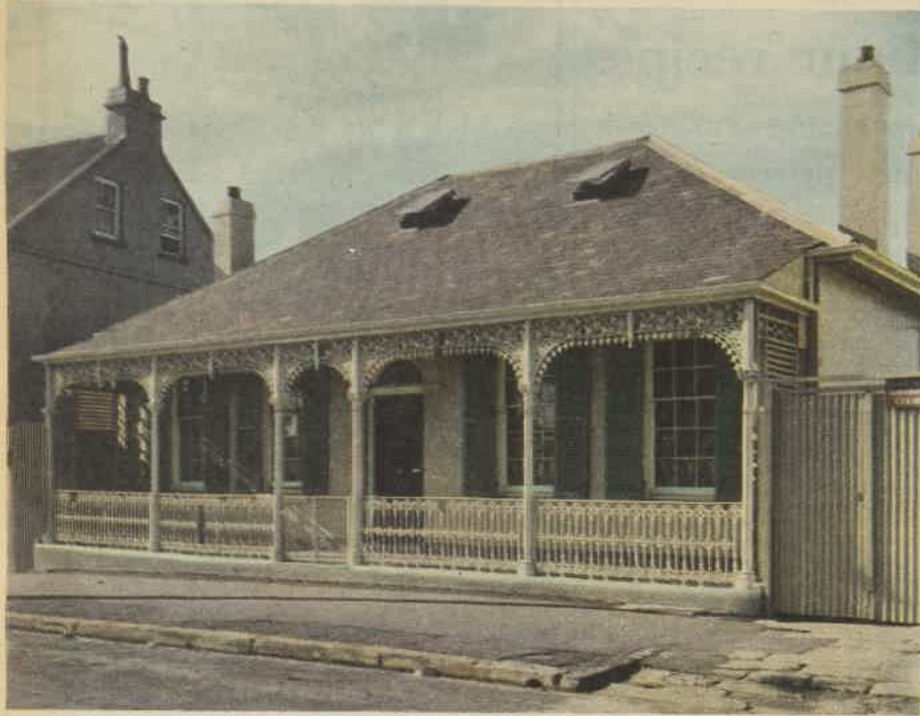
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CAMBRIDGE CREDIT CORPORATION LIMITED,
Ground Floor, Cambridge House, 249 George St., Sydney.
Please send me without obligation, a copy of the Prospectus with
Application Forms.

NAME

ADDRESS

WW 9-2

OLD-WORLD SYDNEY—IN 1961



NUMBER 50 ARGYLE PLACE, known in the past as *Undercliff Cottage* and *Undercliff House*, is a gem in its unpretentious way, with its shutters, fanlight, handsome front door, its wealth of cast-iron lace, and its slate roof. The painting of the neighboring houses was the result of an experiment tried out on No. 50.



DRINKING FOUNTAIN, dated 1869, standing at the eastern end of the Argyle Place green opposite the Garrison Church, has been restored since the picture was taken. Several identical fountains are still to be found about the older Sydney suburbs.

● Argyle Place is a tiny slice of Australia's history that may weather the demands of bursting-at-the-seams Sydney city and remain a unique example of unspoiled Victorian architecture and old-world charm.

THE Place is part of the old Sydney city area known as The Rocks, where Governor Phillip set up a camp when the First Fleet sailed into Sydney Cove in 1788.

Residents of The Rocks watched the Sydney Harbor Bridge built bit by bit almost on top of them on its eastern approaches. They have just seen the completion of a new £1,750,000 wharf at the Cove, where the giant Orient liner *Oriana* berthed on December 30.

Now the New South Wales Government is planning a multi-million-pound redevelopment of the eastern section from Sydney Cove to the

approaches of the Harbor Bridge, largely as a residential area.

Argyle Place, at one time favored by the proud and prosperous, is on fine, high land above the west rise of Circular Quay, looking down on the site of this ambitious redevelopment scheme.

It has the finely preserved Garrison Church, the work of architect Edmund Blacket, an unspoiled village green and gently curving terrace of mid-19th-century houses.

The Place and its terrace, originally privately built and owned, became Government property in the early years of this century, and in due course "Minerva House," "Osborne House," "Wentworth Terrace," and "Merriman's Terrace" became impersonal street numbers.

Eighty-year-old Mrs. Elise Lund, who has lived in and close to Argyle Place since she was four months old, remembers going to Fort Street School with Florence Merriman, who, with her sister, later lived at Undercliff Cottage.

During the late 1880's, cigar-smoking Thomas Playfair, then Lord Mayor and founder of the prominent Sydney family, lived in the terrace house next to the two "individuals" at the eastern, Garrison Church, end.

Mrs. Lund remembers the wonderful Sunday school picnic the Lord

Mayor gave for the local children, with all the little girls wearing blue sashes.

Another Place celebrity in those days was Alderman Smaile, who just round the corner had a baker's shop where it was the custom to take home-mixed Christmas cakes for baking.

Spearheading the move to assure the retention of Argyle Place has been the National Trust of Australia (N.S.W.).

Quietly backing it have been architects, artists, historians, beauty-lovers, and those anxious to retain this irreplaceable bit of Sydney's past.

The houses are now owned by the State Government and administered by the Maritime Services Board.

The National Trust recently persuaded these two bodies to allow the repainting of the central cottage, No. 50, simply to draw attention to the charms of this colonial backwater.

The foundation-stone of the Garrison Church was laid in 1840 by Bishop Broughton. It was the regular worshipping place of the red-coated 50th Queen's Own Regiment.

For many years it was the official parish church for Government House and the scene of many society weddings. And this year on February 5 the National Trust's second Pioneers' Memorial Service will be held in it.

TWO "INDIVIDUALS" of Argyle Place are these delightful two-storeyed houses at its eastern end. One has simple wooden verandah columns and six-paned windows; the other house is less pure in style, with iron columns and semi-circular-headed windows.





AN OASIS on the fringe of Sydney city, spacious and gracious Argyle Place, seen from neighboring Observatory Hill. The original wooden blocks of its roadway are still beneath the modern surfacing, and cobblestones can be glimpsed here and there in the old-time carriageways.

THREE distinct architectural styles are displayed in these houses toward the western end of Argyle Place. On the far left is the simplest and possibly the oldest in the row. Next comes one with some attempt at decoration and a carriageway. The third boasts an extra storey, cast-iron.





PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows low-pitched gable roof extending to form wide, overhanging eaves, which shade the large windows.

Town or country house

● Designed for city or country life, this house, Home Plan No. 905, has wide eaves to protect its rooms from the sun.

IT has three bedrooms, and, being rectangular in design, is suitable for a wide or narrow block.

One of the most pleasant features of the house is its spacious kitchen. This room opens on to a large back verandah which has access to the laundry.

Utility rooms have all been placed together and there is a separate shower room and toilet for extra convenience.

There are three spacious bedrooms, each with built-in wardrobes, with enough space for five or six people.

A pleasant living-room has a large open fireplace and features glazed sliding doors opening on to a terrace.

The dining area is between the kitchen and the living-

room, which gives maximum convenience for entertaining. Plan No. 905 is suitable for construction in either brick or timber.

In brick the house will be 12.5 squares and cost £3750-£4350. In timber, 11.8 squares and £3600-£4000.

These prices are, of course, approximate only. You can obtain accurate costs for building on your own site by consulting your local Home Planning Centre (see addresses at right).

Plans for the house featured above, and many others, are available from the Centres for £10/10/- a full set (five copies of full working drawings and three copies of specifications).

All plans can be modified to suit individual requirements and contemporary and traditional styles are available.

Carports and garages are not always shown on plans, but they can be incorporated in the design.

Add approximately £175-£250 for a carport, and £235-£400 for a single brick garage.

Our Centres

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Civic Centre (Telephone J2311).

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley (Telephone 50121).

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale St. (Telephone 32044).

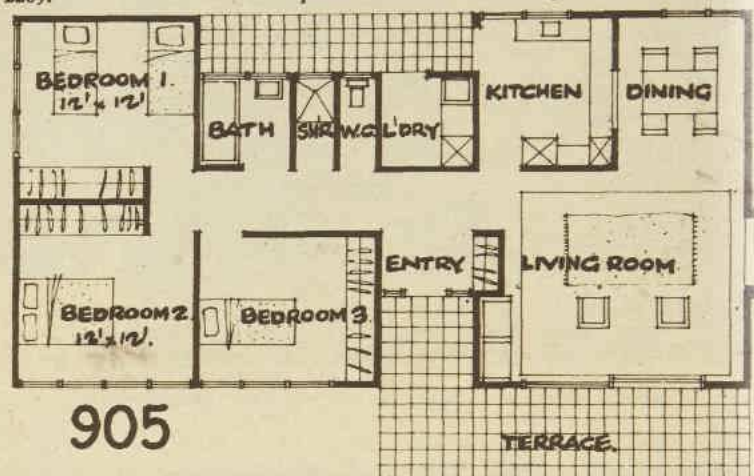
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop St. (Telephone X6111).

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle St. (Telephone W0200).

HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins St. (Telephone 27221).

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven St. (Telephone 7733).

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd. Please address all mail to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney (Telephone B0951, ext. 220).



FLOOR PLAN shows spacious kitchen opening on to back verandah and, in the living-room, sliding glass doors opening on to a paved terrace extending to the entrance.

READER'S RECIPE

THIS week's £5 prize goes to a Tasmanian reader for her recipe for unusual Continental-style finger biscuits flavored with almond and chocolate.

When melting chocolate for this recipe, place over hot, not boiling, water so it will not lose its texture and shine on rehardening.

KRANSEKAGE (Almond Fingers)

Eight ounces ground almonds, 1oz. bitter almonds, 1lb. castor sugar, 3 large egg-whites, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3oz. sifted icing sugar, melted chocolate.

Mix the ground almonds with bitter almonds, add sugar and 2 egg-whites. Stir until smoothly blended, then turn into saucepan and stir gently over low heat until just warm. Turn on to lightly sugared board, shape into rolls about 1in. in diameter. Press gently along sides of roll until flat, then cut into short lengths. Bake on greased tray until pale brown, in slow oven. Mix remaining slightly beaten egg-white with lemon juice, and enough sifted icing sugar to give piping consistency. Spread rolls with this icing. When set, color and flavor remaining icing with melted chocolate and pipe zigzag lines across the almond fingers.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. K. Halton, 2 Blair Street, New Norfolk, Tas.

Avoid unpleasant hankie washes... use softest

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for every sneeze and sniffle!

Just one box of strong, absorbent Kleenex tissues will save you washing dozens and dozens of messy hankies each washday! Kleenex tissues are completely hygienic... so soft and soothing to tender noses... and lint free—that's important, whatever your allergy. Don't put a cold in your pocket—use softest Kleenex tissues—then destroy, germs and all!

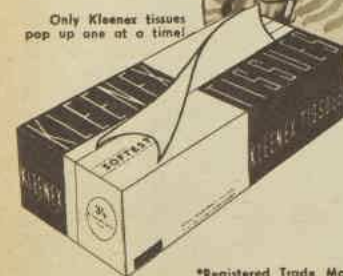
- Strong, absorbent for wiping the razor—soft, hygienic for dabbing cuts... saves towels!
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In three colours — and four pack sizes

Every home needs soft, strong, absorbent Kleenex!

*Registered Trade Mark.

Only Kleenex tissues pop up one at a time!



CAKE DECORATING



CREST or insignia, touched with gold or silver paint, gives a personal touch to an all-white wedding cake.



PASTEL COLORS in flowers and bluebirds provide relief for white cakes, could match bridesmaids' gowns.

This is the second instalment of our special icing feature, giving new designs and ideas for the decoration of cakes. Some beautiful wedding cakes adorned with delicate icing "lace" and other attractive trimmings are shown, with directions for making them.

IMPORTANT items in cake decorating are simplicity, attention to detail, and fineness of work. This applies to all wedding cakes, whether they have one, two, three, or even more tiers.

Sizes of the cakes will depend on the number of wedding guests to be catered for and the cake-tins available. Here are the sizes generally used:

CAKE	SIZE
One tier	12 inches round or square.
Two tiers	Top 6 or 7 inches.
	Bottom 11 or 12 inches.
Three tiers	Top 6 or 7 inches.
	Middle 8 or 9 inches.
	Bottom 11 or 12 inches.

Each tier has a base made of plywood or similar board covered with silver paper. The top tiers should be on slightly

larger boards than the cake itself, but the bottom tier should have a board at least 2 inches larger all around. This will help to give balance to the outline design.

It is traditional for the bride to keep the top tier of her bridal cake to eat on her first wedding anniversary. Therefore it is advisable, when planning the sizes of the tiers and boards for the cake, to allow for a slightly deeper layer of almond paste and fondant covering for the top tier. This will help to preserve it.

Pillars of plastic or gum paste support the tiers, but an added support is necessary. For this a wooden skewer (butcher's skewer) is used, which goes right through each pillar and tier to the covered board. It carries the actual weight of the tier above and prevents pillars sinking into soft icing and cake.

One of the most important basic features in making wedding cakes is to present a cake which is of really dazzling whiteness. This can only be obtained by using good icing sugar and glucose, by careful handling of the icings, and by paying particular attention to cleanliness. A whiter effect is sometimes obtained by adding a small amount of laundry blue to the

icings. If colored cakes are desired, harmonising pastel shades only should be used.

Ice and decorate the cake for each tier separately, taking care to proportion each design to scale. The job is easier to manage this way, especially for a beginner.

Many different types of moulded decorations such as bells, slippers, and doves can be bought and incorporated in a design, but unless these are well made they spoil an attractive cake.

It cannot be stressed too often that elaborate designs, unless perfectly executed, look heavy and overdone. Simple, attractive, and dainty work, neatly and carefully done, always looks best.

Chemical crystals named silica-gel can be placed on saucers round the base of a cake during wet or humid weather to help prevent the icing becoming sticky. This chemical, normally opaque or pale blue, absorbs some of the moisture from the atmosphere. When fully absorbed it turns pink and can be re-dried by placing on a tray in a very slow oven.

● *More designs overleaf. Directions and illustrations showing methods of making some are on page 47.*

BY LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

HURRY: HURRY: HURRY:

FOR THE BEST TRADE-IN OF YOUR LIFE

HOOVER

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*Now is the time to trade-in
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Every Hoover retailer is a Hoover Trade-in Post and that's where you'll find the best trade-in deals right now. Don't wait to wash even one more load in that old washing machine of yours. For the best trade-in bargain of your life trade in your old washer **now** on a wonderful new Twin-tub Hoovermatic!

Only Hoovermatic has all these wonderful features

TWIN TUBS FOR TWICE THE SPEED. While one 6-lb. load is being washed, another is being double rinsed and spin dried. A whole family wash in less than half an hour! No time lost for you!



FRESHEST RINSE, FASTEST SPIN DRY. Clothes are double rinsed in fresh water, then left barely damp by extra-fast spin drier, some ready to iron. Spin tub holds even your biggest double blanket.



EXCLUSIVE "BOILING-ACTION" PULSATOR. Swirls sudsy water through and through every part of every garment, easing out the most stubborn dirt. A full load of whites "boil clean" in just four minutes!



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126 guineas
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Flowers and lace made in icing



MINIATURE wedding veils of tulle, threaded ribbon work, and tiny icing roses make pretty decorations on the two-tiered white cake above.

SIMPLE tailored look distinguishes the elegant wedding cake below. Fine, even piping bridgework shows to advantage.



● New ideas shown on these cakes and two overleaf include ribbon-threaded clipper work, fine "lace" made of icing, tulle corner-pieces, leaves and bows, and flowers of moulded fondant and piped icing.



SINGLE - TIER wedding cake above features lace-work and a sugar vase filled with fondant orange blossom.

TULLE ivy leaves, ribbon bows, and rows of icing "lace" form a dainty design on round cake below.



SPRAYS of pastel-colored flowers, designed to tone with the bride's own bouquet, and tulle bows decorate this pretty three-tiered cake above.

Instructions page 47

**First Choice --
of the people -**

Australia's best-selling
Tomato Sauce



Rosella
TOMATO SAUCE

CAKE DECORATING . . . continued

ONE-TIER DESIGNS WITH RIBBON AND SPRAYS



PRETTY PINK single-tiered cake (above) with a centre-piece spray of moulded fondant orchids is designed for the bride who wears a pastel gown.

TWENTY-FIFTH anniversary cake below with fondant bows and piped roses at corners is topped by a tiny silver vase.



How to make sugar vases, tulle veils and bows

● On this page are directions for making the pretty decorations of tulle that give such a light and delicate appearance to a finished cake, and for making crystal sugar vases and bells to complete an attractive design.

THESE new ideas in decorations, as well as giving a daintier finish to cakes, eliminate the necessity of using commercial mouldings and trimmings.

TULLE DECORATIONS

Fine but firm nylon tulle which is sufficiently stiff to cut without slipping is ideal for making tulle cornerpieces, bows, miniature wedding veils, and leaves.

Cornerpieces: Actual size of cornerpieces will depend on the size of the cake. If used on a two- or three-tiered cake, the tulle pieces should be graduated accordingly. For each cornerpiece cut a circle of tulle and fold over one-third. Take the two side pieces of the fold and bring these in, under the fold to the centre. Pin lightly and pipe a lacy design along the edges with a fine writing tube and soft royal icing. Attach to cake on topmost point with icing or pin.

Leaves: Cut desired shapes of leaves in tulle and place on waxed paper. Outline with a continuous straight or wavy line of fine piping, and pipe in a few lines to resemble veins. Place over rounded surface (rolling-pin) until dry, carefully peel away the waxed paper and arrange leaf in position on cake. Attach with a small quantity of icing. To ensure a good shape the icing line round edge of leaves must be unbroken.

Butterflies: Select an illustration of a butterfly, and from it trace off wing designs. Cut out two wings in tulle, place on waxed paper, and, with a fine writing tube, pipe a continuous straight or wavy line around the edge of each wing. Add extra lines or dots on wings to resemble butterfly markings.

On a separate piece of waxed paper, pipe two lines with curved tips to resemble antennae. Allow to dry. For body section pipe three adjoining thicker sections with a star rose-tube, the last section tapering off to a point for the tail. While the body is still wet, press a tulle wing into each side, supporting at an angle if necessary, and carefully stick antennae into head section. Dry and lift into position on the cake.

Bows: For each bow cut two loops, two tails, and one centre tie, as in the illustration below. Place on waxed paper, pipe continuous line round edge of each tulle pattern and decorate centres in desired design. Lift loop sections on to lid, or 1½ in. broom handle or rolling-pin, and centre tie on to ¼ in. dowel or wooden spoon handle. Allow each piece to dry, peel away waxed paper, and then assemble by attaching tops of tail pieces and points of curved loops to a dab of icing. Carefully lift centre tie and tuck ends under joined section.

Rosettes of decorated tulle loops also make effective decorations.

SUGAR MOULDS

These are made in a way similar to children's sand castles. The moistened sugar is pressed tightly into whatever shape is desired. Cream-horn cornucopias are used to mould vases. For other shapes, use ordinary kitchen utensils such as plastic egg-cups and patty-tins. One egg-white is used to moisten approximately 2lb. crystal sugar. Add one or two drops of coloring if required, and work it through the sugar with the fingertips.

If the mixture is too moist it will stick to the mould. If too dry it will crumble on turning out. Carefully turn out and stand aside to dry for 24 hours, or if desired place in a slow oven for 10 to 15 minutes. For vases, bells, and similar hollow shapes, when partially dry scrape out centre soft sugar, leaving at least ¼ in. thickness in shell for strength.

Bells: Place covered wire with small fondant "tongue" in centre.

Vases: These can be made in various shapes. For the type illustrated at right, stick the upturned shape from a cornucopia mould on to upturned patty-case shape with a small quantity of egg-white. A fine piping design can be used to decorate the outside of vase for added effect.

ASSEMBLING FLOWER-SPRAYS

Gathered tulle pieces placed among the wired flowers in a flower-spray help to give a softening effect. These are made from an oval piece of tulle gathered in the centre with covered wire.

Roses are piped straight on to the covered wire instead of cocktail sticks. Care should be taken to neaten the base section, adding a tiny calyx if desired. Tiny daisies or forget-me-nots are first piped on waxed paper, and after drying, removed and attached to curved wire with extra royal icing. Tiny bells, wistaria, and hollyhocks are piped straight on to the wire. Wire stems should all be curved slightly so they can be arranged artistically in the vase.

Moulded small flowers such as orange blossom or Cecil Brunner roses can also be secured on curved wire stems for a pretty centrepiece.

On wedding cakes where white or silver ribbon is also trailed from the vase, this, too, can be attached to wire.

Soft fondant or royal icing filled into the vase will help hold flowers, etc., in position.

More cake icing designs, ideas, and decorations will be given in future issues of The Australian Women's Weekly. Comments and inquiries from readers on this subject will be welcome, and should be addressed to A.W.W. Cookery Section, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

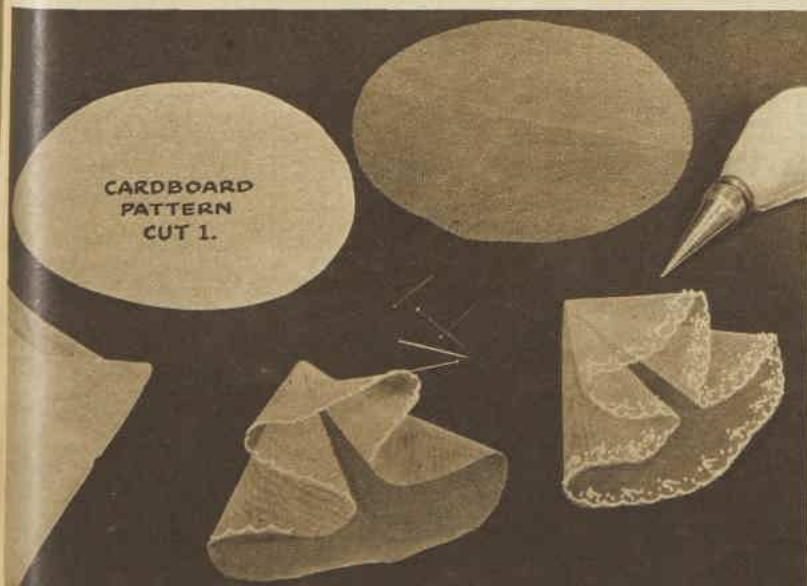


SOME of the shapes which can be used as moulds for sugar work. Make in the same way as children's sand castles.

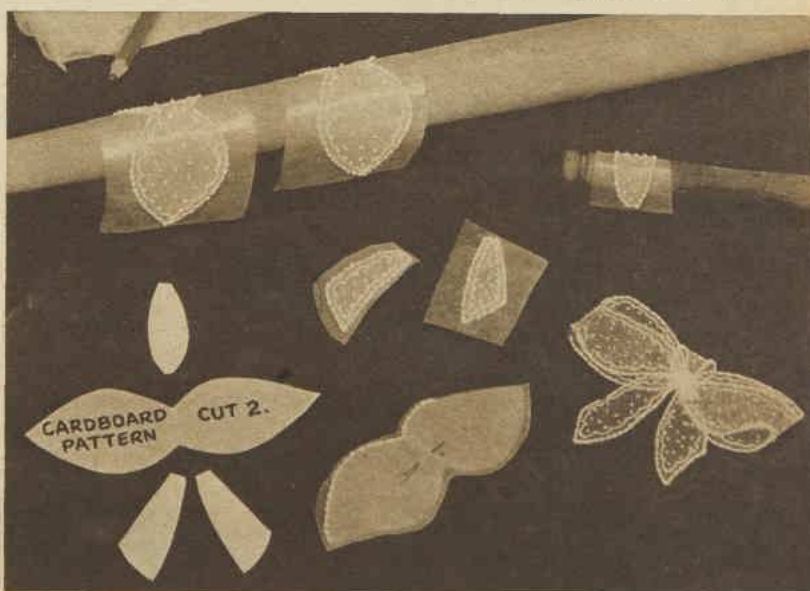


DRIED SHAPES are assembled and used to make bells, vases, baskets, etc. Pipe extra design over surface if desired.

NEXT WEEK: Our color cookery feature will be Bacon for Flavor.



TULLE cornerpieces are cut from cardboard pattern 5, 6, or 7 inches in diameter. Fold and decorate edges to resemble lacy pattern on edge of handkerchief or veil.



PIPE design on to tulle pattern with soft royal icing, then dry over curved rods, remove from waxed paper, and assemble pieces together as shown in illustration above.

O.K. in that rig, you know it? You look different. What'd you do? Wash your face or something?"

"Seriously, did your mother want you to start dating?"

"My mother's a very interesting personality," said Brandon. "Very hot for psychology. She'd think a guy my age wasn't normal if he wasn't madly in love or something. No kidding. If it wasn't for Selma she'd probably send me to a head-shrinker. Parents can't stand it if their kids aren't normal. They'll make you normal if it drives you crazy."

"Well, you're lucky," said Joanna. "You've got Selma, and it's sort of settled. I'm so nervous I could die."

"What are you nervous about? You don't look nervous."

"I don't know. Weren't you nervous on your first date?"

"Sure I was nervous. I guess I was nervous."

"I bet you weren't. Why would a boy be nervous?"

"A boy is a whole lot nervous than a girl, in my opinion. Girls don't have to be nervous. They hold all the cards, buddy."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean they hold all the cards, that's all."

Brandon picked up another cookie, broke it neatly in half and laid the halves back on the plate.

"Well, listen. Can I ask you a sort of personal question?"

Brandon's eyes grew a shade darker. "Go ahead. Ask it. I won't say I'll answer it, but you might as well ask it."

"Well, it's about you and

Continuing . . . THE BOY UPSTAIRS

from page 17

Selma." Joanna glanced at Brandon and then looked quickly away. "The only reason I'm asking is because I've . . . well, I've got to talk to somebody who's had . . . you know. Experience. What I want to know is, does a boy . . . you know, kiss a girl? I mean like did you kiss Selma good-night on your first date?"

There was a short silence, filled only with the muted hum of the refrigerator. "What do you want to know that for?" Brandon asked finally. "You just don't haul off and ask a guy a question like that, for Pete's sake."

"Oh, all right. Forget it."

"Listen, is that what's both-

ering you? I mean, d'you really think that big ox will make a pass or something?" "I don't know," Joanna told him. "How would I know?" "Listen, watcha going out with him for, anyway? You're too young to go out with guys like Bayfield."

"Brandon, I'm fifteen. My mother said—"

"Your mother! Mothers don't know anything. What'd she say?"

"She said not to worry."

"Boy, that's great! That's so specific. Listen, if he tries anything, you let him have it,

you hear me? Pop him one. I mean it. Give him the old forehead swing."

"Well! Gosh!"

Brandon ran his hands through his hair. He looked at her wildly. "What time's he coming? What time's he supposed to be here?"

"I don't know. Nine. He said nineish."

"Nineish. That's exactly what you'd expect from a phony dope like Bayfield. Nineish. Listen, phone him up. Tell him you can't go. Tell him you broke your leg."

"I can't do that. My mother would have a fit. Anyway, he's probably on his way over here by now."

"You want to go with him, that's the truth of the matter. You'll probably wind up wanting to kiss him, too."

"I will not. I hardly know Jack Bayfield. I don't even like him very well."

"Fat lot of difference that makes," said Brandon. "Girls kiss boys they don't like all the time. They think it's their duty. Some guy gives them a ride in their convertible or buys them flowers and they start kissing them. Listen, anyway, wearing that dress, what'd you going out with Bayfield for?"

"What's the matter with it? You said I looked nice."

"It's pretty bare, isn't it? Your mother ought to have her head examined, letting you go out with that guy."

"Well, what's wrong with him? I mean, why don't you like him?"

"I like him, I like him. I'm crazy about him. Especially his razor."

"His what?"

"His razor. He's got this very fancy electric razor he brings to school every day. Every day, buddy. Carries it in his coat pocket. It's his security blanket or something."

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

"I don't know. Nothing. He waits until a lot of guys are standing around in the shower-room, and then he shaves with it. All us sophomore guys are supposed to drop dead or something."

"Oh. Well. Is he nice, though?"

"He's a prince," said Brandon. "He's the prince of his shots."

"Listen," said Joanna. "I think he's here."

S

SOUNDS were coming from the living-room: her mother's voice and Jack Bayfield's. Joanna's hands flew to her hair, smoothed her dress.

"Brandon, I'd better go in there before mother—"

"Toker?"

"What? Listen, I've got to go."

"Don't let him try any funny stuff." He followed Joanna as she moved rigidly out of the kitchen.

Jack Bayfield was standing in the centre of the room, talking to Mrs. March. He looked extremely handsome.

"Oh, there you are," said Mrs. March. Her smile dried up when she caught sight of Brandon.

"Hello," said Joanna to Jack. "You know Brandon Harper, don't you?"

"Sure thing," said Jack. "How's a boy?"

"O.K.," said Brandon. "You're sure looking great, Bayfield. Can I get you a mirror or anything?"

"Funny," said Jack. "Real funny. You're not going to the same dance we are, I trust." "Brandon has a date in Westport," said Mrs. March. "Brandon, I'm afraid you're going to be awfully late."

"Don't worry about it, Mrs. March. It may be tenish instead of nineish, but I'll get there."

"I'll get your wrap, Joanna," said Mrs. March. She flashed Brandon one look before she left the room. Unfortunately, its eloquence failed to reach Brandon, whose eyes were pinned on Jack Bayfield.

"How's your beard, Bayfield?" he asked.

Jack smiled at Joanna and shrugged faintly. "Pal of yours? Out loose like this?"

"You brought your shaver, didn't you?" said Brandon. "You wouldn't go to a dance without your shaver, would you, old buddy?"

"Listen," said Jack, "what's with this guy? He live here or something?"

"He lives upstairs," said Joanna. "Brandon, you'd better go."

To page 52



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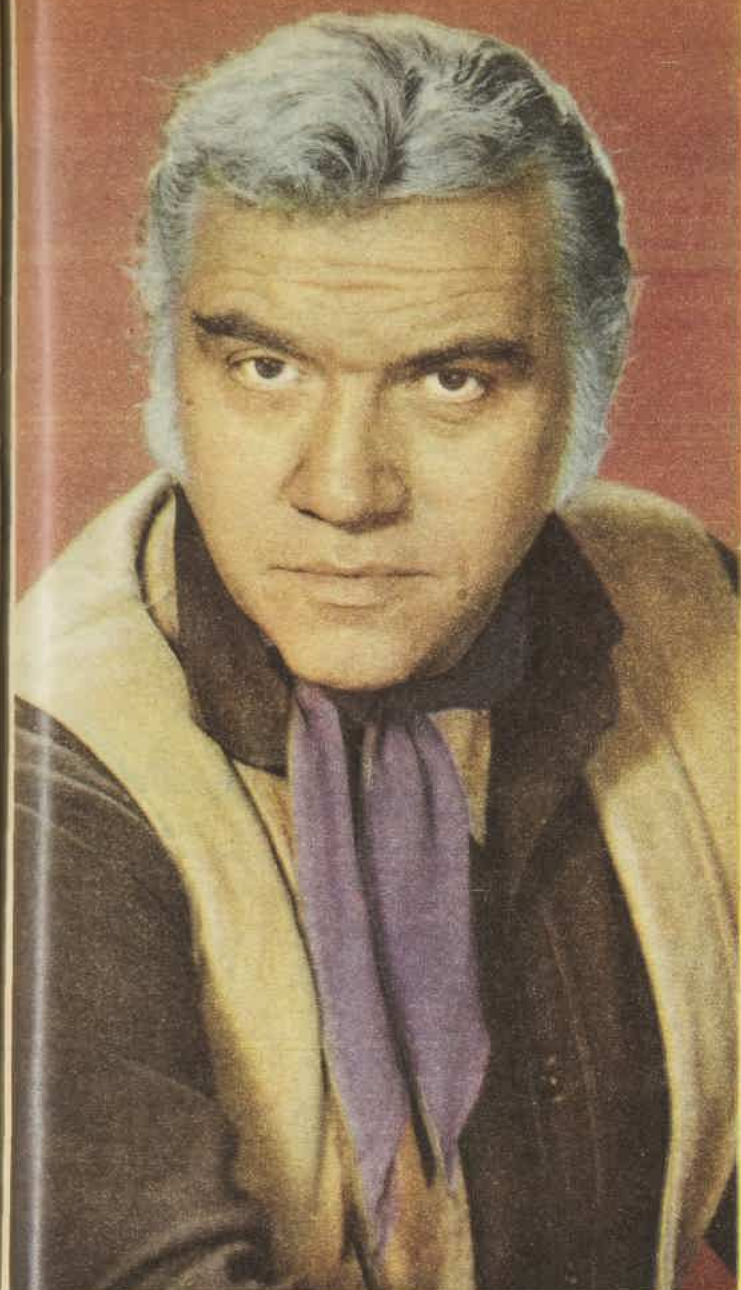
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BEN CARTWRIGHT OF "BONANZA!"

"BONANZA!" one of TV's most popular adventure series has struck a formula that is likely to be copied over and over again — for the formula has proved equally popular with male and female viewers.

The men love the action, the wide, open spaces, the power the Cartwrights pack, and the spacious-gracious living they go on with. The women, less demanding, just love the Cartwrights.

Lorne Greene, above, is cast as Ben Cartwright, owner of the Ponderosa ranch. He has three sons, Hoss (Dan Blocker), who is supposed to be in his early thirties, Adam (Pernell Roberts), who is in his late twenties, and Little Joe (Michael Landon), who is in his early twenties.

All the gentlemen are cast especially to give females of one age or another someone to sigh over. The queer thing is that Ben, the father of them all, gets more

romantic fan mail than all his three sons.

Ben is inclined to blush about it all. "It's a fact, by golly, that I'm getting marriage proposals," he said recently. "I get at least two a week."

"My mail is predominantly from females; Dan's is from children, and Pernell and Michael hear mostly from teenagers, both girls and boys."

"It's the boys who should be getting all this romantic mail."

Lorne, a Canadian, says he is the happiest TV actor on earth. He loves being Ben Cartwright.

"I never knew a role could get hold of me the way Ben has," he said. "He comes home with me. When I look in the mirror to shave, there's old Ben, not old Lorne any more."

"I've signed a 'Bonanza!' contract for five years and I just love it."

—Nan Musgrove

SHOW BUSINESS



Summer

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CREAM Biscuits

Summer calls for ARNOTT'S famous CREAM BISCUITS — those delicious worry-free solvers of holiday problems at home or for picnics



There is no Substitute for Quality

New setting for modern society

By NAN MUSGROVE

● A look at television in America shows that TV, now 15 years old, has created a new setting for modern society that citizens have to fit into whether they like it or dislike it.

IN the U.S.A. the novelty has long since worn off TV, although no American could visualise life without at least one TV set at home.

In 1960 the 50,000,000-odd American families who had TV had 550 TV stations showing a total of 3,000,000 TV programme hours, and 420 different TV series to choose from.

"Gunsmoke" is the top programme throughout the United States. Next in popularity is "Wagon Train," and third is the "Bob Hope Show."

These three shows wiped the floor with the presidential election results on November 8, polling day, but when these three of the 420 finished, the election results took over till "The Untouchables" started.

"The Untouchables" is rated 10th in the 15 top-rating shows. "Rawhide" is rated No. 11.

The TV set today is said to be the American's main source of information, general enlightenment, and entertainment.

In Los Angeles, which has as many TV channels as New York and as many viewing hours, TV starts at 6.40 a.m. and finishes at 2 a.m.

Viewers have the choice of the three network giants, Columbia Broadcasting System (C.B.S.), American Broadcasting Company (A.B.C.), and the National Broadcasting Company (N.B.C.), which, through complex networks, service all the U.S.A., and four local stations, which compete successfully with the network giants during transmission time except at the prime evening hours.

No insanity

Such a wealth of TV has, so far, driven no one mad, although many divorces have been granted on the grounds of over-indulgence in TV.

A look at American TV magazines and newspapers shows quickly that:

- Mum is much more choosy than Dad about programmes. Dad just sits and watches whatever is on.
- Teenage girls and their mothers like domestic comedies and plays.
- Teenage boys prefer Westerns.
- American children are fanatical televisioners.
- Schoolchildren are generally allowed only a certain number of hours viewing by their mothers.
- Mothers have made allies of TV; bad marks at school may cost a child a week without TV. Children have been found to be more diligent at study to make sure their viewing hours aren't cut.



"GUNSMOKE" is, all round, the world's most popular TV show and has held its place for six years. In some countries its rating fluctuates, but nothing can move it in America. Here are the four main characters ready for church. From left: Doc (Milburn Stone), Chester (Dennis Weaver), Miss Kitty (Amanda Blake), and Marshal Matt Dillon (James Arness).

Dickens

out-Dickensed

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND"

(A.B.C.-TV, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.), the adaptation of Dickens' popular novel, was TV's big event last week. It is a splendid adaptation that must have nearly killed Freda Lingstrom, to whom the B.B.C. gave the task.

Whether or not her adap-

adaptation was to invent Dickensian dialogue.

"Dickens' intention was to keep his readers guessing," Miss Lingstrom said recently.

"Many of the questions he encourages his readers to ask are only answered about half-way through the story, and even then they are contained in long soliloquies of thought."

"Television does not readily lend itself to the sight of the hero sitting silent for three

TELEVISION PARADE

tation will suit the Dickens purists is another matter. Personally I prefer it.

"Our Mutual Friend" was written originally as a serial and published in 17 monthly episodes, its success depending on Dickens' ability to maintain the interest and the mystery.

The B.B.C., which made the 12 episodes of "Our Mutual Friend," says that it was one of the most difficult adaptations ever undertaken.

Miss Lingstrom was brave and original about the whole thing. She altered the sequence of the events so that the adventures in the TV serial occur in the order in which they happened instead of in the order in which they were told.

Dickens lovers may accept this, but Miss Lingstrom's more daring move in her

minutes, she went on, "and the device of dissolving from the thinking man to the events of the past would not only confuse the viewers, but would fail to do justice to the visually exciting idea on which Dickens' story rests."

"For this reason I found it necessary to invent dialogue to present the story visually."

I think she has succeeded admirably. I can't tell when it's Dickens and when it's Lingstrom, but being no traditionalist, I might be a push-over for Miss Lingstrom.

It's early in the piece yet to say whether this is in the class of those other wonderful Dickens serials that have come from A.B.C.-TV, "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Bleak House," but it certainly promises well.

There are sure to be lots of televisioners whose enjoy-

ment of Dickens is marred by their mourning for that entertaining character Boyd, Q.C.

I hear there may be a new Boyd series later on, and I'm prepared to let Dickens take over temporarily. In a TV diet, he's like a rich plum pudding.

Farewell to Lorræ

MANY people are inclined to believe that if a little is good, more is better. The Lorræ Desmond hour spectacular proved that this does not always apply in show business.

Most of the Lorræ Desmond 30-minute shows on A.B.C.-TV have been good entertainment. I think her farewell show would have been very much better pruned to the same length.

Even so polished a performer as Miss Desmond (who reminds me continually of a young edition of Cicely Courtneidge) is a bit much for a solid hour that culminated in a sentimental farewell that went on and on.

The best part of the show was James Upshaw's production, polished and slick; most disappointing part the undoubtedly talented Le Garde twins' song that successfully hid their talents; and most surprising the blue note that crept in a couple of times.

Happy(?)

Families

CHANNEL 7 seems at the moment to be bent on acquiring a crown as a spreader of joy and light through happy family shows.

They've got a beauty in the Fred MacMurray show, "My Three Sons" (Fridays, 8 p.m.), but their two new offerings last week, The Tom Ewell Show (Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.) and "Pete and Gladys" (Thursdays, 8.0 p.m.), were both nauseating at first glance.

The Tom Ewell Show follows the familiar American pattern—the story of a down-trodden head of the family trying to hold his own against women; in this case his wife, three daughters, and mother-in-law.

"Pete and Gladys" stars Harry Morgan as Pete and Cara Williams as his wife, Gladys. They also have a mother-in-law who figured largely in the first show. Pete is also a man who is resigned to his fate as a woman-ridden married man.

It seems extraordinary programming to show them one after the other on the same night. They both depend on the same well-worn clichés without a hint of the originality that stays the hand from the channel switch.

Pat ends his kissing ban

● Handsome singer-actor and teenage idol Pat Boone has changed his mind about refusing to kiss female co-stars before cameras.

PAT and his wife, Shirley, happily married, have decided that a few screen kisses are all right for "career reasons."

Before the star made his decision he asked for and received special permission from his church, The Church of Christ.



PAT BOONE . . . the church okayed his screen kisses.

LIBERACE, tired of apartment dwelling since selling his grotesquely lavish San Fernando Valley home with its piano-shaped swimming-pool, is going back to living in a house again. Never one to do things on a small scale, Liberace bought Rudy Vallee's old Hollywood mansion for more than 300,000 dollars. The entertainer owes other real estate in California including a sumptuous home in Palm Springs, where his mother lives.

JOHNNY MATHIS, who has hit unprecedented strides in the world of records,

has received the answer to a lifelong prayer. The popular singer is to get his big movie break in "Soho," a film to be made in England this year. Johnny had never stopped hoping he would get his chance to do more than just "sing theme songs for pictures," such as in "Lizzy."

New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

★★ STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET

An exciting, emotional suburban love story. The Frank plot neither excuses infidelity nor plugs a moral. A successful architect (Kirk Douglas), married for some years to a wife played by Barbara Rush, casually meets district newcomer, the restless young-married Kim Novak. Emotional complications develop. In a sparkling performance, humorous bachelor author Ernie Kovacs brings welcome sideline relief from the marital moanings—Victory, Sydney.

In a word . . . THROBBING.

★ DESIRE IN THE DUST

Raymond Burr (TV's ever-winning lawman Perry Mason) turns crooked landowner in this sultry Southern drama. But he's still P.M., only misplaced. Driven by a lust for respectable power, Burr ruthlessly smothers the truth concerning a crime committed by his calculating daughter, Martha Hyer—the penalty for which was paid by infatuated farmhand Ken Scott on her promise of loyalty. Released

from prison, Scott finds Hyer married and seeks revenge. The unravelling of the plot is pleasant: there's plenty of relaxing gun-popping before a satisfying climax. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . TIME-KILLER.

★ THE TIME MACHINE

Strapped into H. G. Wells' time machine, the viewer is hustled into the future by impressive trick photography. The imaginative plot grips interest on a dizzy spin through centuries, but once grounded in A.D. 800,000 it shoots too far in credulity and drops to a conventional fourth-dimensional. Unreal action gets laughs, not gasps. Peopled by two races, the hairy, hideous undergrounders and their surface-existing, lotus-eating slaves, the world's hope is lost—until the timely arrival of Rod Taylor. As the inventor of the machine, Taylor gives weight to a difficult role. But love-interest Yvette Mimieux adds little to the film.—Palace, Sydney.

In a word . . . DISAPPOINTING.



SHOW BUSINESS

MINK COAT worn by the hard-up Countess of Rhyall (Deborah Kerr) arouses Jean Simmons' suspicions.

New success for Margaret Vyner

● The successful stage play on which Universal's romantic comedy "The Grass Is Greener" is based was written by former Sydney beauty Margaret Vyner and her English actor husband Hugh Williams. The film was shot in color on location in England, and stars Deborah Kerr, Cary Grant, Robert Mitchum, and Jean Simmons.

PICKED-UP in her own "stately home" by sightseeing millionaire Mitchum (right), Deborah falls for his American charm.



CALM reception of Jean's suspicions by the Earl (Grant, left) is followed by a decision to invite Mitchum down for the weekend.

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Surrounds you with romantic fragrance



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Enjoy the satin feel of flowers on your skin as soothing Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder wraps you in a cloud of fragrance. You'll love the way this misty fine talc drifts on to your skin, then clings throughout the day to keep you fresh and fragrant always. Regular size: 3/4 Medium size: 3/4



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Buy the Big Regular Size and save money



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Start the weekend well with

WEEKEND

1/- from your newsagent

"Where you guys going after the dance?" said Brandon. "Maybe I'll meetcha or something."

"Sure," said Jack. "We can play hopscotch."

"Come on, Bayfield. No kidding. Where you going afterward?"

"I'll send you a special delivery letter," said Jack.

"Here's your wrap, Joanna," said Mrs. March.

"Joker?" said Brandon. "We'll play tennis tomorrow, O.K.?"

"O.K., Brandon," Joanna told him. "Bye, Mother."

"I'll go down as you go," said Brandon. "You two guys mind if I ride down the elevator with you?"

"Be our guest," said Jack.

THEY rode down in silence. In the downstairs lobby Jack took Joanna's arm. "O.K.," he said to Brandon. "Blast off."

"You know something, Bayfield?" said Brandon. "You give me a royal pain."

"You scare me to death, junior," said Jack. "Now scram. Go play marbles or something."

He turned a baffled gaze on Joanna. "What's the matter with this guy? He acts like he's cracked."

"Brandon, you've got a date," said Joanna. "You'd better hurry up."

"You remember what I told you," said Brandon. "About that forehead swing."

"Let's go," said Jack. "She's got a terrific forehead."

"That right, Joker?" said Brandon. "I don't know," said Joanna.

"You don't know? Don't you remember what I told you?"

"Are we going to a tennis match or a dance?" said Jack. "Shove off, Harper. I mean it."

"O.K., O.K.," said Brandon. He moved outside with them and watched Jack help Joanna into his car. It was a yellow convertible. Jack shoved it into gear without another glance at Brandon, and Joanna looked up at him helplessly as the car began to move.

For a long time after the car disappeared Brandon stood alone on the kerb staring after it.

All things considered, Joanna decided, she had had a pretty good time. Not until after the dance, when the car turned into the deserted street and pulled up in front of the apartment house, did she feel any return of her earlier tension. The car

stopped, and she shivered slightly.

"Hey," said Jack. "You cold or something? Here, scoot over closer. I'll keep you warm."

"I'm O.K.," said Joanna. She yawned elaborately. "I guess I'm just sleepy."

"Sleepy? You be careful, now, or you'll make me think I bore you or something."

"Oh, no," said Joanna. "I had a very nice evening. I really did. I'd better go right up, though. Mother's probably waiting for me."

Jack's arm slid along the back of the seat. "You know something?" he said. "You're a very cute girl."

Joanna studied the dashboard carefully. "Well," she said, "thanks." She was extremely conscious of his arm on the back of the seat. It moved down, around her shoulders.

"I don't believe you realise what a cute girl you are," said Jack. "I'm very, very fond of you. You know that?"

Joanna stared, mesmerised, into his eyes. In the light from the dashboard they had an oily shine. He was really awfully handsome. His eyelashes were thick, and he smelled nice.

Kissing him might not be too bad. A person had to find out some time what it was like. She lowered her eyes and found herself staring at Jack's tie.

"Your tie's crooked," she said. The tie reminded her of Brandon. Brandon's ties were always crooked.

"This is a great time to be talking about ties," said Jack. "You really have a good time tonight?"

"Yes."

"How about a kiss, then, hey?"

"No."

Jack drew back in astonishment. The word hung in the air between them, remarkably stark.

"Whaddaya mean, no? Just like that! Brother! Am I poison or something?"

"I'd better go in," said Joanna.

Jack stared at her. "Boy," he said finally. "Boy, I never got that kind of a brush-off from a girl in my life."

"Well," said Joanna, "good-night." She started opening the door.

"Now wait a minute," said Jack. "Just wait a minute. How come? That's what I want to know."

"I don't know." She glanced quickly at his tie. He was

Continuing . . . THE BOY UPSTAIRS

from page 48

straightening it and glaring at her. "My gosh. Just because a person doesn't want to kiss like it, that's all."

"Well, that's great. That's just great."

"I've got to go in."

Jack got out quickly, slammed his door, and moved around the car to help her out. They walked silently into the lobby of the apartment house and pressed the elevator button.

"You don't have to take me up," said Joanna.

"Have it your own way."

He walked away as soon as the elevator doors opened. Joanna sighed and leaned against the wall as she rode up. "I guess I ought to have kissed him," she thought. There was something sad and unfinished about

● In youth one has tears without grief; in age, griefs without tears.

— Joseph Roux

the evening. The elevator stopped at the third floor and she stepped out.

Brandon was leaning against the wall opposite the elevator.

"It's about time you got home," he said. He looked glassy-eyed and feverish.

"Where's Bayfield? Didn't the guy even bring you in?"

"He brought me to the elevator. What are you doing here?"

"Whaddaya think I'm doing?"

"Well, I don't know. Is your party over?"

"Yeah, it's over. I guess it's over. I didn't go."

"Didn't go? What did you do, then? What did you do all evening?"

"Nothing. I went to a double feature."

"What about Selma?"

"I don't know. She died or something."

"Died? What do you mean? You mean she really died?"

"We can't talk here," said Brandon. He looked around the corridor wildly. "Let's get on the elevator."

They stepped back into the elevator, and Brandon pushed a button haphazardly. The elevator hummed upward.

"Listen," said Brandon, "did that guy kiss you? Hey?"

"You just don't haul off and ask a person a question like that," said Joanna. "That's what you told me when I asked you about Selma."

"That's different," said Brandon. "That's a heck of a lot different."

The elevator stopped at the eighth floor. The doors slid open on a silent and empty corridor.

"I don't see anything different about it," said Joanna. "Just because it was Selma."

"It's different, all right. It's plenty different."

"I don't see why."

Brandon muttered something.

"What? What'd you say?"

"I said there's no Selma."

"What do you mean, there's no Selma?"

"I made her up. I invented her, for Pete's sake!"

"Invented her? What'd you do that for?"

"I don't know. To get my mother off my back. She wanted me to have a girl. I told you. She's cracked on psychology. I had to do something."

"I don't believe it. You've had a date every single weekend."

"Double features," said Brandon. "I've seen so many double features I'm cross-eyed, practically."

"He gave her a blue, baffled look. "You'll probably think I'm cracked or something."

"No, I don't. But, gee!"

"Sometimes I think I am cracked. I nearly went crazy tonight. You know it? Every time I thought of that guy Bayfield trying to kiss you I just about went nuts."

"Why?" Joanna asked him.

"Why should you care?"

"Why should I care?" said Brandon. "Because I don't want him kissing you, that's why. I don't want any other guy kissing you, either."

"Well," said Joanna, "you never kissed me."

The wind seemed to go out of Brandon. He leaned against the wall and looked at his shoes. "I know it," he said. "I've thought about it, though. I've thought about it plenty. If you knew how much I've thought about it you'd probably think I was a maniac or something. Even my mother'd probably think I was a maniac."

JOANNA also looked at her shoes. "I've thought about it, too," she said.

"You have?" said Brandon. "You have? You mean—Gee! D'you mean it would be all right if I . . . you know . . ."

They stared at each other dumbly.

"It's—it's sort of embarrassing, isn't it? I mean, we know each other so well and all."

"We'll have to get over that," said Brandon. "Somehow."

"The door's open," said Joanna faintly. "Don't you think it ought to be—you know—sort of private?"

Brandon reached out dreamily and touched a button on the control panel. When his arm came down it came to rest, miraculously, on Joanna's shoulders.

"Your tie's crooked," she said as the doors closed.

A few minutes later Joanna was in her own bedroom, having brushed past her mother with the briefest of good-nights. But one glimpse of her daughter's dazzled eyes told Mrs. March all she needed to know.

"Well," she thought. "Well, well! I do believe the child's been kissed!"

In a certain, limited way, Mrs. March was, after all, a woman of perception.

(Copyright)

SOLVE-A-CRIME

By A. C. GORDON

YOU and Police Inspector John Harrison examine the mangled body of the dead farmer, Stephen Jarman, lying in front of the silent tractor.

You notice that the blades of the tractor disc are sharp and that the blood on them has not yet dried.

Then you look questioningly at the dead man's brother, Jerry Jarman.

"If I had only been close enough to help him," Jerry says. "I was standing on the other side of the field watching Stephen cranking and cranking this old machine."

"Finally, when it wouldn't start, he walked round to the side to give it more throttle. He must have given it too much, because when he started to crank again it suddenly started up and ran right over him."

"He screamed and I yelled, too—but it was too late. I ran across the field as fast as I could, but . . ."

"Did you try to do anything for your brother?" you ask.

"There was nothing I could do, or could think of . . . all that blood. I broke down and cried. Then I hurried back to the house and phoned the doctor. I suppose he called you."

You nod in answer to this last, then ask, "Did you touch your brother, or anything at all, before I arrived?"

"No, I couldn't bring myself to touch him—or anything."

"You and Stephen were partners in this farm, weren't you?"

"Yes. We've been getting along very well, too. Starting on almost nothing a few years ago, we've brought the place into a state where it's really worth something."

"Worth murdering your brother for," you suddenly say.

"Why, what do you mean by that?" Jerry's face pales.

"What do you mean?"

Solution on page 62.

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 21

The spotlight downstairs was on the butcher now, who had finally put on his funny paper hat, after vowing from the outset that he would not.

"I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen," the doctor said. "There's a lady upstairs collecting for an orphanage. I won't be much longer."

"Don't let her hoodwink you," said the butcher sagely. "The woods are full of phonies."

"Shame on you," said the lady in blue lace. "Them orphans has to be taken care of some way."

"Dr. Fenton wouldn't even turn a sick cat away," said Louisa.

When the doctor returned to the parlor, his visitor was standing facing the hall door. She had removed her coat. The black silk dress was simple, modest. But there was elegance and taste in that simplicity. She was exquisitely built. She knew how to stand. She knew how to walk — not timidly now, but with the litheness of an animal.

"I won't take long, sir." Her brown eyes flashed. "I am sorry to seem so bold and rude, but I am going to stay until I tell you. Something very frightening happened to me last week. Doctor, you must listen."

"Mrs. Mallory," he said, "you have ways, I am sure, of communicating with the General. Don't you think it would be wiser . . . ?"

From the Bible

● "I am the door."
—John 10:9

Eastern shepherds had no door. The shepherd lay across the threshold, by his own body protecting his flock. Christ calls Himself the door. On one side He shelters us from evil, on the other He makes possible entrance to the Father's presence.

tor, and you are here, and I am here." She took a step towards him, and then drew back. "A man, a certain man came to see me the day after the funeral, my mother's funeral. My mother died recently. That is why I came to

Brooklyn." Her voice was breathless, but determined. "This man came to see me. It was the same man . . ." She broke off, fluttering the long dark lashes. "To have it make any sense to you, I must begin from the beginning."

"Very well," Dr. Fenton muttered, annoyed by find his voice so hoarse. He moved to the coffee table, groping for a cigarette.

What else, he thought? Pick her up bodily, and throw her out of the house?

"About a year ago," she said, "my husband made a trip for the Government out West. It was our wedding anniversary a few days later, and he called me up. He asked me to fly out and meet him, so I did. His work was over, and he had rented a car. He picked me up at the airport, and then we drove to a big motel. We spent two days there, resting and doing some sightseeing. At this motel we met a man."

"Do you recall the name of this motel?"

"I don't recall the name of the motel, but I remember the town," she said. She smiled wistfully. "One usually remembers places, Doctor, where things were fun. We had a wonderful two days . . . the last good time I can remember."

"The town?"

"Wichita Falls, Texas. We went swimming. It was more than a year ago, still summer. This motel had a swimming pool. My husband seemed so relaxed. It was like a honey-

moon. I had left Johnny with my mother. Then—this man introduced himself."

The doctor walked to the coffee table. "Why don't you sit down?"

She sat near the parrot's cage, her eyes unwavering, very earnest. "I am only telling you all these details, Doctor, because they all seem so important now. This man . . . well, we were just sitting there beside the pool. He said that he had heard about my husband's work in Princeton. He said he himself was an Australian scientist, here in this country on a fellowship. He was very gentlemanly, very nice, very interesting."

"Oh yes!" the parrot said. She took no notice. "I went inside a while, to dress, and left them alone." She smiled, a fleeting smile.

"Actually, Doctor, scientific shoptalk is still way over my head. When I came out, they were still talking — and my husband had invited the man to have dinner with us. I've never seen him so intrigued with anyone. You know, ordinarily, he is not sociable. But after dinner, they went for a ride and were gone for hours . . ."

Her voice shook slightly. She rose from her chair, turned towards the door and seemed to listen for a second. When she turned to him, her face was paler.

"Doctor, that same man, that stranger, showed up in Brooklyn at my mother's house. He came to see me. He said that he had read my mother's obituary in the papers, and that he had come to offer sympathy."

But why? He scarcely knew me. And I knew he was only there to snoop. About my husband. Because that was all he talked about. He seemed to know, somehow, that my husband was out of his mind." She spoke more breathlessly. "He stayed and stayed. I couldn't get rid of him. He kept asking questions. And my brother came home. Johnny was there. He found out far too much!"

The dark head lowered. "What did he find out?" She did not answer. "What did he look like," asked the doctor.

"Oh, he looks respectable." She looked up nervously. "Quite nice-looking, and with a sort of English accent. His hair was cut short, blond, a little taller than me" (She looked about five feet five) "and I could never guess his age. His face looked old—older than his body."

"What was his name?"

"Mr. Reginald Arbuthnot . . . But—that isn't all, Doctor." She twisted her slender hands, moving between the highboy and the mantel. "After he was gone, I called the fellowship fund he'd mentioned. They'd never heard of any Mr. Arbuthnot . . ."

Fitzgerald—Arbuthnot? "This, Mrs. Mallory," Dr. Fenton said, "is certainly something to report to the General."

"I will, I will if he ever calls me," she said. "Though he will be very angry. I managed things so poorly. But I was taken by surprise. I hesitate—"

"Of course," the doctor murmured. He picked up her coat. "I'll be happy to pave the way."

"My story isn't finished, Doctor." She was standing directly beneath his father's portrait now, more desperation in the beautiful face. Her lips were trembling. "I am guilty on another score. And this may be important to you. It is really the reason I have come. Have you a moment more?"

HE was sure, considering the sounds below, that the feast had reached satiety. "Games" and after-dinner drinks were next on the agenda. But he smiled and laid her coat and scarf aside.

"I have thought of it before," she said, "but I did not realise the connection until Mr. Arbuthnot came back. But I do think meeting him changed our life for us. My husband was a different person after Wichita Falls. He certainly wasn't as affectionate, and that was when his headaches started. He had a vile headache the very next day. And—well, I had the feeling something was hanging over him."

"What?" the doctor asked.

"I couldn't tell. I don't know what they talked about. I didn't connect the change with Mr. Arbuthnot," she answered. "In fact" — she smiled ruefully — "all my married life I have made allowances for Dr. Mallory's moods. He is not an ordinary person, Doctor." She seemed for the first time to become aware of the sounds from below, the scraping of chairs, the tramp of feet. Hastily she reached for the coat and scarf. "Now I have told you. Now it's off my conscience."

"Very interesting," the doctor murmured. Very, very interesting. He was tempted to keep her there and question her more closely. But she now seemed as determined to leave as she had been to stay. Tossing the scarf about her hair, she glided out into the hall.

"Thank you very much," she said.

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Continuing . . . A NOTE TO REMEMBER

from page 19

Oklahoma to Canada and back.

There were little cards tucked up in the bathrooms and closets and by the doors: "Please leave this room as neat and pretty for the next occupant as you found it. Thank you. The Management." "When you vacate, please turn out all lights. Drop key in box at front door. Thanks. The Management." Some said please and thanks, and others just said it plain. Either way you got the idea.

My mother became very excited about these little notes. She decided they were efficient as well as tactful. I don't know about their being so tactful.

The first time after we got home I lost my comb. I got in the habit of reaching into my mother's drawer in the bathroom dressing-table and using hers. I always wiped it on a towel afterwards, but one day I opened the drawer and there on top of her comb was a little white card. Printed on it was: "Am I sharing my comb with someone? Whom? The Management."

I was so surprised I laughed out loud. Then I got mad. It was such a sneaky thing to do. I mean, how would you feel? Like sticking your hand into a mousetrap.

My big sister Lorraine felt the same way when she reached into my mother's chest of drawers one night to borrow a pair of stockings and found this word from The Management: "To Whom It Concerns: The next person who returns my nylon unwashed and with a stain is going to replace them out of her allowance." My sister said she would have felt better if my mother had just come up to her and said, "Leave my nylons alone!" instead of letting her get away with it and then wham-o, a note.

But my mother says she forgets things unless she writes them down when she thinks about them, which is when she finds her comb gummed up with hair oil or goes to put on her stockings and finds somebody

has been in them before her. Which is a point that would be more valid if my mother ever forgot to write a note. She never forgets to do that. The house is full of notes.

There is one over the kitchen sink. "Don't brush teeth here. If you can't get in either bathroom, wait. The Management." There is one over the mirror in the bathroom my sister uses the most. "She who gazeth too long at her own reflection is discommoding someone else. Gaze and let gaze."

There was one taped to the head of my bed. "Have you left this bed as neat and pretty as you found it?" I took that one down. The payoff was the one I found taped to my socks and underwear drawer. "He who faith to change his underwear every day will some day be found out." I mean, it's embarrassing when your friends come over. The place looks like a motel.

Well, to get back to the evening my father came home and found there wasn't any milk . . . It was also the day of the month when my mother does her big house cleaning and takes down the old notes and puts up new ones. The one by the back door which used to read, "Have you fed Fru-Fru yet?" was now "Poorly nourished dogs die young."

There was a new one over the table where I keep my bug collection for biology. "Make sure you have completely chloroformed specimens. One of your spiders revived this morning and I had to swat it."

The remains were there. It was my prize black widow full of eggs, but to my mother a black-widow is just another spider.

There was a queer one over the towel rack next to the shower stall. "No replacements until next month." I mean, were we that hard up for towels?

Then my sister came to me with a baffled look—believe me, she has to be pretty baffled before she comes to me!—and showed me the note

she had found in her drawer on top of a new pair of nylons. "Do not use these to polish your shoes."

"Mama must be losing her buttons," my sister said worriedly.

But I burst out laughing and took her in and showed her the crazy sign over the towels. "She got 'em switched."

"Well," said my sister admiringly, "you do have a brain after all, don't you? (As you probably have already guessed, she is sixteen to my fifteen.) "But how do you explain this one?" And she led the way into the other bathroom, and in the bath was a note which said, "This is no place for apple cores." Well, gosh!

The place my mother was so hot about people not leaving apple cores was the big, fancy, hand-painted ashtray on the coffee table in the living-room. My sister and I both went rushing in there. But the note in the ashtray said, "Don't sit on this any oftener than absolutely necessary." That was a real puzzler until my sister thought of the little antique chair my mother bought while we were on vacation. The note on it said, "Please remove the soap."

My sister is always saying something obvious, but she says it anyway. "She got them all mixed."

"Yeah, counter-clockwise," I said. "The point is, shall we tell her?"

Then my father, who had run down to the store and got some milk and was presumably contented, came out from behind the paper and said, "Mixed. What's all mixed?" So we told him and showed him, and that's when everybody started worrying about the milkman. Everybody except my mother. I mean, if she was worried she didn't show it.

My mother is one of those people who are pretty hard to put down. As my father says, she can hold an untenable position longer than anybody he has ever known.

She said, "Don't be silly. Why would I put out a note for the milkman that said anything but so many quarts and so many gallons?"

"Half gallons," my father said, looking at her quizzically. But my mother just looked back at him stubbornly. "Why should I?"

"On the other hand," my father said, "why would the milkman just pick up his bottles and flee, so to speak?"

My mother laughed and said, "If you knew our milkman, you could imagine him doing anything! Why, he's just a boy, freckle-faced and terribly shy. I've tried to be nice to him and friendly, but— And then my mother laughed, slanting her big blue eyes around at my father in that special way she communicates with him in front of us. "But he acts as if I'm a spider trying to entice him into my web."

"Well, you can entice me into your web any time," said my father, who has no special means of communication, being a man. "The only thing I refuse to do for you is to bury my head in the sand."

"Look, if anybody can turn up a note in this house which says so many quarts and so many half gallons, will you then admit the possibility that you left the milkman the wrong note?"

For a split second my mother had a funny look. My father calls it her "hesitation before rushing past the point of no return" look.

She hesitated, and then, like always, she rushed on. "But you won't find it," she said. "I guess I know the kind of note I left the milkman."

We didn't find it. We looked high and low. We put the right notes in the right places — at least, my mother did. All of a sudden she seemed interested, too. But did she admit it? No. I mean, it's not a trait you really can admire in a person, but with my mother you almost have to. At the same time, I kept hoping we would turn up the milkman's note, which would serve her right. But we didn't.

Then my father went in to change his clothes, and we heard him yell, "Eureka!" He was laughing, and when we all ran into the bedroom he was holding his new lightweight summer suit by a coat-hanger. It had a note pinned to the lapel, and it said as plain as day, "1 pt. cr. 2 qts. buttermilk gal. milk."

Right then things started to happen. My mother first. I mean, if you have ever seen one of those sack dresses just hanging empty on the hanger . . . I never thought I'd feel sorry for my mother—she isn't the kind of person you usually feel sorry for—but I did.

All of a sudden my father stopped laughing and said, "Children, go down to dinner," and he shut the bedroom door.

My sister went downstairs, and I'm glad she did, because it's not the kind of family secret that ought to be shared by any more people in the family than have to. I was starting to leave, but I was in my slippers and I guess my father thought I was gone, and I heard them.

My father said, "Now, sweetie, what was the note you meant to pin to my suit? What exactly did it say?"

Then my mother's voice, as if it were way down in a well, little and pitiful, with a kind of squeak in it. But you have to hand it to her. When she has to face reality, she does it.

"It said: 'Darling, I'm m-mad about you. Why don't we go places? How about tonight?'" Her pitiful little voice changed to a high, rising wail. "Oh, George, it's your new suit. I thought you could wear it tonight—we could go out to dinner. Oh, George, how can I ever live this down?"

That was when I crept silently away, because after all . . . Well, I figured my father could handle it.

We now take milk from a different company and the only notes my mother ever writes are the ones to the milkman. "1 pt. cr. 2 qts. buttermilk gal. milk." Like that.

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said. "And if you want to, you can tell the General."
 "How did you get my name? Through Mr. Arbuthnot?"
 "No. Oh no." Dimpling, she tied the scarf beneath her chin. "From the General."
 "The General?"
 "Well, not directly from him. But he said that the greatest authority on genius in New York was treating my husband. So I called up two different hospitals, and they both said Dr. Fenton. I've also read your book."
 She turned the doorknob.
 "I thought it was just marvellous." The fog, the cold rolled in. "Thank you for listening to me." She poised for a second on the high stone stoop. "And I hope you will forgive me . . ."

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 53

"Good night, Mrs. Mallory." He watched her swift flight down the steps, her disappearance into the fog.
 He turned, surprised to find Louisa at his elbow.
 "Hmph!" Louisa said.
 "What does that mean exactly, Louisa?"
 "Hmph!" she repeated.
 "Congratulations, Doctor!" He heard the General's voice even as Stevens was removing the blindfold. The General, was stretching out a hand, a smile on his face. Also smiling were Dr. Throckmorton and Major Brown, who had followed the General in. "I think

you've done it. What? Didn't Stevens tell you?"
 Stevens had told the doctor nothing. They had met at Idlewild. Dr. Fenton had known it was going to be the same Base X only when they had skimmed over the familiar concrete highway, crossed the rumbling bridge, and hit the pine woods. They had sat on that plane for an hour and a half like mummies.
 "Well"—the General smiled at Stevens—"perhaps he wanted me to have the pleasure." He patted Stevens' shoulder. "A good man, Doc-

tor. Emotional discipline here. A perfectionist . . . But sit down. We won't need any fire this evening. Warm enough within." He touched his chest. His step was springy, and, surrounded by his cohorts, he appeared as happy as a king who is about to announce the birth of a son and heir.
 "What's happened, sir?" The doctor followed him to the leather couch. The wing chairs and the pie-crust table had been removed, and the room returned again to its former drab appearance.
 The General bestowed a benevolent smile on the opposite end of the room.

The doctor followed his glance. It was resting on the screen.
 "Doctor, the patient has drastically, immeasurably improved. He makes sense. He has snapped back to normal!"
 The doctor turned instinctively to Dr. Throckmorton, who was standing with flushed cheeks beside the General's couch. Dr. Throckmorton nodded, his blue eyes bright.
 "Just when we were at our lowest point," the General said. And he leaned forward, heaving a happy sigh and smoothing his well-creased trousers. "Do you remember our last talk, when we both felt very low about the future? I felt—well, probably lower than you."
 He looked around, sat back.

"These men deserved a sort of break. Winter, colder weather, worried. You know, our transportation and supply facilities could be ruined by a heavy snow. Information worried me."
 Still looking pleased, said, "I had the feeling, though I was encouraged by your progress, that our man's life might stretch on indefinitely. And—where was I to find base of operations as excellent as this? I knew it might be bad psychology for him to be moved, as well as our having to face the cost and practical difficulties of such an operation, which would have to be accomplished quickly and with a minimum of publicity."
 The General, unfortunately, was a wordy man. He had tangents and preambles. The doctor stirred under his rage, his eyes impatiently moving towards the screen.
 But the story had to be counted in every detail.
 To add to his troubles, the General said, his own fondness or selfishness (not staff's fault, certainly) had caused an accident. He should have lit a fire in that chimney. After his departure from Base X that very night sparks which must have drifted unnoticed into the woods nearby and smouldered there among the underbrush had broken out in a full-scale blaze. The neighbouring trees had gone up in flames, an alarming thing in the wind freshened. It was close to dawn. Billowing clouds of smoke had awakened the staff, and all had had to work their heads off to extinguish the blaze.
 For they could not, naturally call up the rural fire department. And there had been the problem, too, that the glow against the sky might attract some farmer, or passing motorist. Fortunately it hadn't. No had the house itself been damaged. But it had seemed close call, and an evil omen.

"However, what is that omen?" The General was not on his feet, his sermon moving to a climax. "It is always darkest before the dawn? Or a ill wind always blows some good? Far from destroying our hopes, that night gave birth to them. Doctor"—he smiled—"I do not mean to storm you, bailiwick. But I cannot help but believe, and, as a matter of fact, Dr. Throckmorton himself suggested it, that fear of his life, the presence of that fire and the possibility that he might be burned alive like a horse trapped in a burning barn, might have, turned the tide of his mind."

"Was he in danger?" Dr. Fenton asked.
 "Only for the briefest period," said the General. "Dr. Throckmorton immediately went down and stayed beside his bed, giving him all the comfort necessary. Dr. Throckmorton naturally had a problem, whether to move him out of the house into the fresh air. The smoke had penetrated the sick room, and the patient was coughing violently. He compromised by prying loose one of the boards covering the windows, and then he telephoned me."

The General turned to Dr. Throckmorton, bestowing another one of those broad smiles. "Poor Bill had quite a night of it. But, as I've said, Doctor, the place is intact. And the patient is not only none the worse for it, but it has wrought a change."
 Dr. Fenton turned to Dr. Throckmorton, a pretty frail-looking old hero. "How did the patient react while you were with him?" he asked the immaculate old man.
 "Oh, he was very frightened. He moaned and clung to me," said Dr. Throckmorton, glancing at the General. That night's experience seemed to have started a facial tic, for now

"I take BAYER'S ASPIRIN for NERVE PAIN!"



"I take BAYER'S ASPIRIN for BACKACHE!"



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deck twitched as he repeated his last statement. "He moaned and clung to me. He kept saying he was afraid to die. He didn't want to die, and I should take him out of the house."

"I gave him a sedative," he went on. "The fire by that time was getting under control. Well, he slept for hours afterwards." He touched the twitching check. "In fact, for nearly a day. He was spared the sight of all the confusion afterwards. The board, you see, had to be hammered back, but he didn't even wake up when the Major hammered." He smiled. "I had given him a pretty strong dose. And by the time he woke, we'd cleared his room of smoke. I had changed his mask. He was fresh as a daisy, and we decided to tell him nothing about the fire. We hoped that it had passed from his mind in sleep."

"Had it?"

"Well, he hasn't referred to it at all again."

"What has he referred to?"

"Doctor—" Dr. Throckmorton began, his face embarrassed. "He has referred—" He paused, looking toward the General timidly, then back to Dr. Fenton. "I cannot describe it, or even understand it in your terms. What has occurred within his brain. But the man seems well. Utterly and completely like a normal individual."

"Since he woke from the sedative?"

"Not exactly—" Dr. Throckmorton pursed his lips. "For a couple of days he lay—well, pretty much as he was when you first came here. Very silent, apathetic. Wearing his mask, of course, and only firing up when we came near it. But on Wednesday afternoon last week he called for me. He asked Pete to bring me in, referring to me by my name. And he has never used it before, or regarded me as a friend."

"I went in. He shook my hand politely. He asked me where he was. I told him. And—there was no speech difficulty."

"There has been not a trace since then," the General added. "He comes right out with everything. Voice is just as normal as yours and mine."

"Hmhm," said Dr. Fenton. "What else?" to Dr. Throckmorton.

"Since then, he has been polite, sociable. He has eaten his meals, taken an interest in everything. And he has asked to leave."

"The microphones have picked up all this?"

"No. We have not had them on. Some of the wiring was destroyed, or rather it got wet from all the water and the chemicals."

Major Brown now spoke. "I

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 54

am afraid your interview to-night will have to be live, Doctor. That is, through the screen without amplification. But his voice level is pretty good. It penetrates."

"Have you spoken much to him, sir?" Dr. Fenton asked the General.

"I have," answered the big man calmly, and with conviction. "Both in this room and out. I've been in and out of his room all day," he added, smiling, taking off his glasses and polishing them as he talked. "Making my own tests—because I couldn't, for many hours, accept the truth. But it's amazing!" Putting the glasses back on, he sighed, stood up—and by that gesture, subtle but commanding, seemed to dismiss his court, for the on-lookers now began to edge toward the doors.

keyhole, or even in the patient's room. "I would like to see your face," he added.

"Certainly, sir."

He sat down at his desk.

The General stood at a distance, near the centre of the room, his hands behind his back. The doctor pressed the signal button, but it seemed to be out of order. So did the mechanism which controlled the doors. It was soon obvious that they were being opened manually.

He could hear footsteps and faint whispering. He cleared his throat. All was perfectly quiet now.

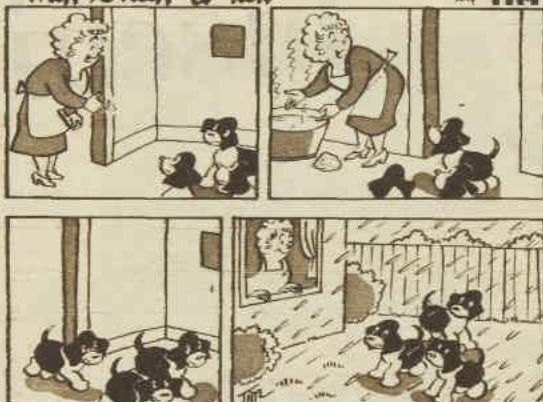
"Good evening. I am Dr. Fenton," he began.

No answer. The General tipped forward.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"Prayer," he said, as though pronouncing a benediction on them all. "Prayer is an amazing thing. Doctor, I do not know whether you are a religious man, or what your theories are about the power of faith. But to me, this seems a proof that God does listen."

His voice shook slightly. He was very sincere and his audience very solemn. But what the devil! Schizophrenics did not turn overnight into "well" men, no matter how many worthy Generals went down on their knees.

"I cannot wait until you hear him for yourself," the General said. "And may I have your permission to remain?" He nodded towards the retreating staff, who would, now that there was no monitor, perhaps remain in the corridor at the

"Make it a little louder, perhaps?" How anxious, earnest his face was. He was perspiring.

"Good evening. I am Dr. Fenton."

"Fenton?" came a baritone voice. Rather deeper than the one he'd known, though he had not heard it for a while. It was muffled by the canvas.

"Yes . . ."

"Good evening, Dr. Fenton. How are you?"

Still off in the distance somewhere, rather stiff—but to do the General justice, the voice of a sane man.

"How are you?"

"Me? I'm just fine! I'm okay, all straightened out now," he said in the same muffled tones. The doctor missed the amplifiers. He had grown used

to hearing every change in tone quality, catching all the nuances. The screen must not only be acting as a deadening agent, it also gave the voice a distorted quality.

"I'm all right. I don't need any treatment."

He was not, certainly, any abject, clinging personality to-night. Quite guarded, a trifle hostile, and, in spite of the General's remarks, not too co-operative, at first. But he seemed willing to answer questions.

"Where are you?"

"In a mental hospital—of sorts." He laughed.

"Do you know your name?"

"Yes. Eric Mallory."

Dr. Fenton looked instinctively at the General. But the latter was smiling blandly. It was as though he felt no further need for secrecy.

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-eight."

"Do you remember your date of birth?"

"What?"

"What's your birthday, the day you were born?"

"July 29, 1920."

"What work do you do?"

"I am an atomic physicist."

The patient was imperceptibly relaxing, though his voice still sounded strained—and strange. Odd how mechanics could deceive one. He had not thought the timbre quite so resonant.

Or was this merely the effect of a clearing brain?

In any case, there had been so far no effort in enunciating the sentences. No trace of gagging, gasping. The answers came without a moment's hesitation.

"Are you married, sir?"

"Yes, I am."

"What is your wife's name?"

"Angela Romagna Mallory."

"How old is your wife?"

"Twenty-seven and a half."

More pleasantly he said, "And her birthday is the twenty-eighth of March."

"Have you any children?"

"One. A boy."

"How old?"

"Four and a half. His name is John."

It was open house on secrets tonight for a fact. The General, posed as for a sculptor, stayed in that one spot, his head erect, taking in everything, not looking at the doctor at all, just waiting for the next words, a man humble before the power of a miracle. And miracle it seemed.

For, in rather grudging fashion, but always perfectly informed, the patient now proved that he was well oriented and had an intact memory. He knew the names of all the staff, the General's name and the General's position. He recited past historical events and dates, the names of presidents, all the determinants used in elemental psychology. He did not once strike out.

The doctor then threw a few curves, questions that cross-checked other questions, and even questions that carried a sting. These the patient met with aplomb, and occasionally a slight chuckle. Since a sense of humor was usually absent in the psychotic, this was encouraging, obviously he was feeling more at ease.

By now the General was walking up and down in high excitement, pleased as Punch. He walked up to the doctor, and spoke in a whisper. "Try him on loyalty . . ."

"What is your opinion of the United States?" asked Dr. Fenton.

"I am a citizen of the United States."

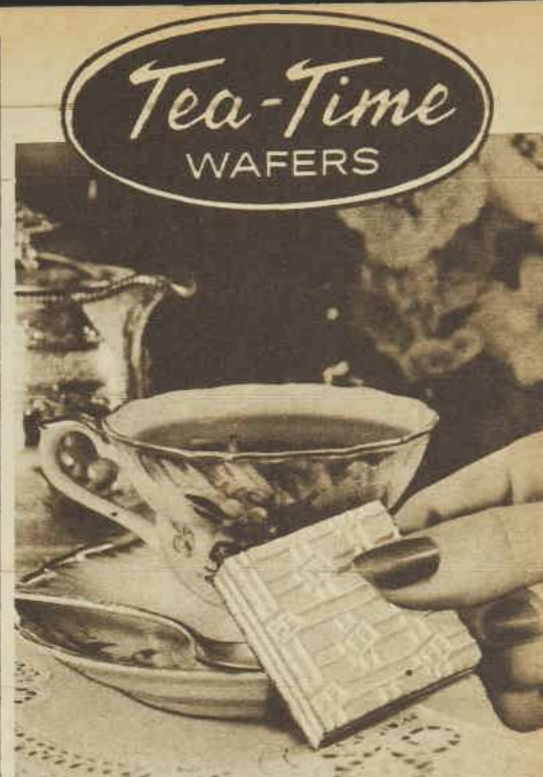
"I asked you for your opinion of the United States."

"I have a lot of opinions about the United States."

"Favorable or unfavorable?"

The General drew in a deep and audible breath. He held it.

To page 58



No wonder Peck Frean's are world famous for their wafers! After all, who could resist that wonderful straight-from-the-oven crispness . . . and Tea-Time Wafers are extra special, with generous double fillings of chocolate, vanilla and strawberry. Look for the 'stay fresh' clear film pack at your grocer's today . . .

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YOUR BOOKSHELF with Joyce Halstead

"Prince Philip—A Family Portrait"

Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia (Hodder & Stoughton). Price 37/3.

Prince Philip's cousin and contemporary writes of him with admiration and affection. Much of the interest in this book lies in family gossip and knowledge of Philip's early life, of the houses he lived or stayed in, and of the people who most closely influenced him. It was Uncle George, Marquess of Milford Haven, and not Earl Mountbatten, the Marquess' younger brother, who, the Queen claims, more strongly influenced Philip's future in England and the Royal Navy.

Queen Alexandra, or Sandra, as she is known in the family, shared Philip's childhood mischief, sat at home alone in Venice while Philip took a pretty girl out in her, Sandra's, speedboat, watched him writing a letter to another girl, and, on asking to

whom he was writing, got the answer: "To Princess Elizabeth in England."

The author gives intimate family glimpses behind the scenes at Royal weddings, and untangles the ramifications of Royal family relationships enlighteningly.

"Passionella"

Jules Feiffer (Collins). Price 13/3.

Another "sick" but very funny cartoon commentary on life. The title story is about Ella, a chimney sweep with absolutely no physical attractions, who, through the good offices of a friendly neighborhood godmother, is turned into a being looking and behaving remarkably like Marilyn Monroe, gets into films, becomes famous, but only for certain hours of the day. For the rest of the time she changes back into a chimney sweep. The fun really begins when she reverses the hours of work to play the film role of a chimney sweep—superbly.



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ALL are oldtimers, and are available at a good nursery. None is difficult to grow.

Bleeding heart (*Dicentra spectabilis* or *Dielytra*), a spring-flowering perennial, is at home in a perennial border, a shady corner of the shrubbery, or can be forced in a pot indoors.

The old favorite Solomon's seal (*Polygonatum officinale*) is best naturalised in a shady place.

Early in spring the bulbs will send up long shoots, and, later, the green-tipped white flowers will develop.

Jacobinia (*Jacobinia carnea*) will romp in a sunny position if sheltered from wind and frost, and flower several times a year.

Pineapple guava (*Feijoa sellowiana*) has dark green, silver-backed leaves which are evergreen, and in summer produces fuchsia-like waxy flowers.

Oyster plant (*Acanthus mollis*) is a herbaceous perennial.

Other plants worth talking about are *Rhus cotinus*, which bears rich, plum-colored foliage in spring; *Ruscus aculeatus* (Butcher's broom); *Chelone* (turtlehead), a hardy perennial; and *Fuchsia procumbens*, a native of New Zealand, which produces yellow and green fuchsias, followed by red berries.



JACOBINIA is a favorite for the bush-house. It grows from cuttings, and there are also red and yellow varieties. Chop back each year.



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"I don't like supermarkets, Hollywood starlets, traffic circles, or Lawrence Welk." He laughed. So did the General.

"How about the Government?"

"The Government's—fine."

"You admire the present Government?"

"I do," he said, with utter calm.

"What are your political affiliations?"

"How do I vote? Republican or Democrat?"

"Yes."

It was more like a court trial now—with the General presiding as judge, and Dr. Fenton, the prosecuting attorney—than the examination of a sick man.

"I do not vote. I am not interested in politics."

"Are you a Communist?"

"Most certainly not."

Gone were all the vagueness, suffering, confusion, and fear—most definitely. His panic seemed to have vanished with those microphones.

"Do you admire the scientific programme of the United States?"

"I certainly do. It's wonderful."

Strong emphasis, and even surprise, as though it were unthinkable he should be asked.

"In relation to other countries' scientific programmes?"

"We're smarter than the Russians, the Germans, and certainly the English, if that is what you mean."

"Do you find fault with any aspects of your particular job?"

"Absolutely not."

"May I read you one of your former statements?" the doctor asked quietly. He ran through his notebook, put on his glasses and recited the patient's secretary's testimony. She had heard the patient threaten to blow up the laboratory.

"This was said by you on the afternoon you were taken ill. Do you remember saying it?"

"No, sir."

"You deny its pertinence to yourself?"

"I do not understand the question."

"Is the statement real? Does it express what you secretly have always felt, do feel?"

"No, sir."

"You renounce this statement?"

"Yes. I do not recall ever having made it," said the patient. And now, with certain noises, as though he had clambered from his bed to the floor and walked, unmolested, closer to the screen, he "explained" his illness.

He explained it as a form of mental blackout. Amnesia, if he could employ one of the doctor's terms. He was very self-confident by this time, and the voice was stronger, more effusive and intense. During that period, from late September to last Wednesday, "something had happened" to him, which he could only explain as possibly physical, the result of a blow.

There had been no "blows," the doctor answered.

No neurological evidence of concussion. Did the patient re-

call having been struck by anybody?

"No. It's as you say, Doctor. But I do know when I woke that morning, my head ached badly. Migraine. I am subject to them. Could migraine cause amnesia?"

"I doubt it, but describe your symptoms."

"Well, I had this headache, but I went to work. I can remember that morning very clearly. Everything looked far brighter than usual. The color of my wife's dress, for example. It was lavender. And our boy wore a yellow T-shirt. When I got into my car, its color seemed almost blinding. My car is blue, robin's-egg blue."

He waited, as though for a word of approbation. Certainly, if the General had been the interviewer, one would have come. That stalwart gentleman had never looked more entranced. His lips hung slack, his hands hung limp, his eyebrows jutted forward.

"Go on, please."

"By two o'clock things were so bright as to be unbearable. And my head felt twice its size. The pain was excruciating. I thought of going home, and was about to, when suddenly everything seemed to snap. Stars flashed. I couldn't see any more, and"—he paused, heaved in a sigh—"and the next thing I was here."

"That's all?" asked Dr. Fenton.

"That's all, sir. Positively."

"You don't remember striking anybody?"

"No. Did I strike anybody?"

"Tearing paper up?"

"Papers? My own work. No sir. Nothing until I came to last Wednesday. And believe me, sir, that was a shock."

MALLORY waited, chuckled, and again he waited, stirring restlessly.

"You may lie down again," said Dr. Fenton. For he knew the man was at the screen. He could see the bulges that his face, perhaps his hands, were making in its canvas surface.

"Don't tire yourself. That will be all for now. Thank you, Dr. Mallory. Good night."

"All for now!" cried the strained voice. The bulges on the canvas moved. "I'm well. Good grief, man. I want to leave. I don't need any treatments."

"You may be right. However—"

"I want my wife. I want to work." Aggrieved, almost frantic. "Are you going to punish me for a little headache? Give me a prescription—"

The hands pressed violently.

The General hurried out.

"I've given you enough proof!"

The bulges disappeared. Smothered muttering and shuffling, the padding of tennis shoes. Then somebody, perhaps the patient cursed. He heard a

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

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grunt. There was loud creaking, the sound of metal. And finally the doors slammed shut.

Was it a miracle?

"Amnesia" was too cheap a theory.

Those tests had barely scratched the surface.

In the hubbub of discussion which followed (and hope flowed as copiously as the Scotch) the doctor almost forgot to hand in his report on Mrs Mallory to the General.

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She, who had seemed so important an item five hours ago, had now sunk to a postscript, but he remembered her at last and turned in the facts about her visit, which he had scribbled down on the plane.

The General read them cursorily. His face was still pink with optimism.

"I think," said the doctor, when the General had finished reading, "that we have every reason to believe that the man who visited her was the same one who came to see me, in spite of the difference in names."

"It would appear that way," said the General. He pocketed the doctor's notes. "I think maybe we'll have a line on the gentleman before very long. In any case, I think that, whatever he may be up to, he's a little late." He brightened. "A headstrong little strumpet, isn't she?" He laughed heartily. "I guess you can see now why the patient might be in a hurry to get back to her, can't you?"

"A very attractive woman." The doctor paused. "Do I understand, then, General, that you no longer feel there's any great risk involved in my having seen her?"

"Well, I'd say we're out of the woods now, wouldn't you, Doctor?" The General earnestly sipped his drink.

"It would certainly appear so on the surface," the doctor said. "Of course, her testimony . . ." He stopped. Looking at the screen, he said, "This may be temporary. He may revert."

want to raise her hopes prematurely. But . . . Fenton . . . The General's eyes twinkled.

"Yes?"

"I've heard it said that a psychiatrist worthy of his suit never really discharges a patient. Once he grabs hold, he never lets go. That's not true in your case, is it?" The General grinned expansively at his own joke.

Dr. Fenton forced a hollow laugh. "We're unduly maligned," he said.

The Romagna house looked bleak on this wintry Sunday afternoon. The glassed-in porch was bare, and the curtains down upstairs. A "For Sale" sign leaned askew in the small front yard.

He was ten minutes earlier than he said he would be when he telephoned, but when he touched the bell, the door opened instantly, as if she had been watching for him. She crossed the empty porch, dressed in a black skirt, white blouse and dark cardigan. "How very kind of you, Doctor." Her face was flushed. "Please come in."

BEHIND the porch was a sombre parlor hung with heavy brown portieres.

"This is Johnny," she said. A little boy had scrambled up from the floor. "Doctor, I should like you to meet my son. Johnny, this nice man is Dr. Fenton. This was the child he had seen with her at the funeral. Today he was in dungarees and yellow T-shirt."

The doctor held out his hand, but the boy did not take it. He hid behind his mother. His hair was light brown and his eyes dark brown. Though pale, he was a good-looking little boy. The Doctor smiled. "Hi, Johnny."

Finally the boy gave a timid smile and took the doctor's hand. Then he turned shyly away. He leaned against a sofa. "Let's see if Uncle Victor wants to play a game of checkers." Very gently she coaxed him back behind the brown portieres. "Please make yourself at home, Doctor."

It was the sort of house he remembered from early boyhood, like his grandmother's house. Old world, old-fashioned, with heavy scrolled furniture, stained woodwork, lace antimacassars, and enough family photographs to fill a gallery. The only modern touch was a huge console television set.

He scanned the photographs. The Romagna men struck very dramatic poses. There were stiff little girls in white dresses, first-communion pictures, no doubt. And many bridal groups. He saw none which included a man with light brown hair and glasses. But he was examining one when she returned. It was indubitably Angela, dressed in medieval costume and with her long black hair hanging down her shoulders.

She carried a tray with a decanter and two glasses. Catching him near the photograph, she laughed. "That's me in high school. I played Juliet. And I was terrible."

"Were you an actress, Mrs. Mallory?"

"Before my marriage? No. I wanted to be. I went a year to dramatic school. But I ended up modelling fur coats in A. and S's." She set the tray on a table topped with dark blue glass. Where had she acquired that air of aristocracy? "Or would you have preferred coffee, Doctor?"

"No, thank you. I drink too much coffee." So far she had not mentioned her husband, and he wondered if the General had telephoned. "This is certainly much better hospitality than I offered you," he said.

"It is my mother's wine," she said. "She made it every year, including this year." She smiled a gentle smile. Then she sighed. "Doctor, the General

called this morning. Is it true? Is my husband cured?"

He did not speak for a moment. "Your husband has undergone a change, a very remarkable one in the past week. He speaks intelligently, and has renounced his threats," he answered carefully.

Her eyes gazed into his. "But, Mrs. Mallory, it is a trifle early to say that he is cured. Didn't the General tell you that?"

"Oh yes, but he was so enthusiastic." She picked up her glass. Then she looked towards the brown portieres. From beyond came a heavy creaking step. In a lower voice, she said, "It would naturally affect my plans. I cannot stay on here."

"I noticed the For Sale sign," the doctor said.

"Yes, but it is already sold. We sold it yesterday." She sighed. "My brother Victor was the only one who lived with Mama, and he is leaving Brooklyn. He—" She rose. "Excuse me." Raising her voice she called, "How is the checker game going?"

A man's voice answered in Italian.

"Excuse me." She disappeared through the portieres, and soon came back. When she sat down again, her tone was even softer. "Mainly I did not want Johnny to hear the plans. You see we have a house to go to . . ." She smiled. "You like the wine?"

"Excellent," the doctor said. She poured him another glass.

"You mean your husband's house?" the doctor asked.

"Yes. Though two of my sisters have been begging me to visit them." Still she spoke conspiratorially. "But if there is hope for my husband, I should be home. Don't you think so, Doctor?"

"Mrs. Mallory, as I've said before . . ."

"Anyway"—she turned her head uneasily—"as soon as I have helped Victor with the moving, I shall leave." She set her glass down firmly. "I must think only of what is best for Dr. Mallory . . ."

"Of course," he said.

"Have you been able to question him yet about Mr. Arbutnot?" I told the General all that I told you."

"I have only begun to scratch the surface of your husband's problems, Mrs. Mallory. Much remains to be done." The brown portieres swayed softly. Lowering his voice, he said, "I suppose you realise that Mr. Arbutnot was not 'all he was cracked up to be.'"

"I meant has Dr. Mallory mentioned him?"

"No, but that place you mentioned, Wichita Falls . . ."

He stopped. Her eyes were dark, intent. All was expectancy, and yet the persistent illusion of someone eavesdropping, plus all the preservations of the old taboos seemed like iron bands. "Mrs. Mallory," he said, "it's wonderful to be able to talk with you, but would it be possible for us, say, to take a walk? Or do you have to stay?"

"No, let's go out," she said. And she got up so abruptly and so eagerly it was almost as though she herself had been hoping for his suggestion. "But it's so cold. You must be tired."

"Is it too cold for you?"

"I haven't been out of this house for days. Not to go anywhere. Except to your house—and the Hotel Astor." The dimples showing again, she vanished. Then from behind the brown portieres prompt alterations began in low Italian. Her voice was rapid, pleading. The man seemed angry and suspicious. When she returned, her cheeks were flushed.

She was dressed in the flowing coat, and round her head was a scarf of lavender.

It added new dimension to

To page 59

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from page 58

this deeply sensitive young woman demanded poetry, not pedantry.

Up here on the deserted promenade, late sunlight, cold and brilliant, gave wan color to the beach, struck dazzling highlights in the sea. And the ocean thundered, drew back, thundered.

"A man of genius," he almost had to shout. "A man like that —" He nodded out across the blue expanse. "As big as that — and as hard for a human being like me to comprehend." Yes, that had been his early impression of the sick man. But not all. He turned his back to the wind. "But you and jazz

music added warmth to it. Color and youth. I knew that he was human . . ."

She stood before him, not responding to the smile. Her head was bowed. She shivered again.

"Are you frozen?"

"No." She lifted the small chin firmly. "Let's walk a little farther. This is very helpful . . ."

They were approaching a carousel when she spoke again. He could hear its music above the steady roar of the breakers. The tune was "Rose from the South."

"I wish I could have understood my husband," she began. "I wish I could—well—have seen into his heart. But he was older . . ." She broke off, looking shyly up into my face. "Seven years may seem like a long marriage, Doctor. But I was very young when we were married."

"Twenty-one?" he asked.

"Not quite twenty-one," she said. "And who was I? I was modelling fur coats. I had a high-school education. I could not imagine what Dr. Mallory saw in me. He was so very brilliant. He was older. He had gone to college — and abroad—to famous universities.

It was sort of — like, well, marrying Prince Rainier." She blushed and looked abashed before his smiling glance. "Not that I'm any Grace Kelly."

"Your husband has always spoken of you devotedly," he said.

"Yes, Dr. Mallory has been kind to me. He has been patient with me, never ashamed. He tried to educate me, he was faithful." She walked in silence, and now it was as though imperceptibly she was keeping time to the wheezy waltz music. She paused before the carousel. "He was a good man, Doctor, very good. He let me keep my own religion, he bought me clothes. I was a lucky woman, Doctor."

"He was a lucky man."

"Yes . . . Maybe so . . ."

Now she was turning suddenly, shivering again, sweeping the long coat in an arc. "Shall we go back now, Doctor?"

He strode beside her, mystified and troubled. The light was paler, less brilliant, now. All color was gone from the sea beyond. The vast expanse looked lifeless, leaden.

"Doctor, there is something, though, that I would like to ask you."

"Ask away."

"I am not too familiar with psychiatry. I read your book — and some others since my husband was taken ill. It's about Johnny. He sometimes worries me."

"How so?"

It was quite a while before

To page 60

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beauty, the violet hue enlivened the peachlike skin, the dark eyes and the dark hair. She looked no older than sixteen.

The sun shone on the steeple of the church beyond, but its light was paler in this street. Pigeons had left the sky. They walked past the school, their footsteps making the only sounds in this Sun-stillness, so different from the day in late October. Here the hand had marched, and here, on those church steps, he had trained his eyes for a glimpse of this exquisite child.

How different she seemed from that veiled mystery woman—swinging along like a schoolgirl, head held high, and smiling eagerly. She had begun almost from the moment they were out of the house, again on the subject of the Arrouthnot and the effect of the rendezvous at Wichita Falls made on "Dr. Mallory." Eagerly enough, he had not heard her refer to her husband by his first name. "Dr. Mallory" had grown irritable, impatient, and complained of headaches.

She laughed apologetically. "It's silly to talk about his being more forgetful. My husband was naturally absent-minded."

"In what particulars?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, many, many things. Birthdays, wedding anniversaries . . ." She added loyally. "Not that he wouldn't stand on his head to make it up when he forgot. But before we went to Wichita Falls, I had to remind him it was our sixth anniversary." She stopped, then said with dignity, "But a genius does not need to remember little things."

He seems less absent-minded now," the doctor said, remembering the sharp retorts from behind the screen. "Your birthday rolled right off the tip of his tongue."

"Good. That's very good." She nodded, pleased.

They passed an El, and he began to smell a mingled aroma of hot corn, hot dogs, and salt air. They were on the banks of Coney Island. Most of the concession fronts were boarded up, but the merry wheel was turning, screams came from the roller coaster, and little children galloped round and round on ponies.

They stood before a wide, bright boulevard, swept with wind.

"What is he really like?" the doctor asked. He noticed that she was shivering. "Shall we turn back?"

"No." Her eyes were bright. "Dear old Coney Island. I love it. Let's go on." She breathed deeply. "The air is wonderful."

"What was my husband like?" she asked when they had crossed towards Steeplechase. "That seems a funny question for you to ask me, Doctor. I should be asking you what he is like." She smiled and said with deep respect, "You have much understanding."

The doctor smiled. "Not of your husband, Mrs. Mallory," he continued, as they strolled against the wind towards the sea. "You may not know the circumstances under which I've treated him. They have not been helpful to a diagnosis. I have used my imagination," he said hastily, for she had paused as though in alarm. "And of course I've formed an impression of his character. But it may be wrong. His recent improvement has confused me."

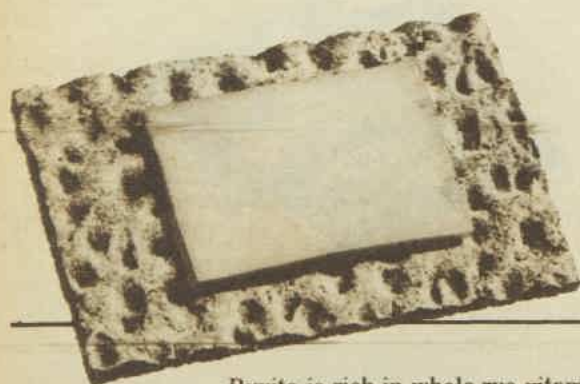
"What was this impression?" They mounted sandy steps, he boardwalk steps. "Well, I have thought of him as dreamy, absentminded, the way you just described him. The typical idealist, though 'typical' is a word I very much dislike." He breathed deeply. The wind seemed to be snatching the words away, and making them pedantic. The view and

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Continuing . . . **BLINDFOLD**

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she answered. "Johnny loves his father very much," she said, with care. "I am certain of that. And his father is very crazy about Johnny. He loves him very dearly. I'm sure that he does. But, as you say, his father is a dreamer—and a marvellous genius," she falteringly went on. "He cannot be expected to be a husband and father like other fathers, can he?"

"I should imagine there are very many different forms of fatherhood, all of which include being a good father," he said lamely.

"You are not a father, Dr. Fenton?"

"No," he said. "I have never married."

"Oh, how perfectly beautiful," she said breathlessly, and stopped walking. The lights along the boulevard had just come on. "Don't they look pretty?"

He agreed. And yet the impulsive reaction, the timing of it had given him a start. In fact, annoyingly, he had experienced a thrill. He was furious at himself.

They left the line of lights, stepped down into the rapidly darkening streets, and began to retrace the route by which they had come.

"Johnny," she picked up the conversation again beyond the boulevard, "doesn't seem to want to go home at all. And he has asthma there."

"You have had treatment for him?"

"Yes. They tell me it is all nerves." She looked up anxiously. "I do not mean to imply, Doctor, that it's his father's fault. I spoil him. I was brought up to spoil children, love them half to death. But boys, I guess, should not have spoiling mothers. At least the books say that. But—" She fell silent once again.

"But what?"

"You see, I felt that I alone cannot make him into a man, or bring him up like other boys. He needs companionship, and to know his father. So would it be too much to ask you, when you begin the therapy, could you put in some little word for Johnny? I feel sure that Dr. Mallory would listen to you."

"I certainly shall. I shall try," he said.

"Thank you." After this, she seemed to brighten. Looking up at him, her eyes were grateful. "I think it's wonderful the General found you. I feel so much confidence in your ability, Doctor. You know?"

her voice rose blithely — "the General said something today—that an ill wind blows somebody some good. And when I went to Mass, I thought about it. Yes. Maybe my husband's illness was—from God. Maybe he will come out of it a better person." She took a skipping step.

"Am I walking too fast for you?"

"No. Oh no."

"How about a cab?"

"I like to walk. Do you think a nervous breakdown can change a person, Doctor? Once they are over it?"

He smiled awkwardly, looking down into the sweet and trusting face. It was as transparent as a brook, and just as soothing to a troubled man. Was that the secret of her ineffable charm? Transparency? And beneath the clear bright surface, depths of purity which enabled her to flow through all experience, unchanged and always restful? If so, no wonder she attracted men.

But she was waiting.

"Mrs. Mallory, psychiatrist don't try to make people over," he said at last. "What they are, they are. And"—he hesitated, hating to disturb that soft credulity—"his recovery, this change in him has been abrupt. Indeed, the other night I had to readjust, as I have said, certain preconceived ideas I had had about him. Do I make myself clear?" he asked.

"No. Not entirely," she smiled.

"I had thought him vague and humbler than he acted. But the other night he acted neither vague nor humbled. Now, Mrs. Mallory, don't be alarmed. Certain personality changes often do occur, under shock, for instance, or when the consciousness of reality first returns. Your husband has been very ill." He paused. "Frankly, what concerns me is this. The fact that he snapped back so suddenly, and the fact that he is different, well, may I call it in emotional tone, leads me to wonder if the cure is permanent. Whether he is not just pretending now, talking like a parrot."

She looked up. "I've said this to the General. I'd hoped he would relay it."

"He didn't," she said. "He didn't." She sighed. "But I understand. And I trust you."

"Time alone will tell."

"Of course, of course. Then it might be weeks and weeks yet?"

"Time will tell," he said again. She walked in silence, and the darkness shielded her face. "Meanwhile, the General has a squad of men, I'm sure, out after Mr. Arbuthnot." He smiled. "And you don't have to wear a red camellia."

Coming under a street lamp, he could see the dimples. Light filled her eyes again.

"Wasn't I foolish? I'm sorry." Then—impulsively: "What a nice person you are, Doctor."

The next dark blocks were devoted to a very earnest catalogue of the sick man's likes and dislikes. As though she was not only embarrassed by her quick compliment, but making up for any spoken or implied criticism of her husband's personality, she began to pour out details to show that Eric Mallory had had interests outside his work, and had been "human."

It might help the doctor with his treatments, she explained.

Her husband did read nonscientific books occasionally.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 8, 1961

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 60

"No. I'm calling from Washington." His voice faded. "This is a hell of a connection. Is this better?" "Fine now." "I've been down below there, spending the day with him. With him," the General repeated, "and I thought it was important to have a word with you. He's an utterly changed human being, Fenton. To my mind he is cured. He's humble, eager to make amends, very grateful, full of firewater and vinegar, ready to go back to work. So I think it's important that we start thinking in terms of a clearance date."

WHEN the doctor hesitated, the General continued, and tonight there was nothing ministerial in his tone. His voice was clipped and brisk. "I know this seems hasty to you. But bad weather is coming. It snowed down there this morning. We'll have to move him and the whole shebang in any case . . . somewhere. And I say why not close up shop?"

"I'm afraid it's too early, General. My feeling is that he should be detained a little . . ."

The General broke in, his voice crackling. "We can't speak of detaining a sane man. He's no prisoner of war, after all. He has certain rights. We don't want any stink raised." His voice faded, and when it came in clearly again, he was in the middle of a sentence. " . . . political considerations involved. Fenton? Damn this connection."

"I can hear you," the doctor said. "Are you proposing then that I don't see him any more . . . that we wash it up here and now?"

"Do you know of any good reason why we shouldn't?" There was a belligerence in the last question that he resented. Co-operation seemed to be disintegrating. The General was showing his brass. But, after all, it was no minister who had throttled those Nazis bare-handed.

The doctor kept his voice steady. "Yes, sir," he said. "I can think of several good reasons. It was my understanding when I left the other night

that there would be two more interviews at the least. I think it's very important that we go through with them."

At the other end of the line he heard a heavy, distinctly exasperated sigh.

"Fire or no fire," he went on, "the transition seems much too abrupt. I feel it should be thoroughly tested. I fully realise that I'm not the final authority in this matter, either. All I'm doing is giving you my medical opinion."

"I can appreciate that, Fenton." The General's tone was finally conciliatory. "I don't mean to imply any lack of appreciation for your work. It's just that . . ." He paused. He was silent for so long that the doctor thought the connection

warmed up, apparently ready to go. The pilot was standing outside, and the doctor met him for the first time.

He was a young negro in an Air Force uniform. Stevens drew him aside to talk it over. The doctor caught "clearance at our own risk" and "worse down there," and he thought he heard "land in the creek." Then Stevens returned, shrugging and shaking his head.

"He says we shouldn't risk it. Zero ceiling all the way down. Sorry, Doctor."

Tuesday the blizzard ended, but it became bitterly cold. Ice formed a jewelled crust over the snow, and the wind howled relentlessly. But Stevens telephoned at three, and said, "Are you game to try it this evening, Doctor? The General got through, and the pilot's willing to try."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



had been broken. Finally the General said, "That place has to be closed down by Friday at the very latest. If weather permits, we'll have two more sessions. Otherwise only one. That's the best I can offer."

"Suppose the weather is so bad that we can't get through at all," the doctor said.

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," the General said. "Make it La Guardia, the old spot, at seven sharp tomorrow night."

Next morning it began to snow.

It was still snowing at seven that evening. He showed up at La Guardia anyway. He and Stevens trudged across the field through swirling flakes to the plane. Nothing was coming in or going out, Stevens said, but the plane was being kept

In that milder climate of the blindfold country, the wind was more merciful. Snow had fallen here, but it was powdery, not frozen. It crept above his trouser cuffs and soaked his feet. But the concrete road seemed to have been cleared, and the station wagon sped over it as fast as usual. Only in the wooded area did he feel the presence of snow again. Heavy clumps of it seemed to be falling from the trees as they passed through. And snow again slipped into his shoes as they left the bridge and went through the boxwood garden. Even before Stevens removed the blindfold, the General was brushing snow from the doctor's topcoat, helping him off with it, eager to begin.

Making it clear that he no longer intended to be a mere observer, the General planted himself in a chair, close to the screen, and signalled Major Brown to roll back the doors.

THE mechanism was in working order again. Over the amplifier the voice sounded mechanical and precise, and it was chilly with distaste.

"I am well," he announced at once, paying no return to Dr. Fenton's salutation. "I want to be let out of here. I don't want psychoanalysis."

He then embarked on a didactic self-analysis, replete with terminology.

"I had an unfortunate neurological disturbance," he said haughtily. "Which a sensitive man, with a high-powered set of nerves and much responsibility, should be entitled to. But it has passed. And I don't intend to discuss the things I said during this period of amnesia. They are garbage, utterly non-germane to my conscious personality. My conscious is in fine working order again. If I wish to explore my subconscious in the next few years, I will consult an analyst of my own choosing."

When he was reminded of "murder" and of "Wichita Falls," he turned more huffy. "But," the General broke in with apparent concern, "you realise that you did seem upset about those matters. You even suggested that we take your family to the moon."

"I think," the patient said significantly, "that you, Gen-

eral, will be able to understand what that particular reference might derive from. And as for Wichita Falls . . ."

"Yes," said the doctor, "what about Wichita Falls?"

"A little jerkwater town in Texas, where my wife and I spent a very brief time."

"Do you recall a Mr. Arbuthnot?" the doctor asked.

The General cleared his throat, scowling as if accusing the doctor of having improperly invaded the realm of security.

"Sure, I remember him," the patient said. "A physicist from Australia who's a bug on sports cars. I was thinking of buying a Jaguar at the time, and he took me for a ride in his. My wife didn't like him."

"Why didn't she?" the doctor asked.

"I think he made a pass at her and she resented it. How is she? Does she miss me?"

To Fenton, his voice had become disgustingly full of a sly innuendo.

choose to wear a pillowslip over your head."

"What?" bellowed the patient. "You mean they haven't told you?"

"The pillowslip is off," said the General. "Dr. Throckmorton replaced it with a bandage."

"Then his face is still masked?" the doctor asked.

"Not a mask, it's a bandage," the patient said hostilely.

"Why?" Ignoring him, the doctor confronted the General. "Do you intend to release a masked man to his wife and job?"

"No," came the voice from behind the screen. "Of course not. I shall remove it as soon as my present skin condition has cleared up."

"What's this about a skin condition?"

"When the pillowslip was removed," the General replied, "Dr. Throckmorton found that the patient, in spite of all our efforts to keep him clean during his—er—period of forgetfulness, has unfortunately broken out with contact dermatitis."

Dr. Throckmorton had quietly entered the room. "Am I right, Bill?"

"Yes, sir." The old man appeared very embarrassed. His face was beet-colored above the long white coat. "I took the mask off yesterday, and the poor man's face was just appalling. Blotches and lesions, some of them suppurating, especially about the eyes and nose."

DR. THROCKMORTON was almost senile in his manner. Base X seemed to have added twenty years to his original sixty-six.

"That pillowslip got so dirty. And I foolishly used wool blankets. He has an allergy to wool."

The doors were closed. The General turned to Dr. Fenton. "Well . . ."

Stevens appeared with the doctor's hat, coat, and blindfold.

"We'll be with you in a second, Stevens," the General said, dismissing him. "Well, Doctor?"

"Of course under ordinary circumstances . . ." the doctor began.

The General banged his hand with his first. "That's just it, Doctor. These are not ordinary circumstances. What you seem to forget is that you were not retained to do a complete analysis on this man."

"I haven't lost sight of that, sir."

"You were asked to put a genius back on the job." The General started pacing, smoothing his hair with both hands. "The man is perfectly sane. He has assured us of his loyalty over and over again. He is ready to return to work. Great issues are at stake. I don't expect you to comprehend them fully, but please, for God's sake, take my word for it. Let's put him back in business."

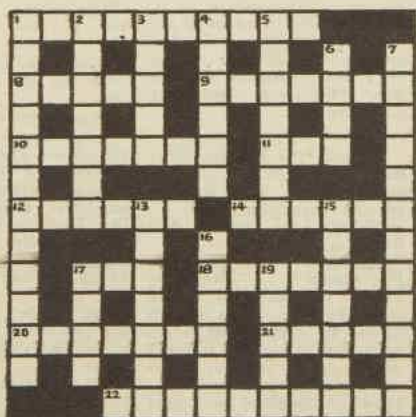
When the doctor hesitated, the General went on with exasperation. "Let me handle spy

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Go on a journey, with a girl leading (5, 5).
- Athol may mix it with whisky, yet this porridge may remain sober (5).
- Strain in stone (7).
- Corrected and remains so even when headless (7).
- Hurried in France (3).
- If it's down it is in complete confusion (6).
- Like a mischievous child led by a devil (6).
- Moo, not reaching far up (3).
- Sure pal (Anagr., 7).
- This Italian city on the Mediterranean is surrounded by lava (7).
- Manservant full of beer (5).
- Cart horses (Anagr. for musicians, 10).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Thereafter the queens are mixed up and subtly surrounded (12).
- Caterpillars of geometer moths used in sewing machines (7).
- Produce as result, though mostly idle (5).
- Do cats produce groups of eight? They may (6).
- Display of temper with spirited end (7).
- Bearing of person in me (4).
- Inflammation of the brain is in the place (12).
- Do bet with a noble widow (7).
- Like islanders, especially if narrow-minded (7).
- Spatter a bookie with the flexible part of a whip (6).
- Exist as evil (4).
- Wanders about while producing ovens (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

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rings in my own way, Doctor. I'll catch them all in time." He walked to the mantel, turned. "Let's sweep the board clean. To delay is only giving them further chances." He tapped his foot, his hands behind his back. "Well . . ."

"I'll be prepared to give you a complete summary of my feelings and conclusion after the next session," the doctor said stubbornly. "Meaning the final session, I suppose."

"Stevens," the General called, "the doctor's coat."

"Will it be tomorrow night?" the doctor asked.

"We'll let you know," the General said.

When the doctor arose next morning, he learned that during the night the temperature had dropped to ten degrees. It had been an extraordinary November.

Yet it did not snow again during the day. The weather seemed no more unsuitable for flight than that of the previous evening. All through the day he waited for Stevens to call.

THERE was no call from Stevens, but at nine that evening, as he sat brooding in the library, there was one from Angela Mallory.

"Dr. Fenton, I'm leaving for home tomorrow, and I didn't want to go without telling you goodbye and thanking you."

"Tomorrow?" he asked sharply.

"Yes." She laughed lightly. "I had a call from the General this morning, asking me to take the first train I could get. You see I really ought to get the house ready. I'm sure the dust must be three inches deep down there. I have an awful lot to do before Saturday."

"Saturday?"

"The General said he hoped they could bring him home on Saturday. Anyway, by Sunday at the latest."

"Well . . ." he said, and paused. Hot blood had risen to his face and his fingers gripped the receiver. He felt not only anger but a personal loss, and beyond these feelings, a sense of dark foreboding.

But if the General had said to come, it was certainly not his place to say no, stay. Or to communicate even a hint of his own uneasiness. Eric Mallory was her husband, and who was he to tell her that her husband was a devil.

Continuing . . . BLINDFOLD

from page 61

"Well—have a good trip," he said at last.

"Goodbye, Doctor."

"Goodbye, good luck," he said.

"Thank you." She hung up.

He was the hired help, that was about the size of it.

But in the ensuing hours he could not bear his silent house. He turned the hi-fi on, full blast, to Beethoven, then turned it off. He prowled the rooms, began a mystery novel, tossed it on the floor. Plunging out at last into the dark cold streets, he tried, with walking, both to dismiss her from his thoughts and to assess his thoughts about her. He thought of calling Monica, dropping in at Monica's very chic and gay apartment, but that was unfair to Monica. He went into a Third Avenue bar, staying there till closing time.

All the next day, Thursday, he kept thinking of her on the train, riding off to shadowland. He saw her turning a key, her little boy beside her . . . Angela in an apron, pitching in to clean up dust that "must be three inches deep . . ."

Thursday was notable for other reasons as well. Leaving his office at seven after a purposely strenuous day, he had the sensation that he was being shadowed. The lobby was dim. The downstairs floor contained a drugstore, now closed, and there were alcoves and corridors leading to other offices. The man, his face half concealed by a hat pulled low, appeared to have been watching for him from the drugstore entrance. As Dr. Fenton swung on past it toward the street and the cab stand, he heard footsteps following. He turned. The man was looking into a display window. But when the doctor moved, the steps began again.

He did not stop, and a cab was waiting. He got in. But after supper, going to his parlor window to check the weather, he saw the man again. It was the same figure, he was sure, a man of average height, bundled in a heavy coat, pacing the sidewalk on this bitter night. The doctor drew the shades and turned away. This was absurd. His nerves were cracking. Anybody shadowing him certainly wouldn't be so obvious about it. When he looked again the man was gone.

About ten o'clock the telephone rang.

"Hello."

No answer. The line was open. He could hear heavy breathing, irregular and harsh. "Hello. What do you want?"

Just the breathing, and then a click.

A coincidence? Some drunken fool?

Ten minutes later, while he was reading in the library, the phone rang once again.

There was still the hope it might be Stevens.

"Hello."

Again the heavy breathing and a sort of grunt.

"Who is this?"

He waited only a second or two more, then disgustedly slammed down the phone.

When Stevens called again he would tell him all about these spooks. Much more of this damned stuff, he thought, and they'll have me behind a screen.

If Stevens called, he amended. He was beginning to doubt that he would. He felt certain now that the General had by-passed him, taking matters into his own hands, that he wasn't even going to be allowed the final session the General had promised.

And if so, the hell with it; the hell with the General and with everybody else. Except Angela Mallory.

Friday morning another

blizzard hit the city. While he was eating breakfast, Edna Willoughby called from Astoria.

Her throat was sore. She thought she had best stay home, particularly since she had no dog sled.

He managed to get to the office by ten-thirty. He had a patient scheduled for eleven, but she didn't show up.

Just before eleven there was a phone call, just like the two he had the previous evening. The caller was a man; that much he could determine from the deep, chesty breathing.

After lunch there was another call. This time the breathing had a quality of panting. The caller still did not speak.

His only patient of the day was with him from two till three. After she left, he stood at the window, watching the snow. It was not so heavy now. There were few cars moving. The streets were almost deserted. Although it was still early, there were lights al-

behind him. His dark eyes, melodramatic, sensual, roved past the doctor's head. He tumbled in his pocket, and striking a dramatic pose, flourished a small card. "The name is Romagna, Doctor."

It was there in print, Victor Romagna. "Lighting Fixtures" was printed underneath the name, and the Brooklyn telephone number. The card looked old.

"I'm Angie's brother, Doctor. Or Mrs. Mallory, if you prefer." The emphasis on her married name was flat. "Sorry I didn't get the opportunity—previously." He sat down. Still not bothering to remove his hat, he began to peel off his gloves. On his fingers were several rings.

Last Sunday, separated by the portieres, Dr. Fenton had had an impression of a brother, oafish and gurgling. Angela had seemed to keep him out of sight purposely. But this guy had a breezy suaveness. He reminded the doctor of men who operated around Rockefeller Centre, furtively offering bargain diamonds.

"I got a proposition to make



ready on in the apartment building across the way. As he watched, he saw something catch the light. He looked more closely. At a window stood a man with a pair of binoculars, trained, or so it seemed, directly on him.

He closed the blinds and slumped at his desk.

And presently, in the silence of the office, he laughed aloud. He remembered what the General had said about two weeks in Jamaica. At the moment it seemed like the best idea in months.

HE looked again from the window. The man with the binoculars was gone. Not yet four o'clock, and already the street lights were on. He decided to close up shop and go home. It was a feat even to have opened. Most offices in the building were closed, or so the lift operator had told him at lunchtime.

As he was putting on his coat, he heard the distant crash of the lift, and then footsteps hesitantly approaching. They stopped, then came on again.

Cursing his own edginess, he listened intently. It could be a patient, couldn't it? Or . . .

It was a long time since he had even thought of a man named Green.

The footsteps paused outside his door. Then the doorknob turned and a man entered.

"Greetings." He was a tall and handsome man, flashily dressed in black, with a smile of great bravado. "You Dr. Fenton?"

"Yes."

"Pleased to meet you—finally." He extended a grey-gloved hand, blocking the door which he had contrived to close

see?" He advanced. "But she don't ask me anything. She's a Romagna, too. But does she ask the family anything? No." He shrugged contemptuously. "She listens to the Government. And what's the Government gonna do for Angie? Sell her down the river, that's what the Government's gonna do."

It was a violent little speech, but he looked sincere as he spoke it. The doctor began to soften his first estimate. Perhaps Mr. Romagna had looked too long at television.

"What do you mean, Mr. Romagna?"

"I mean"—the words were blurred out—"her husband's crazy. He oughta be kept locked up."

"Now," he continued before the doctor could protest, "you think I should have spoken up before. I should have called you up. The fact is, I thought of it. But the kid tells me you're a great guy, a great doctor. You'd do a complete job, leave you alone, she tells me. Everybody figured it's gonna take much longer. Then all of a sudden, bam, it happens. She tells me he's coming back to her on Saturday night."

His eyes bulged at the doctor, accusing eyes. "My sister's getting back her crazy husband tomorrow night. That's twenty-four hours, from now."

"Now, Mr. Romagna," said the doctor. "You have no proof of his condition . . ." But he spoke without conviction. The words just said were an echo of his thoughts.

"You don't cure a lunatic like him . . ." Romagna began. He broke off suddenly. He stared around the silent office.

"Doctor, I don't know your business, and far be it from me to give you any technical argument. It's the heart I gotta appeal to. She's my sister—and I practically raised her." Hard to believe. Again he touched the coat button. "You maybe got a sister yourself. Could you stand by and see her ruining her life?"

"What makes you think she's ruining it?"

"I know she's ruining it," said his caller forcefully. He waved his hands. "Listen, I followed that marriage for seven years. Even when he's sane, he's nutty. Listen, Doc, I'm no psychiatrist, but I know women. I've seen what he did to Angie, wore her down, left her alone. And jealous. What's he got a right to be jealous of? You ask me, he'd rather be single."

The doctor smiled faintly. That did not sound like the recent patient, certainly. And, coming from Victor Romagna, there was the question of degree.

"Sure. What does he live for? His laboratory. What does he talk about? The stars. He's got a crazy look in his eye. Just to have married her shows he was crazy. Picking out a doll like Angie, a sweet, religious girl, she could have married a millionaire. You know where he plans to take her, don't you? The moon." He spoke with scorn. "She's gonna be the first woman who can get there. That's nice. And he believes it."

His visitor shrugged bitterly. "So—maybe it's a possibility. Who cares? Who needs it?" His dark eyes shifted.

"The world has changed, Mr. Romagna . . ."

"Yeah, to hell with it." His visitor studied him, then grinned. "I think you agree," he stated with another smile.

"Agree with what?"

"That you don't release him?"

"Mr. Romagna . . ."

"Okay, okay." The smile stayed fixed. "You don't have to tell me yes or no. I'm not the General of the Government. —Just—wriggle out of it. You know. He needs more treatment. And I won't remember I was ever here."

He picked up his hat.

"Mr. Romagna, I have said—"

"Sure—sure." He put his on. "Nothing unethical." He soothed. "Strictly on the up-and-up. You think about it. He fumbled in his coat pocket. "Well, I've taken up a lot of your time, Doctor. You're busy man."

Blandly he looked around the office, then, with a deft hand laid something down on Edna's desk blotter. He backed with swiftness toward the door and opened it.

"Hey, wait a minute," called the doctor.

"Mr. Romagna waved a hand. "Consultation fee." He winked. "Thanks." He vanished.

"Listen—"

The doctor ran out of the office after him. But he was evidently ducked down the service stairs. The corridor was empty.

He walked slowly back to his office, and, with the door closed, counted the bills.

They were in tens and fifties, well worn, and totalling a hundred and fifty dollars. There had been tied together with piece of string. He put the finally into his safe.

When he left the office, it was dark and the snow had stopped. The air was still, and a few stars were out. Unable to find a taxi, he walked morosely home through a strangely silent, muffled by snow.

AT 86th Street he bought a newspaper. The headline said: "Freak Storm Blows East."

Louisa had the television on. He heard a commentator intoning: "Trucks jackknifed . . . hundreds of cars stalled . . . wires down in the suburbs . . ."

Louisa said there had been no calls all day.

While waiting for supper he called Edna to see how she felt. Then he had her call him back to make sure his telephone was working.

It was after eleven and he had been in bed an hour when the telephone awakened him. His first thought was of Stevens.

"Hello . . ."

For answer, only heavy breathing.

"Hell—lo," he said as he waited. The sounds went on and then stopped. The clock in his bedroom ticked like a time bomb.

In a vague way he had blamed Victor Romagna for the previous calls. But now . . .

"Speak up!" he shouted. "This is Richard Fenton. What do you want?"

A long silence, and then the choked sounds. It was as though an overgrown Mongoloid was sobbing, gasping at the other end.

The sounds were familiar somehow.

He felt a sudden chill. A trickle of sweat ran down his arm.

"Mallory!" he shouted.

The gagging became more intense.

"Is this Eric Mallory?"

He waited, sweated as he tensed.

"Mallory," he said gently. "This is Doctor Fenton. Please tell me where you are."

"Deposit ten cents for the next three minutes, please," female voice broke in.

"Operator," the doctor said. "stay off the line, please. Mallory . . ."

But there was another gasp, a kind of clatter. The caller had hung up.

To be concluded

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AS I READ the STARS By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning February 6

ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in resuming an activity.

★ Perhaps you used to enjoy a hobby and were obliged to give it up. The opportunity now arises and you may have more leisure. If a parent, children are older and require less supervision. You can now take renewed interest in a sphere which appeals to you. A refresher course may be indicated or additional practice might be necessary.

TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in responsibility.

★ It's startling to think that others are relying on you. You have naturally a conscientious outlook, but you are likely to feel at present that too much is expected of you. Deal with each problem as it arises and avoid worrying over the result; nervous tension could impede your judgment. The practical side will be uppermost in your mind.

GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in concentration.

★ Don't try to scatter your forces over too wide a field. That darting mind of yours moves like quicksilver from one project to the next. You must discipline yourself to finish one venture before starting another or you'll end with nothing achieved. Try to develop systematic habits of work. A new friend could prove a valuable ally.

CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a disappointment.

★ Plans for a good time have perhaps fallen through; you feel sad until there's a knock at the door or a ring on the telephone. Then you're off on a wonderful expedition which outshines the original scheme. Others, unable to find the right material, or matching color, change their ideas, and turn an arrangement into a stroke of genius.

LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, it, blue, silver. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in personal relationships.

★ You may wonder at the unpredictability of people who make and unmake their social arrangements, regardless of inconvenience to others. Consider their motives and the picture will be clearer. You can guide more than one who is confused, but you will need to exercise that warm-hearted Leo charm. Your efforts will be appreciated.

VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy. Gambling colors, navy, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a new groove.

★ For many of you, holidays are receding into the distance. If you are back at work or school, you'll be greeting old friends. If you have changed your place of residence, you'll be busy organizing a new chapter in your life story. You are methodical. You may go along slowly at first, but you'll soon gather momentum and you'll enjoy the novelty.

LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck through youth.

★ If quite young you are likely to join a group of congenial young people either for a definite purpose or just for fun. This association may last a long while. If older you may be asked to help in an organization working for children. Contact with youth could bring a ray of sunshine into your life. In some way your outlook brightens.

SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, it, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in your neighborhood.

★ If you are hunting for a hard-to-find article, look first in your own district. A small shop could offer treasure-trove if you are observant. A new amenity, a new service might save your time or contribute to your pleasure. Should you join a neighborhood group you can make new friends who live close by. Have you neglected the possibilities?

SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 24-DECEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in romance.

★ That mysterious stranger could appear most drastically on your horizon. He's going to play a part in your affairs, but not perhaps in the way you suppose. This could be a summer of love over which later you'll smile. He could save your life and say good-bye, but you won't forget him for many a day. Adventure beckons.

CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday. Luck in a savings campaign.

★ This is likely to be a recovery-from-the-holidays period. Many of you will be budget-minded, particularly if you have a definite purpose for which you are saving. Make allowance for essential needs, add a margin for odd items that crop up, then decide on how much you can regularly save. Stop little leaks and don't scorn a piggy-bank.

AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in personal magnetism.

★ Good health and vitality make you attractive to those around you. Put your best foot forward, live up to your mental picture of yourself as you feel you should be. You can influence others by the example you set in your business and social departments. Your chance to shine in an emergency will bring you to the notice of those who count.

PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a secret.

★ You may have become engaged, but you are not ready to announce it yet. You may have heard that you have been selected for a certain position, but lack official confirmation. If a parent, a son or daughter enjoys a good luck not yet made public. The secret, in some cases, concerns a friend or relation. Be careful not to let it out.

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